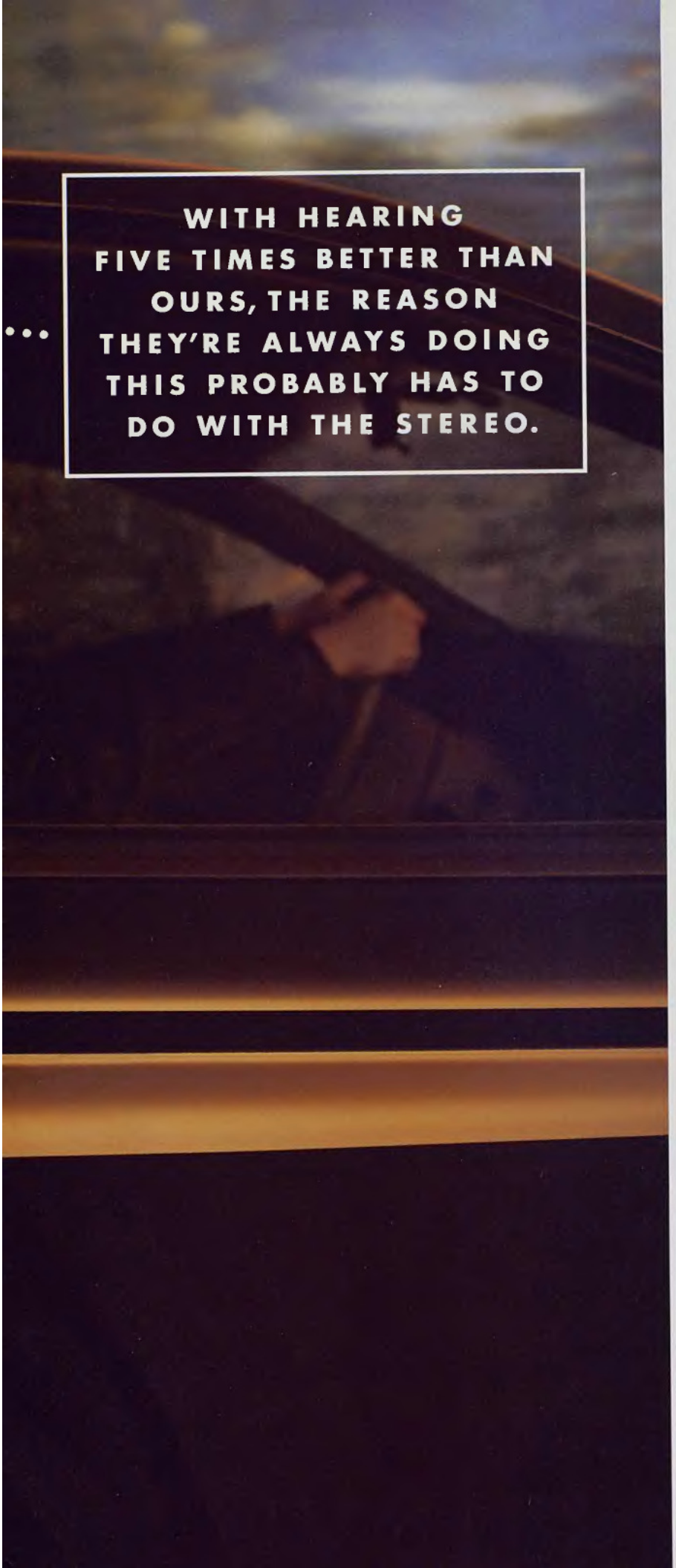
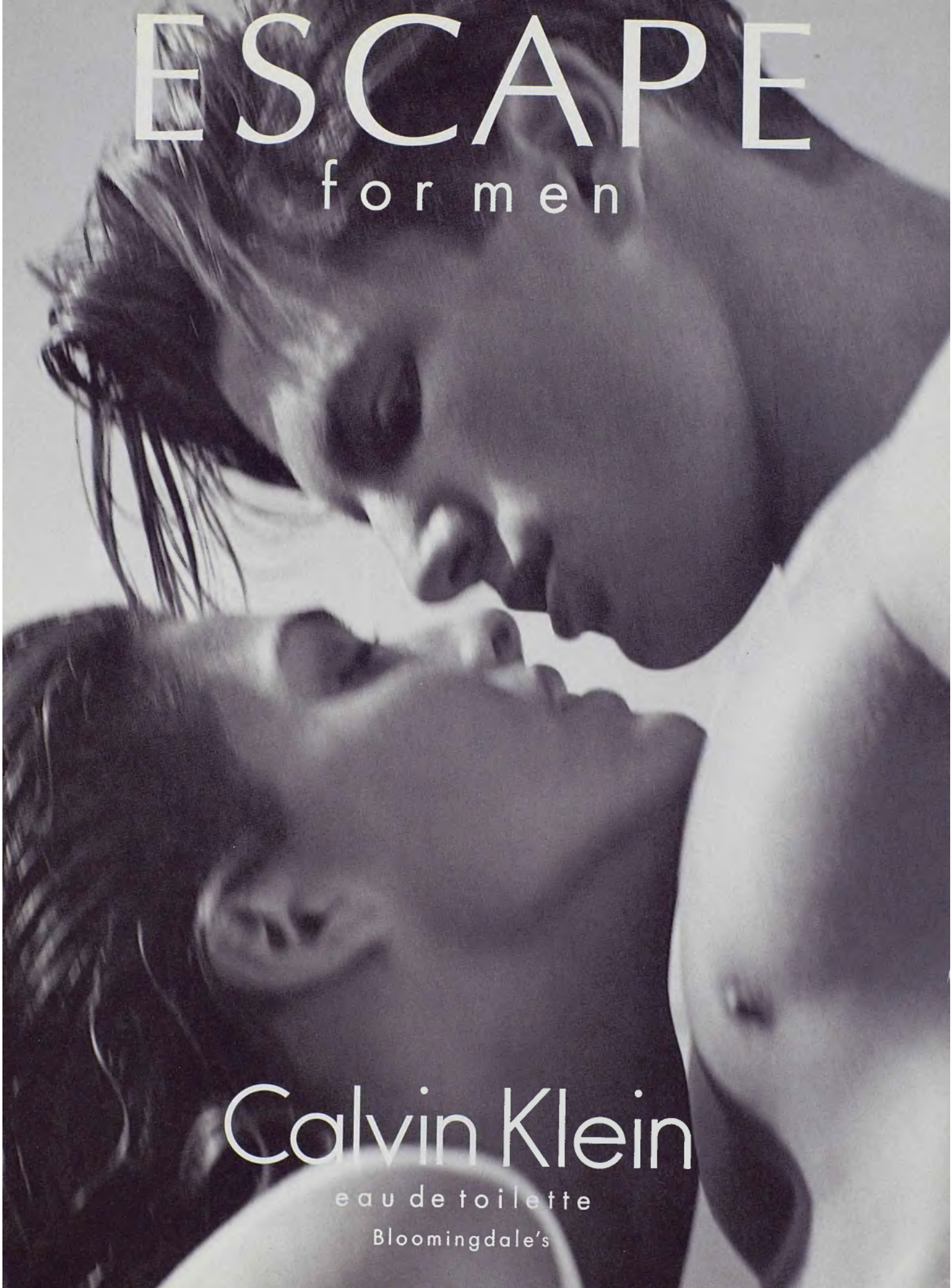
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
JUNE 1994 • $4.95
PMOY
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
JENNY MC CARTHY
PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE KING OF POP MUSIC
GARTH BROOKS
THE SORDID CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERNET ADDICT
WOMEN FIREFIGHTERS PUT SOME HEAT ON YOU
A SALUTE TO THE WONDERFUL WACKY AGE OF WHINING
06
35270
0 300955 0

©1994 Pioneer Electronics (USA) Inc., Long Beach, CA



Man's best friend may also be his toughest stereo critic. But then you don't have to be able to hear a cat at a hundred yards to tell if your car stereo needs help. If it does, why not put in one of Pioneer's six or twelve disc CD changers. They let you play compact discs through your car's FM radio and give you hours of music in perfect digital sound. So if the stereo in your car hasn't exactly been making your ears perk up, give us a call at 1-800-Pioneer, ext. 111, for a dealer. And get the system that won't just sit in your dash and play dead.

PIONEER®
The Art of Entertainment


ESCAPE
for men
Calvin Klein
eau de toilette
Bloomingdale's

PLAYBILL

IT'S ALL in the numbers. During the past few years, the country music boom has made **Garth Brooks** hotter than a $20 pistol. This month, music reporter **Steve Pond** ropes the urbane cowboy for a lively, opinionated *Playboy Interview*. The King of Pop boasts about his Queen-size concerts, then quiets to discuss his fixation with death. He laments his infidelities on the road and talks about lost royalties from the sale of used CDs. Today's superstars know how much money they deserve—and in the NBA, some agents get them a lot more. Sportswriter **Jeff Coplon** takes it to the hoop in *The Inside Game* (artist **Sandra Hendler** took it to the canvas), revealing how playmakers such as lawyer David "Air" Falk score huge salaries for untried rookies. Facts and figures: The last roll in our numbers game belongs to **Jenny McCarthy,** the new Playmate of the Year. A gambler who favors long shots, Jenny has hit the trifecta with appearances on TV's *Silk Stalkings*, the Playboy Channel's *Hot Rocks*, and with this encore pictorial by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley.**

Stick with us and we'll keep your head above today's cultural tides. There are already thousands of Internet users hooked on electronic hot tubs and Chia Pet bulletin boards. In *Confessions of an Internet Junkie*, gatekeeper **J. C. Herz** describes how she spends eons in the thrilling hell of multi-user dungeons on a diet of Jolt Cola and Count Chocula. There are electric currents—and then there are ocean currents and the men and women who ride them. So it's on to robust adventurer **Art Thiel,** who shares his love of sea kayaking in *Down to the Sea in Kayaks*. Art says there's no danger of flipping these stable, increasingly popular cousins of more common whitewater craft—unless, of course, you're paddling in the middle of a pod of orcas. Continuing our tide watch, **Chip Rowe** takes a wry look at the collapse of our criminal justice system. Read how court has become a circus in *The Age of Innocents* (**Arnold Roth** did the illustration). Finally, some key industry strategists peer into their liquid crystal balls in *The Tomorrow Show* and predict the way trends may go during the next 40 years.

Remember Oliver North? **David Hackworth,** America's most decorated living veteran, does—and he doesn't buy North's old-soldier shtick. While North milks his martyrdom as Reagan's fall guy in a run for the Senate, Hackworth reminds us in *Drugstore Marine* of Ollie's lies, arrogance and blunders. Real men are more like **Fred Ward,** the subject of *20 Questions* by **David Rensin.** A modern-day Neal Cassady, Ward eventually garnered acting laurels for his roles in *The Right Stuff* and *Short Cuts*. Now he recalls his stint as a sailor and the nirvana of sparring at the gym. Kerouac also informs **T. Coraghessan Boyle's** fiction, *Beat*. America's premiere satirist, Boyle revisits the Beats with his wild imaginings of Christmas at Jack's house (art by **Milton Glaser**).

Ah, the Bs of summer—barbecues, babes and beaches. The *Mantrack* guest essay by **Terry McDonell,** editor and publisher of *Sports Afield* (and formerly of *Esquire*, though we don't hold it against him), examines the elemental relation between meat, fire and men (and the occasional female passerby). If smoke signals don't work, try personality—it's what **Cynthia Heimel** says makes her knees buckle in the *Women* column. Then add some flair with swimwear from *Trunk Show* (shot by Contributing Photographer **Stephen Wayda**) that'll help your beach bum.

It's June on the cover, but we've got the month of May to savor Playmate **Elan Carter,** daughter of Temptations vocalist Otis Williams. Her pictorial is matched in incendiary value only by the female firefighters in *Some Like It Hot*, a beguiling look at women who know how to handle a hose.

POND

COPLON

HENDLER

FEGLEY

HERZ

THIEL

ROWE

ROTH

RENSIN

HACKWORTH

BOYLE

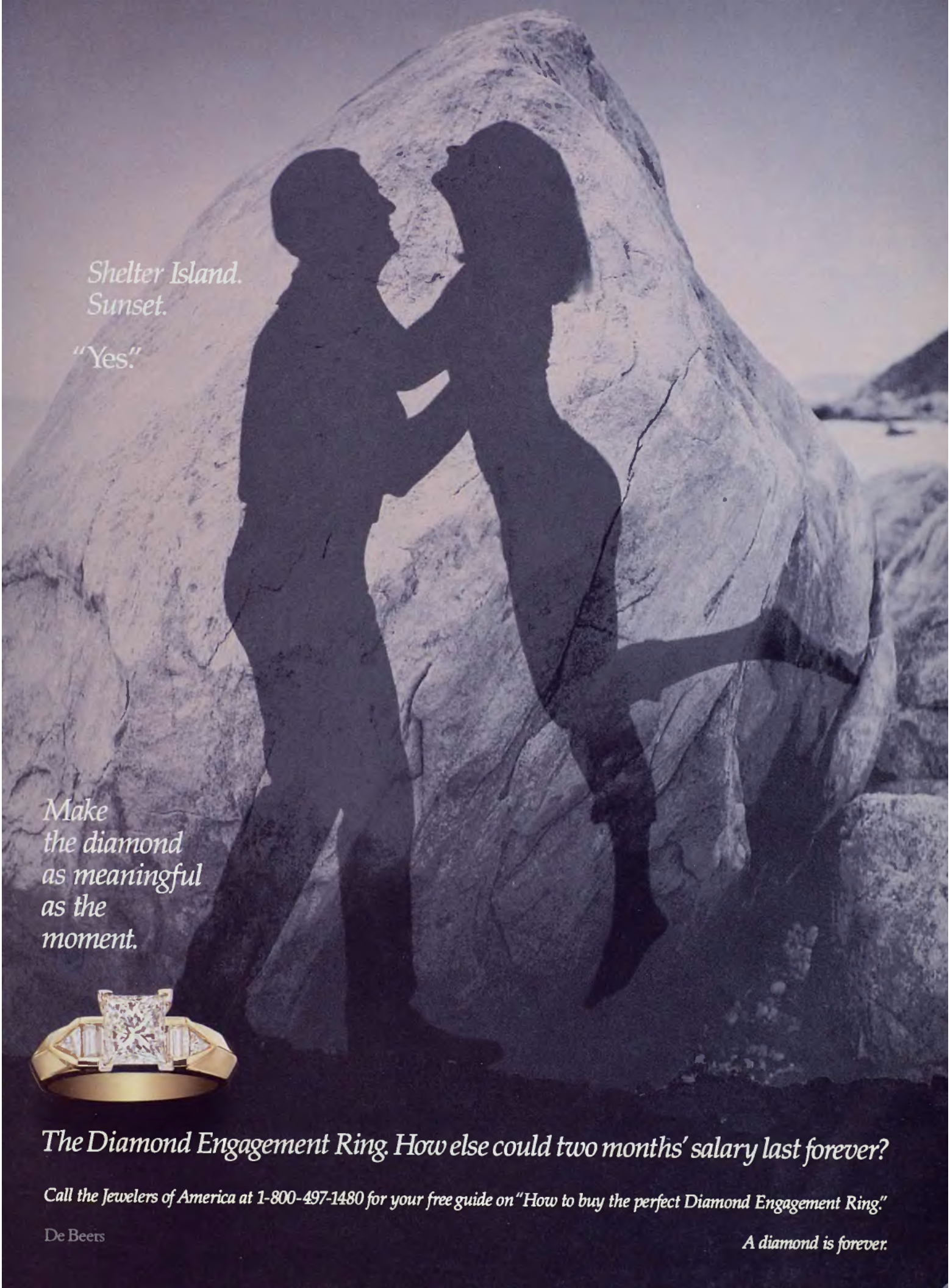
GLASER

MC DONELL

WAYDA

HEIMEL

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), June 1994, volume 41, number 6. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.



The Diamond Engagement Ring. How else could two months' salary last forever?

Call the Jewelers of America at 1-800-497-1480 for your free guide on "How to buy the perfect Diamond Engagement Ring."

De Beers

A diamond is forever.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 41, no. 6—june 1994

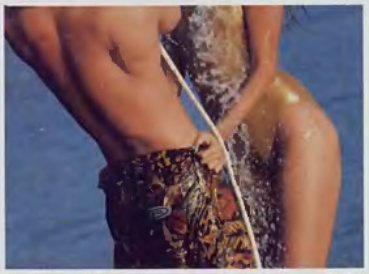
CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
MUSIC		17
WIRED		20
STYLE		22
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	24
VIDEO		28
DRINK	MICHAEL JACKSON	29
BOOKS	DIGBY DIEHL	30
MANTRACK		33
MEN, FIRE AND FOOD—guest opinion	TERRY MCDONELL	36
FITNESS	JON KRAKAUER	38
MEN	ASA BABER	40
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	41
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		43
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		53
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	61
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARTH BROOKS—candid conversation		63
CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERNET JUNKIE—article	J. C. HERZ	78
SOME LIKE IT HOT—pictoriol		82
DRUGSTORE MARINE—article	DAVID HACKWORTH	90
TRUNK SHOW—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	94
BEAT—fiction	T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE	100
DOWN TO THE SEA IN KAYAKS—article	ART THIEL	104
SEA KAYAKING 101	MATTHEW CHILDS	166
MY GIRL—playboy's playmate of the month		106
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		118
THE INSIDE GAME—article	JEFF COPLON	120
20 QUESTIONS: FRED WARD		122
THE AGE OF INNOCENTS—humor	CHIP ROWE	124
THE TOMORROW SHOW—modern living		130
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial		132
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		165
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		173

Stunning Winner P. 132

Money Players P. 120

June's Temptation P. 106



Fashionably Hot P. 94

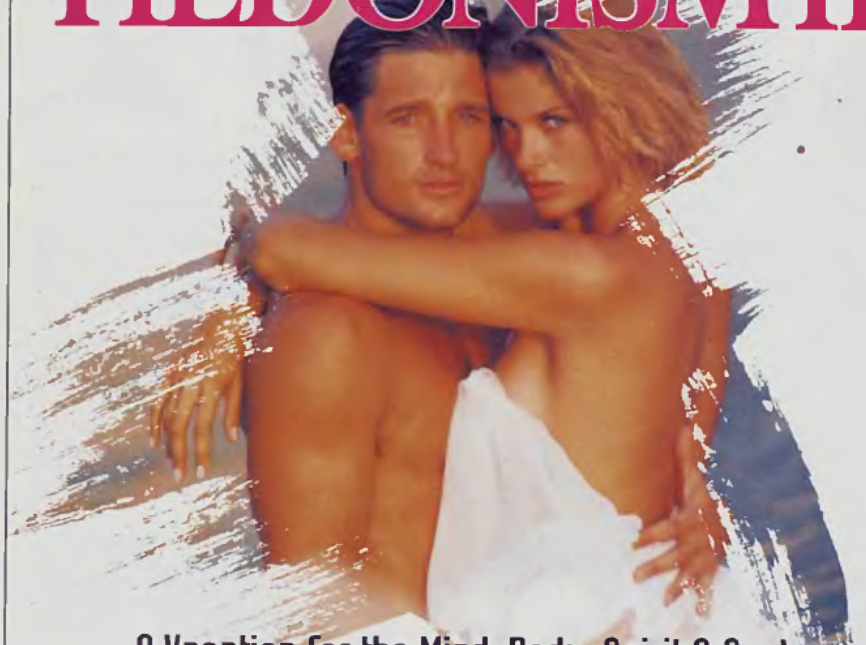
COVER STORY

If you loved Playmote Jenny McCarthy in October 1993, you will want to toke a good look at her now. "This pictorial shows the other side of me—the side thot lives to be glamourous, sexy and hot," soys this yeor's Playmate of the Year. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski ond was shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag. Missy Garland styled Jenny's hair and makeup. Our Rabbit reminds us that it's time to hit the sheets.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: APRIL 1994. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1994 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 165. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. MARLBORO INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN CANADA NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES AND DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. BMG INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 28-29 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

HEDONISM II®



A Vacation for the Mind, Body, Spirit & Soul.

Lose yourself in this tropical paradise. Or find yourself. Stay up all night. Sleep 'til noon. Have a piña colada for breakfast. Start a relationship that could last a lifetime. Water-ski. Sail and scuba. Eat and drink what you want, when you want and as much as you want. It's all included. This is Hedonism II and there is no place like it.

SuperClubs®

The Caribbean's Only Super-Inclusive℠ Resorts.

For a complete brochure or more information, call your travel agent or SuperClubs toll-free at **1-800-859-SUPER**/Ext. 304.

NEW! FOR ROCK HARD ABS!

Sculpt and redefine your abdominals. Get that rippled, chiseled look. **ABS OF STEEL® for men** targets those areas where men need it most. Personal trainer Kurt Brungardt gives you two innovative abs workouts PLUS a 3 minute challenge for ultimate abs. All on one easy-to-follow video. No equipment needed. **It works!**

"Kurt gives a great workout that you really feel the next day!"
Scott Seawell, 31

"It zeros in on the tough spots, like my love handles!"
Ben Ellenbogen, 29

MEN OF STEEL 370 Yarnell Pkwy., Clinton, TN 37717-9987
Please rush me these MEN OF STEEL videos:

MAIER GROUP

_____ ABS OF STEEL®.....$14.95
_____ LEGS OF STEEL®.....$14.95
_____ ARMS OF STEEL®.....$14.95

CA, IL, MN, MY & TN add sales tax Please add $3.50 S & H.
Make checks payable to **MEN OF STEEL**

☐ Check ☐ Mastercard ☐ Visa ☐ Discover TOTAL:$_____
Exp. Date _____

Acct. # _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY STATE ZIP

DAYTIME PHONE **Please allow 3-4 weeks for delivery** PL54

If you are not satisfied you may return the videocassette(s) for a refund.

ONLY $14.95

TO RUSH YOUR CREDIT CARD ORDER CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-897-9966

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor-in-chief

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: PETER MOORE, STEPHEN RANDALL, *editors;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* MATTHEW CHILDS *associate editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *senior editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO *assistant editor;* DOROTHY ATCHESON *publishing liaison;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* CAROLYN BROWNE *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, REMA SMITH *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, DENIS BOYLES, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS *(automotive),* CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WILLIAM J. HELMER, WARREN KALBACKER, WALTER LOWE, JR., D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, MORGAN STRONG, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* KELLY KORJENEK *assistant director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/paste-up;* PAUL T. CHAN, RICKIE GUY THOMAS *art assistants*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JEFF COHEN *managing editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *photo librarian*

MICHAEL PERLIS *publisher*
IRWIN KORNFELD *associate publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

BARBARA GUTMAN *subscription circulation director;* LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JAY BECKLEY *national projects manager;* SALES DIRECTORS: KIM L. PINTO *eastern region;* JODI L. GOSHGARIAN *midwestern region;* VALERIE CLIFFORD *western region;* MARKETING SERVICES: IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

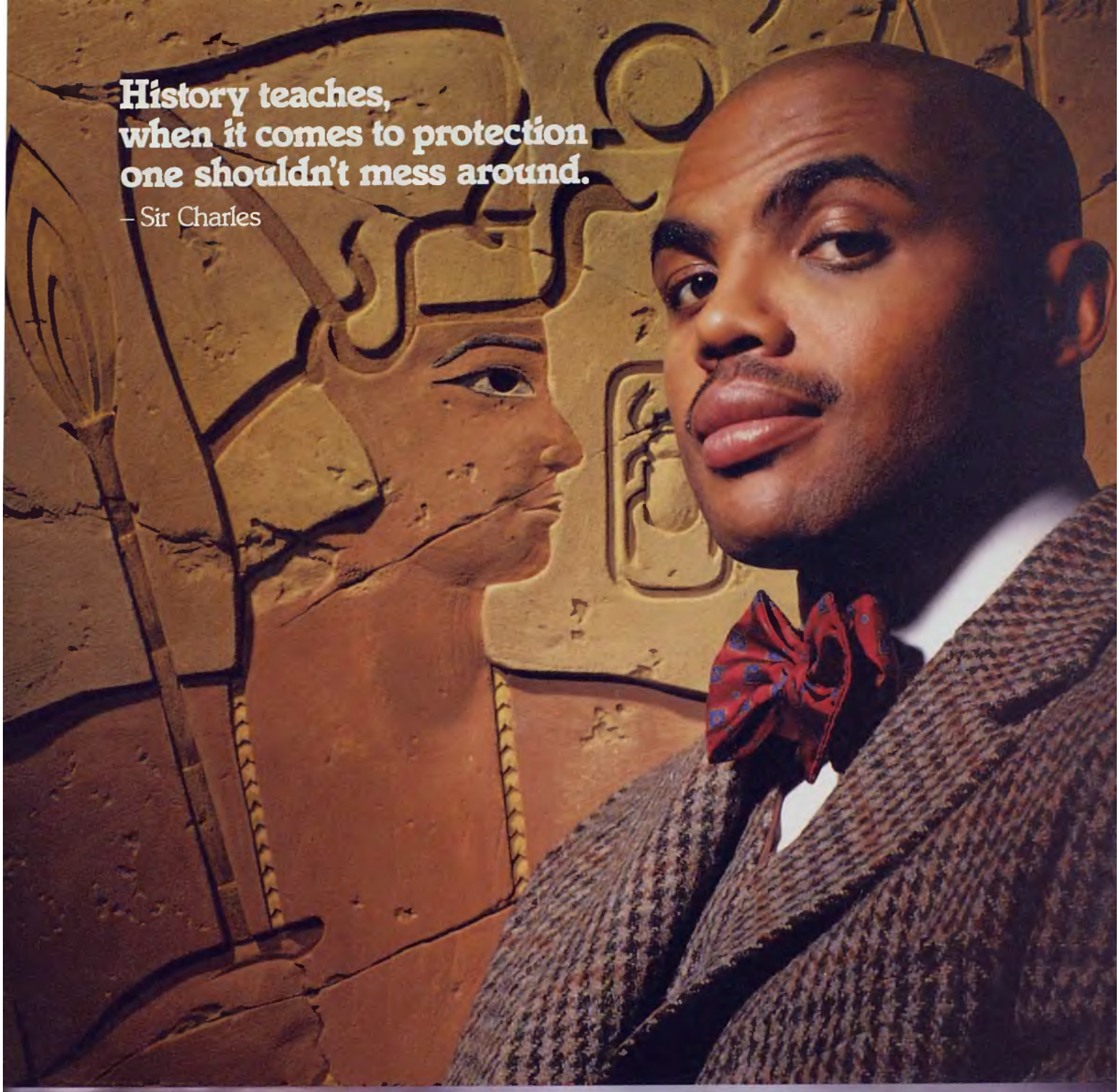
LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *editorial services director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*



Introducing Right Guard® Pure Power Clear Gel.

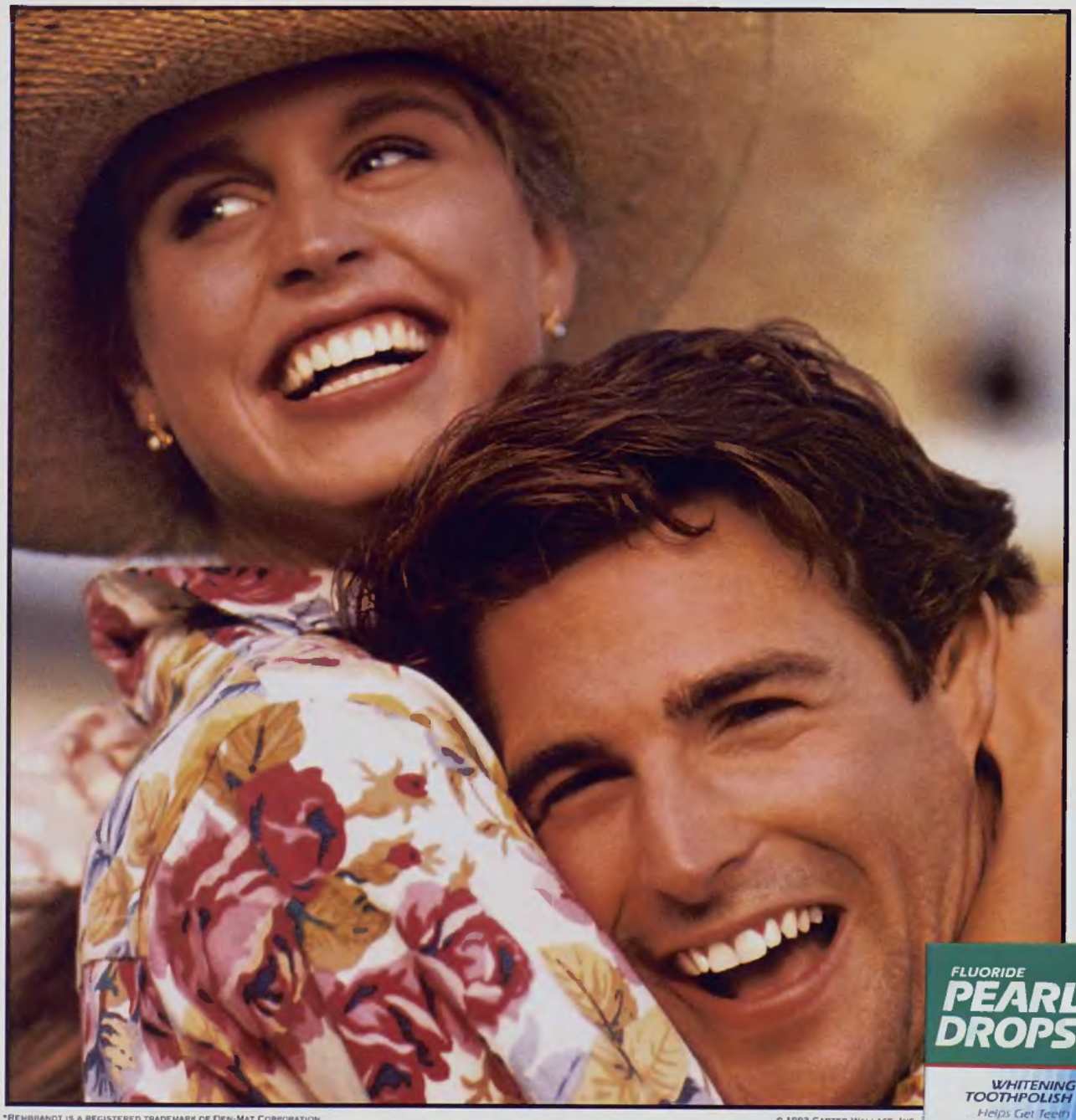
Powerful Right Guard protection. Now in a crystal-clear gel. Leaves no messy residue. Or flaky white stuff. Anti-perspirant or deodorant. Protects one invisibly.

Anything less would be uncivilized.

© 1994 The Gillette Company

LABORATORY TESTING PROVES:

PEARL DROPS® CLEANS BETTER THAN REMBRANDT®* FOR HALF THE PRICE.



*REMBRANDT IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEN-MAT CORPORATION.

© 1993 CARTER-WALLACE, INC.

AND PEARL DROPS IS GENTLE ENOUGH TO USE EVERY TIME YOU BRUSH.

TO HELP GET YOUR TEETH THEIR WHITEST USE PEARL DROPS WHITENING TOOTHPASTE.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL PLAYBOY@CLASS.ORG

SAFE SEX, GREAT SEX

Is it possible? Television's most hated woman on the cover of the world's foremost men's magazine (March)? Photographer Michel Comte brought out Shannen Doherty's natural beauty and left me wanting more. Negative press cannot detract from her classic beauty.

Daniel Christjohn
Glen Rock, New Jersey

What has spurred me to write to a magazine for the first time? Shannen Doherty. Take away her celebrity and bad reputation and what you have is an amazingly attractive woman. Our flaws make us interesting, and Shannen's make her beautiful.

Mark Hennessy
Madison, Wisconsin

WILD RIDE

Hats off to Sam Moses for his profile on Nigel Mansell (*Nigel's Wild Ride*, March). I first saw Mansell drive in 1981. I saw a young man who drove his heart out in an underpowered and inferior car. As years passed, he had more lows than highs, but his fans saw him as heroic. Some people have called him a misfit, but his fans call him great.

Douglas Graves
Queensville, Ontario

IT'S THE LETTERS COLUMN, STUPID

As the only journalist who has actually interviewed Beavis and Butt-head, I congratulate Joe Queenan for his sharp-witted history of the dim-witted (*The Golden Age of Stupid*, March). But I'd really like to know how many letters you got saying, "It takes one to know one."

Charles M. Young
New York, New York

After reading the news, watching MTV and hearing all the slogans that pass for political thinking, I'm convinced that *The Golden Age of Stupid* was right on the mark. Even the cover of Shannen Doherty is right. If it gets any more fun than this, I'll be unconscious.

Nikolas Paea
Kailua, Hawaii

How can you categorize the Ramones as "lovable, tasteful, inoffensive nincompoops"? Give the Ramones the divine respect they deserve.

Clint Schirard
Durango, Colorado

I was amused by Joe Queenan's article, but Howard Stern a "meanspirited meathead"? Stern is a comedian whose forte is scathing satire. My choice for this category would be Catharine MacKinnon. The alleged scholar and lawyer is proof that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Why be afraid of a clown like Stern when there are sharks like MacKinnon lurking about?

Mark Trevor
Raleigh, North Carolina

GUNS N' POSES

Robert Scheer's March *Reporter's Notebook* is the most amazing mixture of reality and fantasy I have ever read. He gets it right on the failure of the Brady bill and the antigun movement, yet he remains a soldier in the crusade to ban handguns. The police are not the militia. And the Second Amendment refers to individual, law-abiding citizens.

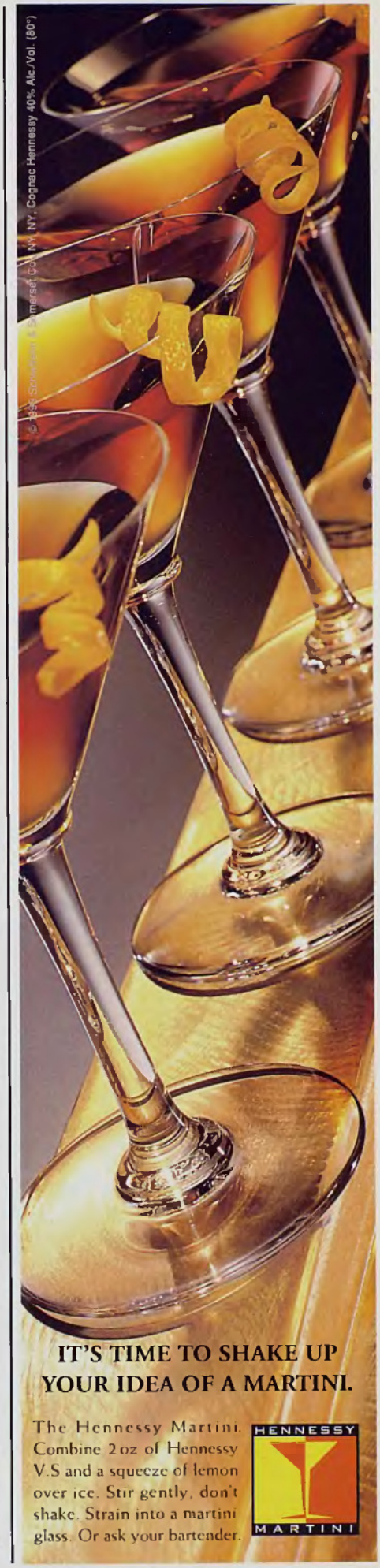
Steven Rowe
Brighton, Colorado

Scheer is right on the money when he says gun control will do nothing to curb crime, but he's way off when he attempts to interpret the Second Amendment and to parrot Handgun Control, Inc.

Joseph Gately
St. Petersburg, Florida

Robert Scheer doesn't know the difference between an assault rifle and a

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), JUNE 1994, VOLUME 41, NUMBER 6, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES, U.S. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. ADVERTISING: NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019; CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611; WEST COAST: 9242 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210; METROPOLITAN PUBLISHERS REPRESENTATIVES, INC.: ATLANTA: 3017 PIEDMONT ROAD NE, SUITE 100, ATLANTA, GA 30305; MIAMI: 2500 SOUTH DIXIE HIGHWAY, MIAMI, FL 33133; TAMPA: 3016 MASON PLACE, TAMPA, FL 33629.


IT'S TIME TO SHAKE UP
YOUR IDEA OF A MARTINI.
The Hennessy Martini. Combine 2 oz of Hennessy V.S and a squeeze of lemon over ice. Stir gently, don't shake. Strain into a martini glass. Or ask your bartender.
HENNESSY
MARTINI

cow. Assault rifles are already illegal, and the NRA led the fight against armor-piercing bullets. As for the rest of his article, it's what the NRA has told the public for years: Gun control doesn't work.

Rich Robinson
North Platte, Nebraska

Give Robert Scheer an F in constitutional law. The founding fathers feared invading armies, Indian attacks, presidents who might want to be king and military coups. They intended the citizenry to be well armed in case there were threats to liberty. We could not overthrow a police state if only the police were armed.

Mark Hoadly
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Too many politicians evade tough issues such as race and poverty in order to look good by attacking gun ownership. Scheer is right about that. But he's also a victim of antigun rhetoric and biased gun-control research.

David Miller
Centerville, Ohio

I'm a citizen, a reserve lieutenant police officer and a new subscriber. I read such a stupid statement in Robert Scheer's article that I could not let it pass. Cops are not a citizens' militia. We are like the military, a government-run and regulated body. I am not an NRA member, but it's not difficult to agree with their position on the Second Amendment.

Michael Morris
Houston, Texas

It's not often that the words "National Rifle Association is right" appear in a liberal publication. But I need to correct an error. Cops are not a well-regulated militia. The Second Amendment talks about the people's rights, not the government's. Can you imagine the government regulating the First Amendment? Ridiculous.

Christopher Bass
Arlington, Virginia

MASTERS AND JOHNSON: ADULTERY

By distinguishing among affairs (*Masters and Johnson: Adultery*, March) instead of stuffing them all into a box labeled "infidelity," William Masters, Virginia Johnson and Robert Kolodny free a married couple to look within rather than respond defensively to external judgments. However, I disagree with their belief that men seek variety while women seek emotional returns. It's too simplistic and it is contradicted by the research. Men seek emotional returns and women seek sexual excitement. In general, though, the article's insights overwhelm its oversights.

Warren Farrell
Encinitas, California

The Masters and Johnson article could have been written in the Fifties. The reasons for extramarital affairs are the same excuses used for years. What's missing is the impact of feminism, which has encouraged women to take charge of their lives and their bodies—often to the point of ceasing sexual activity within their marriage. I call this passive adultery, which leaves a husband who doesn't want a divorce the choice of abstinence or extramarital sex. If he chooses extramarital sex he is not being unfaithful by the textbook definition any more than she is being unfaithful by denying him sex. The traditional concept of adultery needs to be re-examined.

Ralph Cain
Austin, Texas

NERIAH DAVIS

As a faithful subscriber for many years, I am continually awed by the beautiful

women that you publish in issue after issue. A case in point is Neriah Davis (March). She's just magnificent.

Todd Macdonald
Charlotte, North Carolina

Regarding your pictorial *Naturally, It's Neriah*: Hoo boy!

J. Paul Smith
Mayer, Arizona

Neriah is absolutely gorgeous—but then your Playmates always are. After I read her story, I realized she is no ordinary woman. She's led an unusual life. Tell her if she gets restless and wants a change of scenery, she can come to west Texas for a visit. We have open skies, beautiful sunsets, great camping and a couple of blues bands that are pretty damn good.

Rick Brown
Odessa, Texas

MALE MEMBER

Hooray to Kevin Cook (*Hollywood*, March). Finally someone understands the needs of women. I'm not the only woman in America who wishes to see male anatomy on the screen. Even my mother agrees. Someone in Hollywood needs to realize that women are visually stimulated too.

Stephanie Simpson
Salt Lake City, Utah

A FAN'S NOTE

As a longtime subscriber, I thoroughly enjoy your magazine. I am curious why you don't run a picture of Cynthia Heimel in *Playbill*? In trying to better understand our counterparts, I read her column regularly. It's amusing, I can relate once in a while, but sometimes I just don't get it. At any rate, I find myself wondering what she looks like and would like to put a face with her words.

Ronald Black
Indianapolis, Indiana

You'll find Cynthia's picture on page 3.

THE YEAR IN SEX

We are three of the bare-breasted women pictured in your magazine (*The Year in Sex*, February) at the National March on Washington for Gays, Lesbians and Bisexuals in 1993. We are offended to be in PLAYBOY. We bared our breasts as part of a protest. We contend that women's breasts are a normal, natural and at times erotic part of our bodies. PLAYBOY's commercialization of sexuality has nothing to do with love, intimacy, equality or respect for women.

Cathleen and Colleen McGuire
New York, New York

Jane Evershed
Minneapolis, Minnesota

If you read a few more issues of PLAYBOY *you'll discover a 40-year history of love, intimacy, equality and respect for women. And the magazine has long supported gay rights.*

ANTHONY HOPKINS

Seldom have I laughed so much while reading an interview as I did with Anthony Hopkins' (*Playboy Interview*, March). He's funny, articulate, self-deprecating and has managed to preserve an air of wonder.

James Shuman
Tulsa, Oklahoma

CALVIN KLEIN

Congratulations on your hilarious send-up of fashion (*Calvin Klein*, March). The idea of dumpy, baggy suits at outrageous prices is pure genius. I can get a bunch of laughs from my buddies when I show up in one of those suits with a cardigan sweater tucked into my pants. It's a thigh-slapper.

Tuck Langland
Granger, Indiana

BUILT LIKE OUR SWISS ARMY KNIFE.

$150

The Swiss Army® Brand Cavalry™ Watch is inspired by the military field watches that have fought and won wars. Its authenticity is reflected in every detail.

From its bold face, easy-to-read numerals and date calendar. To the efficient Swiss quartz movement that provides precision accuracy. Right down to the uniquely designed all-steel body and riveted leather band. True to its origins in every way, it's water-resistant to 330 feet and will serve you well, through hell and high water.

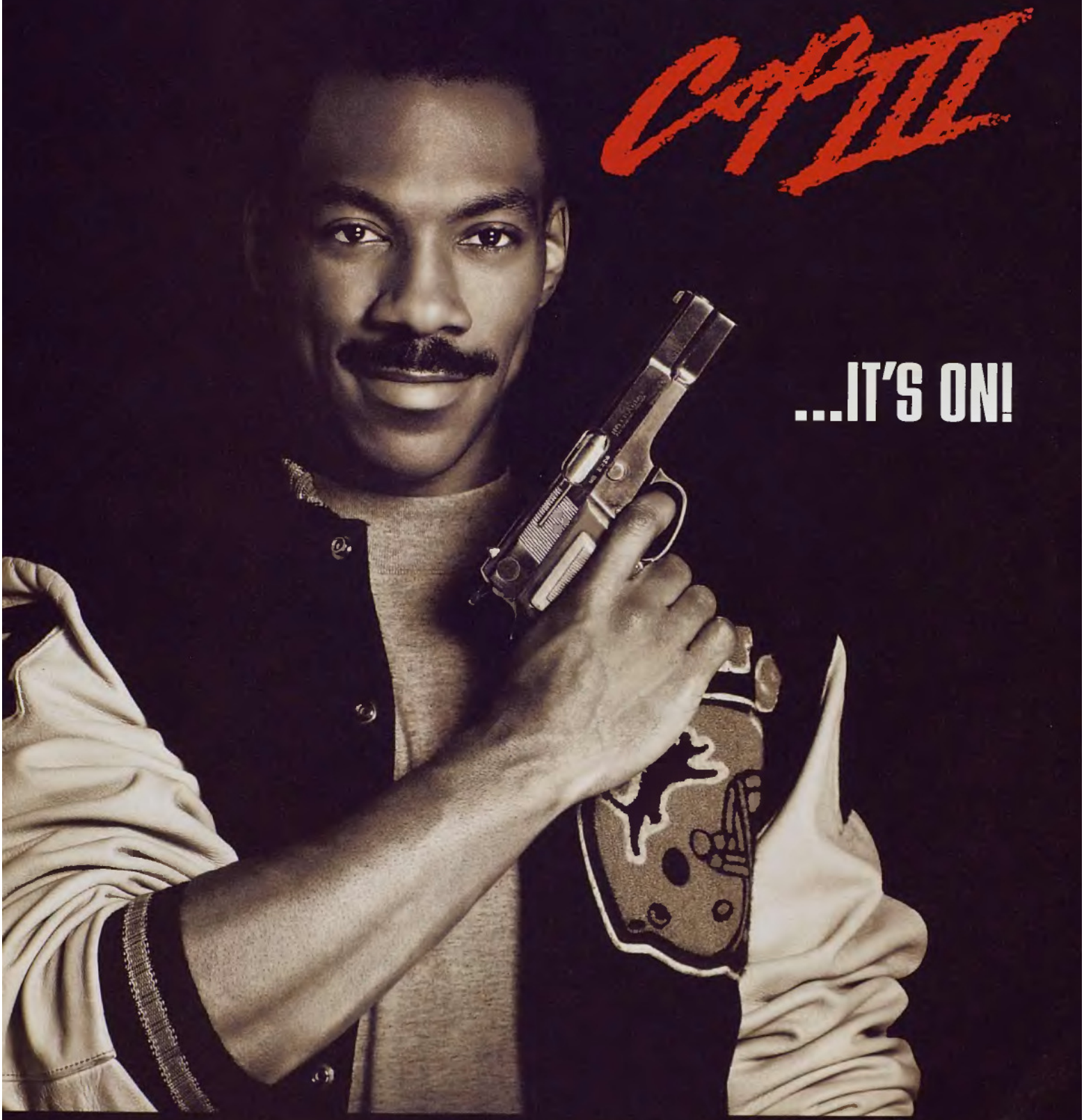
SWISS ARMY® BRAND

MACY'S/BULLOCK'S

© 1994 SWISS ARMY BRANDS LTD. A DIVISION OF THE FORSCHNER GROUP, INC. SHELTON, CT. 1-800-442-2706

EDDIE MURPHY

Cop III

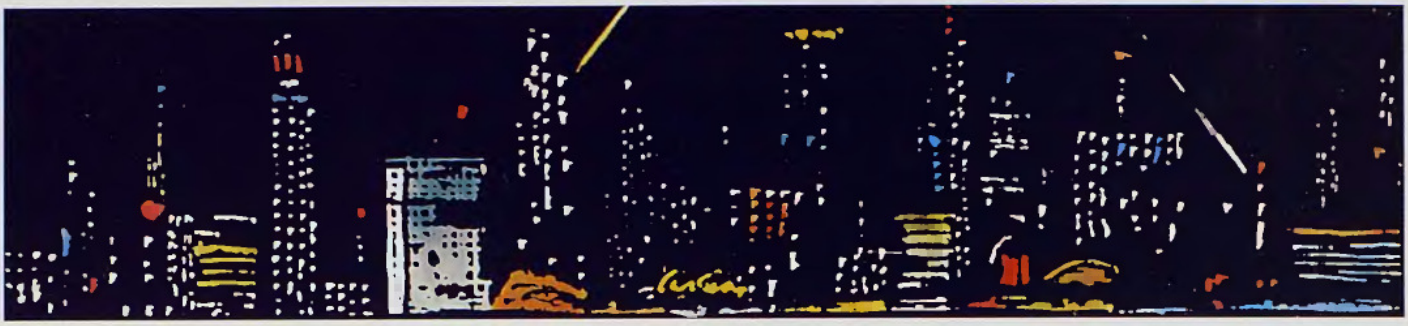


...IT'S ON!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS A MACE NEUFELD AND ROBERT REHME PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH EDDIE MURPHY PRODUCTIONS A LANDIS/BELZBERG FILM EDDIE MURPHY BEVERLY HILLS COP III
JUDGE REINHOLD HECTOR ELIZONDO THERESA RANDLE MUSIC SCORE BY NILE RODGERS ASSOCIATE PRODUCER RAY MURPHY, JR. EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MARK LIPSKY BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY DANILO BACH AND DANIEL PETRIE, JR.
WRITTEN BY STEVEN E. DE SOUZA AND JOHN BISHOP CO-PRODUCER LESLIE BELZBERG PRODUCED BY MACE NEUFELD AND ROBERT REHME DIRECTED BY JOHN LANDIS
A PARAMOUNT COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY
© 1994 BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
DOLBY STEREO
SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON RCA COMPACT DISCS AND CASSETTES

STARTS WEDNESDAY, MAY 25

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



D.C. DEMIMONDE

J. Edgar Hoover and his red dress had nothing on this. Mistress Sheila, a fresh-faced, friendly Iowan married to a government lawyer, happens to be one of today's hot new power brokers in Washington, D.C.: She operates a private salon in a quiet Virginia apartment where she helps some of the government's most influential male lobbyists, lawyers and officials slip into slinky dresses and high heels. Ten years ago, salons that gave D.C.'s big guns a chance to sheath themselves in French maid outfits or act out dominance-and-submission scenarios didn't exist. Now more than half a dozen of them run ads in respectable local magazines offering "a safe, caring and individualized environment to explore your feminine fantasies." Typical sessions cost about $200 an hour. "It's a city of powerful, high-visibility men who have no way to let down their guard and release control," says Judy Guerin, who operates another salon. "The first day I ran an ad in the *Washingtonian*, I got three letters from generals at the Pentagon." Washington, Guerin points out, is a close-knit city with none of the New York–style bars that permit cross-dressers or the whips-and-chains set to act out their fantasies anonymously. So like much else in the Beltway, the most important transactions take place behind closed doors. And it's apparent that cross-dressing crosses political lines. "We lost some business for a while when the Bush boys left," says the operator of a third salon, "but the Clinton boys have more than made up for it."

SUNKEN-LIVING ROOM

Calling all carpet cleaners: The real estate listing that describes the Hollywood Hills home of Heidi Fleiss points out that the place has "generous entertainment areas."

CREAMY WANG

The New York Times reported on a current trend in Hong Kong in which Chinese people are giving their children Western names. Some of the first names mentioned were Cinderella, Onion, Civic, Open and Creamy. A woman known as Neon Chang said that some Chinese complained about her moniker—not because it was considered too Western but because they thought it was a boy's name.

QUEEN OF THE RAMMED

From a retrospective in the *Washington Post*, writer Richard Harrington on Madonna: "She is the proverbial good time had by all."

FRIZZY WHIZZY

Bad hair days: The Archives of Dermatology reports that a 39-year-old woman from Cleveland was diagnosed with the first adult case of "acquired uncombable hair"—hair that is chronically coarse and tangled. Her condition was attributed to her use of a diuretic.

•

For those who like the idea of karaoke but wish the repertoire were a bit more highbrow, the Music Stand (800-515-5010) is offering two compact discs, one of well-known arias sung by soloists accompanied by the Czech Symphony and the Prague Philharmonic, and one that has the same music but without the soloists. You also get a 37-page book of lyrics in both the original language and English.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

SPLITSVILLE, U.S.A.

Maricopa County in Arizona, which boasts the second-highest divorce rate in the country (Clark County, Nevada is first), has an aid for residents who want to kill a marriage without killing each other. Such towns as Mesa and Scottsdale are testing Quick Court—an ATM-like device that divides up kids, debt and property in about 20 minutes. (The printed forms still must be signed, notarized and delivered to a state commission, which takes 60 to 90 days.) Maricopa County courthouse librarian Bruce Naegeli, who sits near the phone-booth-size computer, says that while most users seem pleased, at least one guy appeared to look around for a lawyer to punch after Quick Court printed out his child support settlement. The man read his form and said, "I don't care what any damn pinball machine says, she's not getting another cent from me."

NO COKE, PEPSI

Here's one the ad guys wish they had thought of first: A group of southern Mexicans who practice a blend of Christianity and Mayan religion have incorporated carbonated drinks into their sacred pantheon. They say Pepsi has more healing power than Coca-Cola because it has "more bubbles" and is therefore nearer to the sun.

RUSSIAN SEX

Vladimir Zhirinovsky, Boris Yeltsin's conservative archrival, has strangely similar strategies for love and war, according to his autobiography, *The Last Surge South*. In his wide-ranging tome, he rants about subjects as diverse as

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

The Thoreau Society reports that Henry David Thoreau—who hasn't bought much of anything since 1862—received in one year about 90 direct-mail solicitations at Walden Pond.

QUOTE

"He has the eyes of a child who has just discovered a horrid use for the microwave oven and the family cat."
—WRITER DAVID REMNICK DESCRIBING WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

ALMS FOR THE AFFLUENT

Number of nonprofit, tax-exempt organizations in the U.S.: 1.2 million. According to *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, estimated worth of major nonprofit organizations: $850 billion; amount they give out in grants each year: $9 billion. Amount the U.S. Treasury would gain annually if these groups paid taxes: $36.5 billion.

SISTER VERSUS SISTER

In a study at Wright State University, percentage of female supervisors who refused to hire pregnant women or refused to let women return to their jobs after childbirth: 36.

FAMILY FOLLY

Estimated legal fees that members of the Haft family of Virginia—father Herbert, his wife, Gloria, and their children, Robert, Linda and Ronald—are spending per month in various suits against one another: $400,000. Estimated worth of the Hafts, who own shopping centers and retail chains, including Crown Books and Trak Auto stores: $750 million. Number of years it would take to exhaust the family fortune if the suits were to continue: 156.

DIVINE INTERVENTION

According to the Parliament of the World's Religions—an annual gathering of religious leaders held in Chicago in 1993—the percentage of armed conflicts throughout the world that invoke the name of religion: 66.

KICK STARTS

In a survey conducted by a temporary-employment firm of 200 executives percentage who prefer to interview job seekers between 9 A.M. and 11 A.M.: 69; between 11 A.M. and 5 P.M.: 5. Percentage who prefer to interview before 9 A.M.: 14.

MAKING UP THE GRADE

In a survey of Massachusetts Institute of Technology undergraduates, percentage who admitted they cheated in school: 83. Of those, percentage who said they had stolen someone's ideas or phrases: 50; who copied from someone else's work: 20; who had cheated on an exam: 11.

In another study of 15,000 students at 31 universities, percentage of business majors who admitted they had cheated at least once: 87; percentage of humanities majors who admitted the same: 67.

THE COST OF AIRTIME

According to *The Tyndall Report*, a quarterly analysis of network news, number of minutes networks spent covering fires that caused celebrity property damage and three deaths in Los Angeles: 93; number of minutes networks spent on similar fires that killed 24 in Oakland: 24; number of minutes spent on an earthquake in India that killed 21,000: 15.

WORK CAN BE MURDER

In New York City, percentage of all deaths in the workplace caused by homicides: 45; in Miami: 33; in Los Angeles: 31; in Dallas: 29; in Chicago: 22.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Russia's need to invade neighboring territories and his first personal surge south as a teen. He describes how he failed to persuade a girl to have sex with him: "I asked her to take off her panties. But what girl would take off her own panties first?" Older, wiser and full of diplomacy, he says he now realizes that this is the sort of courtesy you should extend to your partner. Watch out, Eastern Europe.

JET STREAM FOLLIES

Johann Peter Grzeganek, a 23-year-old German who speaks little English, was afraid of flying. On a flight bound for Germany he asked the attendant if he could use the rest room, but because the plane had not reached cruising altitude, she told him to sit down. He said, "No, the roof will go if I sit." She took it to mean that a bomb was on board, and the plane immediately landed in Florida. Grzeganek had been using the German phrase "Then the roof flies," which is slang for having to go to the bathroom. He was jailed on charges of interfering with a flight crew and making a false bomb threat. It took a federal judge who was fluent in German to order the man released from jail, where he had remained for nine months.

ORAL ROBERTS?

Those Packwood diaries have made for much ugly fallout for everyone—but none worse than for guys named Bob. According to *The Bob Book*, excerpted in PLAYBOY three years ago, Bobs are a heroic breed. Co-authors and PLAYBOY contributors David Rensin and Bill Zehme surveyed thousands of Bobs—from Hope to Dylan to Denver to the Bob next door—to prove that Bobs are men of special stock. In the wake of the Packwood scandal, the writers are mounting an effort to defend Bob honor in an epic sequel, *Bob's Totally Realistic Guide to Love*. All Bobs, we're told, are invited to share their most bobascious lines. To receive the new Bob Love Survey send a self-addressed stamped envelope to P.O. Box 572481, Tarzana, California 91356.

MR. TOAD'S WILD RIDE

It's not easy quitting green: Police in California recently arrested people for smoking a new type of illegal drug—the powdered venom of Colorado River toads. The venom, an intense hallucinogen that toad-tokers milk from glands on the backs of certain species, has been declared an illicit substance in the Golden State. As for the offenders, we suggest a state-sponsored 12-hop program.

SPRITES OF SPRING

Somewhere between Thee Doll House and *Star Search* lies Fallen Angels, a truly alternative strip joint in New York where

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 40, 45.2 & 50% Alc. by Vol., distilled from premium grain
©1994 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—Made in U.S.A.

'Zines

a tour of not-ready-for-prime-time periodicals, by chip rowe

Just below the surface of the mainstream media, where all-night photocopy shops with cheap prices flourish, lies the offbeat world of 'zines—homemade magazines produced for fun by people with day jobs. Distributed largely through mail order, 'zines cover just what you would expect from a copier counterculture—sex, music, politics, work, food—often with little concern for quality or reader response. Thousands of new titles circulate each year. 'Zines have been called many things, including public access TV for the literate and terminal term papers from the lunatic fringe. Much of the boom can be credited to Mike Gunderloy, founder of *Factsheet Five*, a periodical that typically lists a thousand or more titles. A few 'zines—*Ben Is Dead* (now practically a full-fledged magazine), the *I Hate Brenda Newsletter* and anything by Riot Grrrls—gained notoriety as campy examples of the genre. And lately, electronic 'zines have been appearing on Internet. Unfortunately, the menu at Bob's Big Boy is often better reading than most 'zines. As editor of *Chip's Closet Cleaner*, I've sorted through hundreds of overhyped and underwhelming rags in search of gems. Here are ten I love:

'ZINE: *It's a Wonderful Lifestyle*, by Candi Strecker ($4, 590 Lisbon, San Francisco, California 94112).

THE GOOD STUFF: Like the last sane character in a horror movie, Strecker's essays desperately debunk the growing nostalgia for the Seventies by dusting off forgotten fossils. The Seventies were full of silly fads (unisex, bionics, CBs, convoys, *Disco Duck*, Earth Shoes) and confused hipsters ("The raw-vital reverse-spin funk thrill of jeans" is how Tom Wolfe once celebrated denim). "The Seventies fulfillment of the Sixties revolution," concludes Strecker, "was unattractive blue-collar teenagers puking Quaaludes at a Grand Funk Railroad concert."

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: Remembering the Seventies makes the present bearable.

'ZINE: *Fugitive Pope*, by Raleigh Clayton Muns ($1, 1178 Margaret Lane, Olivette, Missouri 63132).

THE GOOD STUFF: Ranting attempts at reincarnating a wacky librarian as a foulmouthed folk hero. Muns describes the Mad Shitter's fecal exploits at a UCLA library and how to get such medical training devices as the Enema Administration Simulator. Then there's his obsession with masturbation: Mark Twain once wrote an essay on the "science of onanism," and according to *Good Vibrations: The Complete Guide to Vibrators*, by Joani Blank, clinical masturbation was a therapy for "female disorders" in the 1600s.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: Recalls questions you had in grade school but forgot when you matured.

'ZINE: *The Picardian*, by Marilyn Wilkerson ($1, 1008 S. Parker Dr., Evansville, Indiana 47714).

THE GOOD STUFF: Estrogen-soaked homages, poetry, cartoons, sightings, fiction and reviews devoted to Patrick Stewart, who plays Captain Jean-Luc Picard on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. Stewart apparently has three defining gestures, which are tallied by *The Picardian* after each episode: the Cranial Caress, the Picard Maneuver (tugging down on his tunic) and the Enigmatic Gesture (downward hand motion to emphasize "engage" command). Believe it or not, there are at least seven other 'zines devoted to Stewart.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: Good source for pickup lines at *Star Trek* conventions.

'ZINE: *Dishwasher*, by Pete Jordan ($1, P.O. Box *(concluded on page 163)*

dancers are free to express themselves. Among the performers are Bonnie, who strips and sings the blues; Amy, the beautiful, nude ballet dancer; and Philicia, the college philosophy professor who peels most empirically, right down to her Kant. The club is the brainchild of Otter, the slinky MC, who prowls the stage in just enough leather to fashion a thong. Otter, literally, is hot: She often does a genuine fire-breathing act as part of her routine. Wall Street types with dates, leggy lipstick lesbians and a few scraggly artists make up the eclectic crowd, half of which is female. At times, Johanna Constantine, a doyenne of the downtown scene, does a guest spot: To the beat of Fifties R&B, Constantine playfully removes a frowsy wig and yards of heavy pink material to finally reveal her taut, perfect body bound entirely in plastic wrap. Keeping, we suppose, the form and content of stripping absolutely fresh.

LETTERS BY LIRA

Leave it to the Italians to have the best-designed notepads. In fact, some of our Mediterranean friends prefer to write on their own 1000-lira notes. Messages include sightings of the Madonna and flying saucers, chain letters, lottery numbers, notes for an exam and want ads. One of our favorites reads like a found poem: "Two loaves of bread, one can grapefruit juice, seventy grams prosciutto, one carton cigarettes, pick up Grandpa." Collectors of scribbled-on currency include Oscar Sacchi, who has close to 13 million notes in 1000-lira denominations (duly recorded in the Italian edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records*). The collection is a good investment, he argues, saying that he earned 8 million lira exhibiting his collection last year and would have made only about 2.5 million if he had invested the money in treasury bonds. Anna Grasso Rossetti, a graphologist, has compared outdoor graffiti with the portable currency type and found that the writers share three characteristics: "One, they're infantile; two, they have the desire to affirm their existence; and three, they're lacking in affection." Given the sad state of Italian currency, it's unlikely that this use of the 1000-lira note will change—or be able to make change.

STICKY FINGERS, STICKY FEET

Why do you think they call it dope? In Brazil, sniffing glue is a problem—and it became even more of a problem for Edilber Guimaraes, 19, who was arrested for an attempted theft at a glue factory in Belo Horizonte. Apparently, Guimaraes paused during his labors to savor some fumes and then knocked over two large containers of glue, spilling their contents. The authorities found Guimaraes easily—he was stuck to the floor.

MUSIC

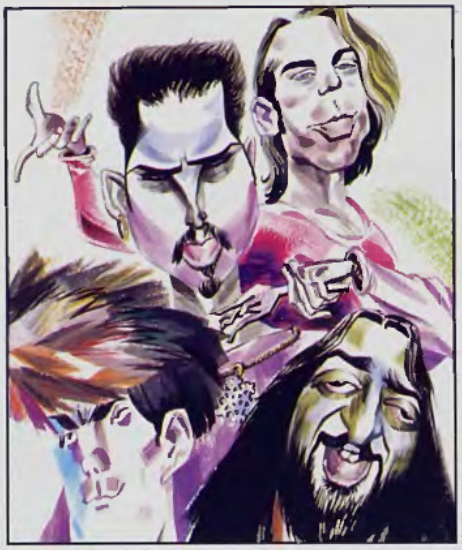
VIC GARBARINI

MOST SEATTLE bands acknowledge Soundgarden as the godfathers of grunge. Guitarist Kim Thayil's grinding Led Zep–Sabbath riffs fused punk and metal, paving the way for further experiments by Nirvana and Pearl Jam. Singer Chris Cornell's soulful, high-end vocals have marked him as the Nineties Robert Plant. Surprisingly, until now Soundgarden has had more success with side projects than as a band. Cornell and funky-but-focused drummer Matt Cameron's *Temple of the Dog* album, made with members of Pearl Jam, scaled the charts, showing off Zep-influenced compositions that blended acoustic delicacy with heavy-metal thunder. Ditto the bands' joint effort on the recent *Stone Free* Hendrix tribute. Cornell's solo work on the *Singles* soundtrack was a revelation, and the full band's contribution, *Birth Ritual*, was sonically more exhilarating than anything on its big-label debut. ***Superunknown*** (A&M) still leans more on grind than it does on glide, but it lets the band stretch enough to cram both its airy and its earthy sides into one dynamic package. *Spoonman* and *Let Me Drown* move toward an invigorating meltdown, while *Black Hole Sun* sports a Beatlesque arrangement. Still, Soundgarden needs to show off its ability to shift musical gears as well as it does on its side projects on its own albums.

FAST CUTS: On ***Longing in Their Hearts*** (Capitol), Bonnie Raitt seasons her superb songwriting and interpretation with a lot more of the blues-mama greasiness that her pre-Grammy fans loved. The astonishing *Circle Dance* may be the most illuminating and moving song ever written about the brokenhearted. The delta blues of *Shadow of Doubt* is her rawest and most intense work in a decade. But next time, how about bringing more of her slide guitar up front?

NELSON GEORGE

Young producer and songwriter Dallas Austin has made his mark with hits for such hot teen acts as Another Bad Creation and TLC. But he takes an ambitious leap into maturity with his production of Joi's ***The Pendulum Vibe*** (EMI). Joi, who hails from Nashville, makes her debut on this eclectic collection of progressively arranged R&B with a retro flavor reminiscent of Lenny Kravitz. The album's centerpiece is the song *Sunshine & the Rain*, a minimalist vamp, in which Joi's breathy vocals give the music a deeply sensual feel.



KONSTANTIN VALOV

Soulful Soundgarden's *Superunknown*.

Music from Bonnie Raitt, the godfathers of grunge and the Meat Puppets.

FAST CUTS: Smart Brown Handbag is a supersmart pop trio out of California led by singer-songwriter David Steinhart. Their self-titled debut (Stone Garden) is full of lyrically precious, melodically sharp songs such as *The Kitty*, *Coming Down* and *Fight It Off*.

Ted Hawkins' ***The Next Hundred Years*** (DGC) is an example of vocal brilliance. The 57-year-old ex–Venice Beach street singer makes his major-label debut with a voice that echoes Sam Cooke and Otis Redding. Hawkins' music is also informed by his gentle folk guitar. Hawkins has lived a tragic life, and the album is enriched by his experiences. This is one of the year's best.

DAVE MARSH

John Trudell's *AKA Grafitti Man* took him to the front ranks of the live poetry revival and not much further. ***Johnny Damas and Me*** (Rykodisc) better integrates sound and recitation and takes an additional step forward by using more Native American music. As a singer Trudell's no worse than your average Anglo art rocker, but as a poet he's great. Pieces like *Rant n Roll* and *Shadow Over Sisterland* are repeatedly listenable because they're so rhythmically intent and emotionally personal.

Trudell comes to us as a grand eccentric, or at least one of a kind: He's a former leader of the American Indian Movement, a singer who refuses to sing, a poet uninterested in the page. Often he seems a flat-out amateur and sometimes even an ideologue. Trudell does, however, possess the one exceptional tool that marks both great writers and great singers: a unique and compelling voice. *Johnny Damas and Me* may be just another way of telling the same old story. But that means it's as beautiful as it is ancient, as horrifying as it is true.

FAST CUTS: ***Straight from da Streets*** (Priority): Where the sublime meets the trivial, from Dr. Dre's *Let Me Ride* to *Rebirth of Slick* by Digable Planets, from George Clinton's *Atomic Dog* to Tag Team's *Whoomp! (There It Is)*. One nation under a groove, indeed.

Mike Henderson, ***Country Music Made Me Do It*** (RCA): A great new honky-tonk voice offers solid songs and a spirit in the tradition that links Hank Williams, Waylon Jennings and Steve Earle.

Big Joe Turner, ***Big, Bad & Blue: The Big Joe Turner Anthology*** (Rhino): The oldest of rock's founders played R&B as if he were just recycling the boogie-woogie he brought to New York from Kansas City in the late Thirties. In his mighty paws, maybe that's all it was. If so, it's all it ever needed to be.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

The Shams and Heavenly are unassuming bands led by women who've been around various alternative scenes. Both debuted in America with albums, *Quilt* and *Le Jardin de Heavenly*, respectively, that left a well-meaning fellow hungry for something more substantial. And both followed with EPs designed to convince such a fellow that quiet miniaturists offer their own kind of pleasure, wisdom and nutritive value.

The Shams' ***Sedusia*** (Matador, 676 Broadway, New York 10012) is three astute, exquisite songs on three man-woman themes: the urge to leave, the pain of absence and sex in the erogenous zone between the ears. Hardly unprecedented themes, but any man who thinks he has them down should find a more talkative significant other. There's no anger here—the tone is clear, sweet and wry, shading a thoughtful addition to the growing body of music by women who will reveal what's really on their minds to anyone smart enough to listen.

Heavenly's ***P.U.N.K. Girl*** (K, Box 7154, Olympia, Washington 98507) is slier, meaner, less trusting—maybe less mature, maybe more realistic. Amelia Fletcher's mild garage-rock sound is all girlish innocence, but the title tune is a celebration of punk sisterhood, and in

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Joi *The Pendulum Vibe*	7	7	7	6	8
Meat Puppets *Too High to Die*	7	7	9	5	8
The Shams *Sedusio*	9	7	6	3	8
Soundgarden *Superunknown*	8	8	8	8	7
John Trudell *Johnny Domos and Me*	4	8	7	8	7

IT'S SONNY BONO, NOT BONO, DEPARTMENT: **Sonny** is running for Congress from Palm Desert, California on the Republican ticket. **Cher** is singing duets with **Beavis and Butt-head. Bono** is singing duets with **Fronk Sinatro.** Any questions?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Tom Waits** will star in **Wayne Wang's** film *Smoke*, playing the owner of a cigar store in Brooklyn. He will be joined by **Harvey Keitel, William Hurt, Ashley Judd** and **Forest Whitaker.** . . . A TV movie based on a controversial book about the **Beatles** called *The Love You Make* looks to be in the works. . . . **Bob Marley's** 50th birthday bash and all-star tribute is scheduled for worldwide telecast from Jamaica in February 1995. . . . **LL Cool J** has won the title role in *Jimi*, a historical fantasy movie inspired by **Jimi Hendrix'** life, developed by **Laurence Fishburne.**

NEWSBREAKS: The **Dead's** 1994 summer touring schedule will be arranged around World Cup soccer games, which will occupy some of the band's regular stadium venues. . . . **ZZ Top** is kicking off a world tour any day now. . . . *Tommy* comes to CD-ROM in September, published in both Windows and Mac versions. **Pete Townshend** will be an investor and consultant. . . . **Salt-N-Pepa** will do a TV series for Disney. . . . While waiting to sign again with his longtime label, Columbia, **Willie Nelson** released *Moonlight Becomes You* on the independent Justice label, headed by a childhood friend. . . . It's not the Sixties anymore: The 25th anniversary of Woodstock will be a pay-per-view event. . . . *Rock-It Comix* is publishing a four-issue retrospective on the **Doors.** . . . **Boy George's** next album will be produced by **Todd Rundgren.** . . . Beginning in June, ABC is going to try airing country music concerts on Saturday nights, hosted by **Billy Dean.** . . . If there is an **Eagles** reunion, it's likely that an acoustic show—which would make a good unplugged album—will be the direction the band takes. . . . Hasn't **Whitney Houston** won enough, already? Look for her greatest-hits package in late summer or early fall. It will have a couple of new songs. . . . There will be a **Public Enemy** album this summer. . . . **Harry Nilsson's** double CD will be released next month. He was just finishing it at the time of his death. It will contain five previously unreleased tracks from the late Sixties. . . . A tribute album to soul pioneer **Arthur Alexander** is in the works. **Robert Plant, Mark Knopfler** and **Elvis Costello** are among those recording songs. . . . **Pink Floyd** is reportedly taking a nine-story stage on the road. It was designed by **Mark Fisher,** who helped the **Stones** design the *Steel Wheels* set. . . . **Dr. Dre** and **Ice Cube** have teamed on disc. The result will be out any day. . . . Useful info from our friends at *Rock and Rap Confidential*: The Internet Underground Music Archive will upload music, artwork and text onto the Internet. For more on this free service, contact the Archive at 217 Highland Court, Suite 3, Santa Cruz, California 95060 or call 408-457-8910. . . . **Robbie Robertson** has signed a solo recording deal with the **Band's** old label, Capitol. He owns the rights to *The Weight*, which diet Coke is using in a current commercial. . . . A revival of *Grease* is now on Broadway starring **Rosie O'Donnell.** . . . Finally, pick up a copy of the Bantam paperback *The Two Kings: Jesus and Elvis*, by **A. J. Jacobs.** It looks for similarities: Jesus walked on water, Elvis surfed. Jesus was baptized in the River Jordan, Elvis was backed by the Jordanaires. Well, you get the picture.

—BARBARA NELLIS

two painful songs her girlish innocent has sex she doesn't want. It's not pretty once you get beneath the surface, but it's more educational than any date-rape regs thrown your way.

FAST CUTS: On the Afghan Whigs' ***Gentlemen*** (Elektra), which has some tough things to say about the male side of the sex wars, Greg Dulli's self-examination is as conflicted as the band's guitars. ***Sixty Horses in My Herd*** (Shanachie), by the central Asian throat-singers Huun-Huur-Tu, is even more masculine. Since I don't speak Tuvan, I can't comment on their message. But I do like their swagger.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

The Meat Puppets have been knocking around the indie circuit since 1981. Now that the distinctions between under- and above-ground have largely disappeared, the Puppets are still knocking around whatever circuit there is for really cool bands that have graduated to major labels. The band's eighth and latest album, ***Too High to Die*** (London/Polygram), continues the cool. Produced by Butthole Surfer Paul Leary, whose command of psychedelia is unsurpassed, *Too High* captures the quintessential Meat Puppet surrealism of both chord progression and lyric. Leader Curt Kirkwood deserves serious worship in the guitar-cult magazines for several solos here. But what will distinguish the disc for the general listener is the songwriting. There are smooth and slightly laid-back vocals over ingenious arrangements with the proper balance of light (acoustic) and dark (monster power chords). And there are subtle melodies that you couldn't kick out of your unconscious even if you tried. It's easy to hear why these guys have been a big influence on Nirvana, and I hope they have a huge hit so I can watch them on MTV.

FAST CUTS: ***Motley Crue*** (Elektra): After six albums, this is the second to sound good, the other being *Dr. Feelgood*. New singer John Corabi brings testosterone to the vocals that heavy-metal castrato Vince Neil could never find. Since you can't understand the words—and for the first time the band didn't include a lyric sheet—they seem deeper. And maybe they are.

Johnny Winter, ***A Rock N' Roll Collection*** (Columbia): Most of his best stuff from the Seventies. My favorite reissue this month, even if it's misnamed (there's lots of pure blues here). Winter's slashing guitar somehow never gets the recognition it deserves. Wish he had included *Mean Town Blues*.

Tears for Fears – An evolutionary album from a revolutionary band. Elemental finds Tears for Fears pushing the boundaries of intelligent, melodic pop even further. Featuring the hit, "Break It Down Again."

James – Lead singer Tim Booth is often asked, "Why name this band James?" Why not! This critically acclaimed British band topped the U.S. Modern Rock and College charts, and landed a place in MTV's Buzz Bin with their new album, Laid. Musician Magazine calls it, "One of the best albums of the year." James, the band. Laid, their new album. Don't miss James on tour now.

Music that defines the time.

Texas – Somewhere deep in the heart is where the musical roots of Texas lie. Ricks Road is the new collection of eclectic, gutsy and quietly powerful songs from this acclaimed Scottish band. Featuring "Fade Away" and "So In Love With You."

Robert Cray – Shame + A Sin is the latest album from the legendary rock 'n' blues artist. Included is Robert's tax time cure, the "1040 Blues," plus "Some Pain, Some Shame."

Lowen & Navarro – Live audiences all over the country have been waking up to the folk/rock sound of these great singer/songwriters. Lush acoustic guitars and beautiful harmonies are the trademark of their latest album, Broken Moon, featuring "Just To See You."

Billy Falcon – First there was the critical acclaim of Pretty Blue World with the hit "Power Windows." Now the richly emotional voice of singer/songwriter Billy Falcon comes sailing back with his new album, Letters From A Paper Ship, featuring "I Like How It Feels," "Wonder Years" and "Lovebirds." It's an album addressed to you.

Val Gardena – Val Gardena is the name of a faraway place, and the contemporary instrumental music of this versatile duo will take you somewhere much further. River of Stone is the soundtrack to your imagination.

mercury

WHERE THE CUTTING EDGE BECOMES CLASSIC.

© 1994 PolyGram Records, Inc.

WIRED

INTERACTIVE MOVIE MANIA

Siskel and Ebert may be thumb-tied when *Ride for Your Life* hits theaters nationwide this fall. Its producer, Interfilm, calls *Ride for Your Life* a "cinematic game." But it's actually a 20-minute interactive movie (starring Adam West, TV's Batman) with as many as 400 different endings. Audience members determine the progression of the plot (which centers on a pair of New York bicycle messengers) by responding, via computerized control pads on seat armrests, to options that appear on-screen.

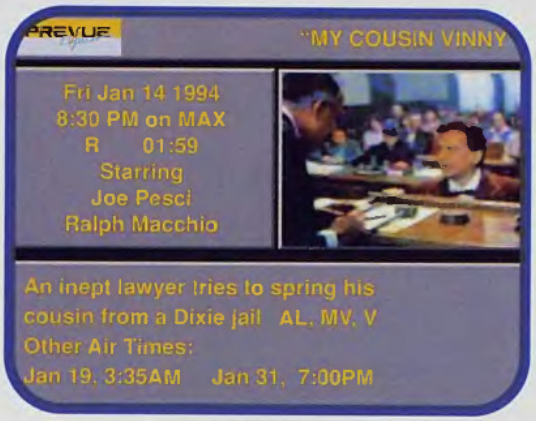
In most cases, votes are tallied and the majority rules. But sometimes one person is given sole power to decide what happens next. When that occurs, a spotlight identifies him or her to the rest of the crowd. Several major theater chains, including Loews and Cineplex Odeon, have signed on to run Interfilm movies. And yes, that is movies—plural. Sony has signed a multipicture deal with the two-year-old company, and its next release, *The Hunted*, is already in the works. What will tickets cost? Only $3 for three different screenings.

GETTING IN GEAR

It never fails. Just when you think you've bought the hottest new gadget, electronics companies tempt you with something even hotter. In the way of telephones, for example, Motorola recently showed us a prototype that operates as a handheld cordless phone in the home and a cellular one on the road. The palm-size device senses its environment and automatically switches modes accordingly. Look for it sometime in 1995. Several top companies have video compact disc players in the works, but Samsung has come up with the best idea: Its DV530KV will play both five-inch audio and movie CDs as well as eight-inch and 12-inch laser discs—the first to play both video formats. There's no release date yet, but Samsung claims the price will be well below $1000. Finally, both Sega and Nintendo have plans for new video game systems. Sega is rumored to be going the CD route with a 32-bit unit called the Saturn, while Nintendo is developing Project Reality, a 64-bit cartridge system with ten times the storage capacity and 2 million times the speed of current CD-ROM technology. Mum's the word on the cost or availability of Saturn, but Nintendo says Project Reality will show up in arcade form this fall, followed by a home version in 1995 for less than $250.

CHANNEL SURFING MADE EASY

Skimming 40 cable channels is a chore. Reviewing 500 will be a major bore. That's why several companies are coming out with electronic program guides—interactive remote-controlled grid displays that scroll on your TV screen. EPGs are being positioned as $1-to $5-a-month alternatives to printed cable and TV guides. Among the first to hit home will be Starsight Telecast later this summer. In addition to listing 90 minutes of programming at a time, Starsight will offer descriptions of individual shows and let you scan up to a week's worth of scheduling by time, channel and category (movies, talk shows, etc.). It will even make recording easier: Just highlight the intended program in the grid and press a button on your remote, and the VCR is set to go. Two similar EPGs are TV Guide On Screen (which debuts in Orlando this fall) and Prevue Express (under development at United Video Satellite Group). In addition to triggering recording, the latter has one advantage: Movie options will include text descriptions and video trailers as shown in the screen slide here. Now the bad news: Each of these services requires special hardware. That means you'll either need a new cable box (which is likely to come with a fee) or have to purchase a compatible receiver, TV or VCR—all in the works at companies such as Zenith, Philips and Pioneer.



WILD THINGS

Designed by IBM for Bell South Cellular, Simon (pictured at right) is a personal digital ossistant with a twist. Like Newton, EO, Zoomer and other PDAs, Simon functions as an address book, organizer, fax machine and more. But, as you can see, it's also a cellular phone with a backlighted screen that responds either to the touch of your finger (for dialing) or a stylus (for jotting notes and memos). The price: $900 to start. • The California-based hardware company SIIG, Inc. has come up with an adapter called TV Gamer Plus that turns direct view and rear-projection TVs into computer monitors. Why would you want that? To play computer video games on a big screen, of course. The price: $199 for a Windows/DOS version and $219 for a Mac. • If you're into making music, check out Kawai's Pocketband. A 4"x6⅝" device that can be used by itself or connected to any electronic instrument (guitar, keyboard, etc.), Pocketband ($199) has 20 built-in rhythms that provide backup to your jams. Optional song cards ($79 each) let you select from 200 well-known arrangements, including classic songs by the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton and the Beatles. • Integrated Technology's Compuphone is the first IBM-compatible keyboard that doubles as a telephone. Priced at about $230, the standard 101-key keyboard has a jack for a phone handset or headset. It comes with telephone directory software that lets you input numbers and dial direct from your PC.

Where & How to Buy on page 165.

J.D. Power and Associates awarded Clarion Car Audio top honors in initial quality. Cool. Because some of you are really tough to please.

That's why every Clarion unit has to pass a battery of strict tests. We vibrate them. We shock them. We bombard them with interference. We subject them to humidity and temperature extremes. We do everything we can to simulate life in your car, truck or personnel carrier.

Because there are people like Terry McClanahan out there. He has a personal vision about off-road travel, and it doesn't include any ordinary truck. He drives one of the very first HUMMER®s available to civilians. It's huge. It's powerful. It's the most serious four-by-four on the face of the earth.

Maybe owning a highly specialized military vehicle is a bit over the edge for some people. But we understand completely. Because we're just as obsessive about making terrific sounding, long lasting car audio products.

So when Clarion was picked to supply car audio systems for new HUMMERs, we figured it was a perfect mating of our exacting standards with theirs.

And when J.D. Power and Associates named Clarion "best overall among all original equipment audio suppliers in initial quality", we were happy, but we weren't surprised. After all, we've passed much tougher tests already.

Conduct your own test. Call ***1-800-GO-CLARION*** for an authorized Clarion Car Audio dealer near you. We're ready for you, pal.

CLARION 5680CO

- *Zero-Bit Detector™ noise-muting circuit, 8-times oversampling and dual 1-bit D/A converters combine for a super clean and accurate CD signal*
- *Shock-resistant chassis mounted on gel-filled shock absorbers able to withstand up to 1.5 G's for nearly skip-free playback*
- *Magi-Tune™ FM for strong, drift-free reception*
- *4-Channel 80 Watt (20W x 4) amplifier*
- *Detachable control panel*

clarion®
CAR AUDIO

1993 J.D. Power and Associates Component Quality Report: Automotive Audio Systems.℠ Study based on 29,962 consumer evaluations of radio systems in new cars and light trucks built in the U.S. and Canada. HUMMER is a registered trademark of AM General Corp. *© 1994 Clarion Sales Corporation, 661 W. Redondo Beach Blvd., Gardena, CA 90247. Clarion Canada, Inc. 2239 Winston Park Dr., Oakville, Ontario L6H 5R1 Canada. (905) 829-4600.*

STYLE

THE SAVVY WEEKENDER

Next time you leave town for the weekend, avoid an overpack attack by following our foolproof system: First, fill a large nylon duffel bag, such as this one by Kipling ($94), with a few essentials—for example, a white banded-collar shirt from J.O.E. by Joseph Abboud ($60), a pair of five-pocket jeans by Edwin Jeans ($74), a white one-pocket T-shirt by A/X Armani Exchange ($26), drawstring nylon swim trunks by Speedo ($30) and a pair of canvas sneakers by Superga ($65). Then wear a wrinkle-proof linen suit to the office on Friday with a basic shirt and tie. The two-button single-breasted suit ($550), dress shirt ($53) and tie ($55) laid out at left are all by CK Calvin Klein. Once you're out of the office and on your way, you can pair the suit jacket with the jeans or wear the pants on their own with the shirt and sneakers. The trunks can also do double duty, hitting the water for a swim or the streets with the T-shirt. By the time you wear each piece twice, you'll be ready to head home.

WASH-AND-WEAR SHIRTS

Thanks to fashion's biggest technological breakthrough since Sanforizing (a 63-year-old process that keeps laundered clothes from shrinking to doll-size), you'll now be able to wear cotton shirts wrinkle-free—straight from the drier. Among the manufacturers offering these modern miracles is Arrow, which uses an exclusive finishing process to make its no-iron cotton shirts ($35 to $40) supersoft. Van Heusen (the first to market permanent press) uses a "vapor process" to make its dress shirts wrinkle-free. The bonus: It also makes them more breathable, colorfast and stain-resistant ($29 to $35). Duck Head's method of cross-linking cotton fibers has resulted in a line called the Perfect Cotton Collection, which features solid twill and striped dress and sport shirts that are both wrinkle- and shrink-proof ($35 to $45). Other labels to try include the all-cotton Thomson Perfect Shirt ($33 to $37) and Berkley Shirt Co.'s American Blue label of sport shirts in cotton twill and poplin. The latter are printed with stripes or paisley patterns and come in both short- and long-sleeved styles (about $30). Just say no to ironing.

HOT SHOPPING: ASPEN

The melting snow in Aspen signals the beginning of summer fun—whether it's kicking back to the sounds of the Aspen Music Festival, hiking in the mountains or strolling the charming downtown streets in search of these hot spots. B. Jammin' (430 E. Hyman): Ultracool beach togs, T-shirts and accessories. • Pitkin County Dry Goods (520 E. Cooper): The top stop for contemporary men's and women's sportswear, outerwear, leather goods and jewelry. • Gracy's (202 E. Main Street): A secondhand store known for stocking the local celebrities' designer hand-me-downs. • The Revo Store (520 E. Durant): Offers a full line of Revo sunglasses, along with a "test drive" policy that lets you try a pair for the day. • Blazing Trails Jeep Tours (407 E. Hyman): Enjoy backcountry four-wheeling with an experienced guide. • Woody Creek Tavern (0002 Woody Creek Plaza): Hunter S. Thompson's favorite hangout, with great barbecue and Mexican food.

CLOTHES LINE

Now that his latest film, *Serial Mom*, co-starring Kathleen Turner, has been released, actor **Sam Waterston** has decided to dress for recess in a T-shirt and lightweight Umbro soccer shorts. "I spend a lot of time outside," he says, "and those shorts are comfortable, look great and dry before you do." When it comes to fashion, Waterston's motto is: Use it up, wear it out. "I like to wear my clothes until they fall off me," he says, adding that his Barbour oilskin jacket is one item that has definitely stood the test of time. He also feels Armani suits are a safe buy. "The only issue is whether or not I like the color."

GYM DANDY DUDS

They may look and sound like something out of a Star Trek movie, but the features built into today's fitness apparel have more function than flash. Nautilus, for example, lines its new brand of gym shoes with a fungus-retardant material called Anti-B ($70). It also cushions its black leather weightlifting gloves with gelled palm pouches ($30) and uses a material called Aquator (which pulls moisture away from the skin) in a line of pants and shirts with built-in knee and elbow supports ($65 to $80). Another company, Hind Inc., promotes safety with a selection of silk-screen T-shirts made with a reflective ink ($18). And Pearl Izumi stumps mother nature with a jacket made of a fabric that's breathable yet windproof ($75), as are Descente's great-fitting biking bibs ($115).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

HAIR	IN	OUT
STYLE	Natural, unstudied; short, Christian Slater–type tausled cuts; modified, lang-on-top wedges	Anything sculpted or coiffed; buzz and blunt cuts; Bee Gees shags
DETAILS	Off-centered or natural parts; neat, straight sideburns to middle of ear; manicured full beards	Ponytails; skinny braids; Elvis sideburns; middle parts; bushy beards; pencil mustaches
GROOMING	Clean, casually controlled hair; finger-combing; gel for lift; weekend razor stubble	Greasy, long hair; stiff, over-gelled styles; obvious dye jobs; Burt Reynolds–type toupees

Where & How to Buy on page 165.

Price listed is suggested retail. ©1993 Timex Corp. ⌚ is a trademark of Timex Corporation. *Ironman is a trademark of Timex Corporation.

IT WON'T CURE INSOMNIA.

BUT AT LEAST IT WILL GIVE YOU

SOMETHING TO STARE AT.

The IndiGlo night-light illuminates with a push of a button. And at $47.95, this Ironman* Triathlon® watch is so handsome, you'll enjoy staring at it. For retailers, call 1-800-367-8463.

INDIGLO™
BY TIMEX

TIMEX®. IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING®.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE PRIVATE EYE played with boyish exuberance by Dana Carvey in ***Clean Slate*** (MGM) is an amnesia victim who wakes up every morning with no memory of anything that's happened before. Isn't that special? Carvey makes it seem so when he's improvising a speech at a birthday party where all of his old best friends look like strangers—or when he's trying to puzzle out his relationship with a sexy brunette (Valeria Golino) who appears to be right at home in his apartment. Carvey can't remember that he has also been sleeping with the wife of his best friend (Kevin Pollak). James Earl Jones, Michael Murphy and Michael Gambon help complicate matters in a high-concept comedy about crime and puzzlement that relies mainly on Carvey to keep it from drawing a blank. ¥¥½

•

Spike Lee fans accustomed to such epics as *Malcolm X* and *Jungle Fever* are due for a warm surprise in ***Crooklyn*** (Universal). As co-author (with siblings Joie and Cinque Lee) and producer-director, Spike spins a good-natured reminiscence about growing up in Brooklyn. Calling it Crooklyn is a family joke, and the borough looks like a playground back in the Seventies. Oh, there's poverty: Con Ed turns off the juice in the house where a beloved working mom (Alfre Woodard) keeps her five kids in line with minimal assistance from her husband (Delroy Lindo), an unemployed pianist and full-time daydreamer. But Lee views it all as if through gauze, softening the conventional images of ghetto life in a collage of street games, tough love and tenderness. One sequence, in which ten-year-old daughter Troy (Zelda Harris) is shipped off to cloying relatives down South, is mysteriously shot in a squeezed-frame format to make everyone look elongated and surreal. It's a cinematic trick that doesn't really work. But Zelda Harris is delightful, and Alfre Woodard is a major asset in any movie—even one in which Spike Lee seems to have wandered into Disney World. ¥¥½

•

Celebrity spotting is part of the enjoyment of ***Naked in New York*** (Fine Line), a fresh and engaging first feature by director Dan Algrant (who is also co-author with John Warren). A former Columbia University film student, Algrant showed sufficient promise to attract Martin Scorsese as his executive producer. Eric Stoltz, nude at the beach in a dream sequence, exudes casual attitude as a young Harvard grad and would-be playwright. He's trying to make it in Manhattan while his live-in love (Mary-Louise Parker, on the mark as usual) back in Cambridge may or may not be getting involved with a glamourous gallery owner (Timothy Dalton) who likes her photography. Algrant transforms a conventional story of young lovers on separate tracks into a runaway romantic comedy, with peripheral roles by Kathleen Turner as a soap star and Tony Curtis as the producer, who gets the hero's play staged off-Broadway. Arthur Penn has a cameo as the play's director. Look closely and you will also see novelist William Styron, Eric Bogosian and Marsha Norman as themselves at a cocktail party. Whoopi Goldberg does a guest shot as a talking stone mask on a theater facade. No doubt, some of it verges on Felliniesque—not the worst path for a deft young moviemaker to follow. ¥¥¥

Stoltz, Parker: *Naked* (in love) *in New York*.

Moving along Memory Lane, growing up in Brooklyn and drinking to forget.

•

Spain's modish director Pedro Almodóvar, after gleefully skewering established social values to make his name as the bad boy of international cinema, hits a dry patch with ***Kika*** (October Films). Still outrageous, Almodóvar becomes all but incoherent in this campy saga of misadventure. The titular Kika—an unstoppably cheerful makeup stylist played by Veronica Forque—lives with an eccentric photographer named Ramon (Alex Casanovas), fools around with his weirdo American stepfather (Peter Coyote) and fends off a vengeful TV tabloid journalist named Andrea Scarface (Victoria Abril). Lots of sex, surreal slapstick and politically incorrect horseplay can't save *Kika*, which finally becomes tiresome by carrying overwrought kinkiness to the point of no return. ¥¥

•

From Mexico comes a visually striking vampire movie called ***Cronos*** (October Films). Writer-director Guillermo del Toro's gift for macabre spectacle is obvious. Two old men and a child are caught up in a struggle for possession of the Cronos, a four-centuries-old device that seems to ensure a gooey and grisly form of eternal life. The only English-speaking actor in this subtitled shocker is Ron Perlman (of TV's *Beauty and the Beast*) as one nasty old man's American nephew, a dolt named Angel. Let ordinary moviegoers shrink from the wretched excesses of *Cronos*. It's an exotic import for horror buffs. ¥¥

•

Genius must run in the family, for director Daniel Bergman—son of Ingmar Bergman—has clearly inherited some of his father's talent. In the subtitled ***Sunday's Children*** (First Run Features), he is also lucky enough to have Ingmar's own screenplay—a glowing, rueful story of a boy nicknamed Pu (Henrik Linnros) and his family back in the late Twenties. Unabashedly autobiographical, the movie spells out young Pu's relationship with his preacher father, with occasional flashes into the future, when the mature Pu and his aging parent (Thommy Berggren) face each other in an emotional standoff. Ingmar, despite his declarations of retirement, is still with us in this cerebral, compassionate and exquisitely photographed work by Bergman *fils*. ¥¥¥

•

She is more than 90 years old and is currently making a documentary about life on a submarine. Diving to the depths and reaching the heights is standard procedure in ***The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl*** (Omega). Writer-director Ray Müller's compelling three-hour documentary about the cinematic innovator and former actress, once denounced as an apologist for the Third Reich, is both a tribute and a kangaroo trial for Riefenstahl. She is chiefly remembered for two epics: her 1934 film, *Triumph of the Will*, which glorified a Nazi Party congress, and *Olympia*, about the 1936 Olympic games in Berlin, still

SAVE THE EAGLE, PROUD AND FREE

Print assembly shown smaller than actual size of 22⅛" (56.20 cm) x 18" (45.72 cm) x 1½" (3.81 cm).

Save the Eagle, Proud and Free. The first Eagle Fine Art Print ever created for the famed Alaska Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve, the world's largest Eagle preserve.

Created—and *personally hand-signed* by Ted Blaylock, who ranks among the world's most widely collected wildlife artists.

Handsomely matted and mounted in a custom-designed hardwood frame. Certified authentic by an *official commemorative medallion—authorized by the State of Alaska and richly embellished with 24 karat gold.* Just $195, payable in monthly installments.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you wish to return any Franklin Mint purchase, you may do so within 30 days of your receipt of that purchase for replacement, credit or refund.

Official commemorative medallion rich with 24 karat gold is shown actual size of 28mm.

Official Issue of Alaska's Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, PA 19091-0001

Please mail by June 30, 1994.

Please enter my order for Save the Eagle, Proud and Free, authenticated by Alaska's Chilkat Bald Eagle Preserve.

I need SEND NO MONEY NOW. I will be billed in 5 equal monthly installments of $39.* each, with the first installment due prior to shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and a one-time charge of $3. for shipping and handling.*

SIGNATURE _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

MR/MRS/MISS _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

ADDRESS _____ APT. # _____

CITY/STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE # (_____) _____

© 1994 FM

15926-130-001-8JWN

Amis: After a guy thing, airborne.

OFF CAMERA

Ever since she portrayed a woman who pretends to be a man in last year's *Ballad of Little Jo*, **Suzy Amis,** 32, has been deluged with scripts: "People tell me the male part can be rewritten for a woman—it's really hilarious. But *Little Jo* changed my life. I had never received such reviews, and it made me feel more feminine than ever."

Then she wonders, laughing: "Haven't you seen it written that I look like Eric Stoltz? It's true. We met the other day and had our picture taken together. We're the same height, same coloring. It's like seeing a mirror image of myself." Anything but boyish in person, Oklahoma-born Amis used to ride horses, hunt foxes, take flying lessons and planned to be a veterinarian. Instead, at 16 she nipped off to Paris to become a model. "I had no idea I'd be an actress. Then I saw Maggie Smith on the stage in London and thought, That's what I want to do."

At the moment, she's playing a strip-club sexpot whose children are missing in the new movie *Two Small Bodies*. "I thought it was sick and twisted at first. But I love weird movies." Her next job, now that she's a major player, will be with Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones in *Blown Away*, an epic already touted as this summer's big action hit. "In terms of acting, I've never had to do anything I didn't want to do. And I never wanted to do TV. I was afraid they'd put me in a tight dress and parade me around."

Married to Sam Robards, whom she met during her first movie, *Fandango*, Suzy has a son, Jasper, who'll be four—plus Jason Robards and Lauren Bacall as in-laws. Her main leisure goal is "to take up parachuting." Her professional passion is to play Amelia Earhart on the screen. "That's my dream."

hailed as among the best films ever made. Old footage and recent interviews in Müller's film mark Riefenstahl as feisty, defensive, brilliant, stubborn and stunningly single-minded. Even though Riefenstahl denies responsibility for the political content of her work, *Leni Riefenstahl* should be required viewing for anyone who has a serious interest in film history. ¥¥¥¥

•

Too much of it suggests one of TV's problem-of-the-week family dramas, but there is some genuine emotional power in ***When a Man Loves a Woman*** (Touchstone). Meg Ryan, who generally hits her stride in comedy, does a fabulous job as a habitual tippler named Alice. Alice is a young married mother of two who knocks back the vodka as she goes from lies to child abuse to rehab. Andy Garcia portrays Michael, Alice's loving second husband, an airline pilot whose good intentions merely deepen her insecurity. "I'd get drunk, I'd pass out and you'd put me back together," she rages, despising his martyrdom as much as his tentative sexual overtures. Garcia plays manly confusion ably, even when the screenplay sticks him with tear-jerking father-to-daughter schmaltz. Back in 1962, both Lee Remick and Jack Lemmon won Oscar nominations for *Days of Wine and Roses*. In this highly similar domestic drama about the cunning and baffling menace of alcoholism, Ryan and Garcia clearly beat the odds against them and come out looking major league. ¥¥¥

•

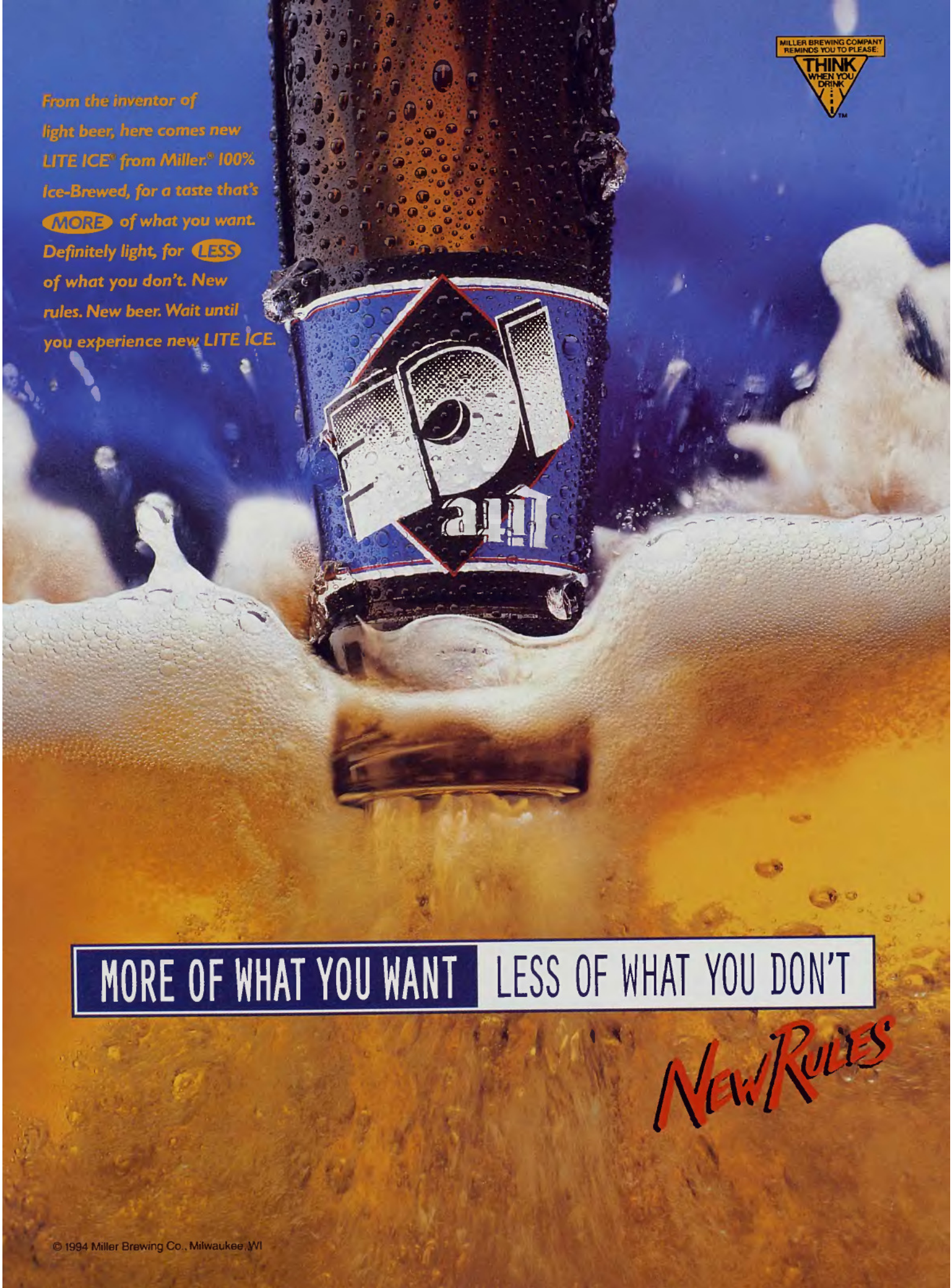
Lovers of vintage movie musicals should be entranced by ***That's Entertainment! III*** (MGM). The latest in the series of MGM compilations first released in 1974 and 1976 may come up a tad short only because the cream of the song-and-dance sequences has already been used. No problem. MGM's treasury of golden oldies is still amazing, fortified here by a host of survivors, all reminiscing their hearts out—including Gene Kelly, Lena Horne, Cyd Charisse and Esther Williams. While such seasoned troupers add a geriatric tone, their intros are smashingly upstaged by the musical highlights. Eleanor Powell, Fred Astaire, Debbie Reynolds, Judy Garland, Horne and Kelly grandly strut their stuff among such striking novelties as The Ross Sisters, contortionists in a 1941 clinker called *Broadway Rhythm*, or a predubbed number sung for Cyd Charisse in *The Band Wagon*, then cut and recycled for Joan Crawford in *Torch Song*. Both are shown on a split-screen, where Cyd makes Joan look, once again, like a high-camp joke. Some of its behind-the-scenes insights merely add to the nostalgic wallowing, which is what makes *That's Entertainment! III* a treat. There's nothing like it nowadays. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Angie (Reviewed 4/94) Geena Davis saves a sudsy single-mom saga. ¥¥½
Backbeat (4/94) Lively ode to the bad old early days of the Beatles. ¥¥¥
Bitter Moon (3/94) Polanski comedy of sex chronicles on a cruise ship. ¥¥
Clean Slate (See review) Memorable for Carvey as a guy who forgets. ¥¥½
Cronos (See review) One more outing with the undead in Latin America. ¥¥
Crooklyn (See review) Spike recalls surprisingly happy days. ¥¥½
Dream Lover (3/94) James Spader takes a wife who gives him quite a scare. ¥¥
The Favor (Listed only) Best friend sleeps with old flame in a comedy that's all smoke but no fire. ¥½
Four Weddings and a Funeral (5/94) Fun on social occasions. ¥¥¥
Germinal (4/94) Depardieu in a coal miner's tale adapted from Zola. ¥¥¥
The House of the Spirits (3/94) It's star-studded but rather dim. ¥¥½
The Hudsucker Proxy (5/94) On a Capra kick with the Coen brothers. ¥¥¥
In Custody (5/94) Bookish comedy of a portly Urdu poet and his friends. ¥¥¥
In the Name of the Father (3/94) One more coup for Day-Lewis. ¥¥¥¥
Kika (See review) Almodóvar is so far out he seems to lose touch. ¥¥
Les Visiteurs (4/94) A knight of old and his serf see France today. ¥¥½
Naked in New York (See review) Harvard grad tries to make it in New York. ¥¥¥
The Paper (5/94) Keaton, Close and Tomei rush to beat deadlines. ¥¥¥
Reality Bites (4/94) College grads confront—big gulp!—ennui! ¥¥¥½
Schindler's List (3/94) Spielberg's magnum opus. ¥¥¥¥
Serial Mom (5/94) Kathleen Turner is a killer in more ways than one. ¥¥¥
Sirens (5/94) Vintage erotic tale of art, love and sexual liberation. ¥¥¥¥
Sunday's Children (See review) Another talented Bergman heard from. ¥¥¥
A Tale of Winter (5/94) France's Rohmer shows how love finds a way. ¥¥¥
That's Entertainment! III (See review) More extravaganza meltdown from MGM. ¥¥¥½
Threesome (5/94) Two college guys and a gal who seem to major in sex. ¥¥½
Two Small Bodies (5/94) Does she know or care where her children are? ¥¥
When a Man Loves a Woman (See review) Strong drink, strong teamwork. ¥¥¥
The Wonderful, Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl (See review) Compelling take on a feisty film pioneer. ¥¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it


MILLER BREWING COMPANY REMINDS YOU TO PLEASE.
THINK WHEN YOU DRINK
From the inventor of light beer, here comes new LITE ICE® from Miller.® 100% Ice-Brewed, for a taste that's MORE of what you want. Definitely light, for LESS of what you don't. New rules. New beer. Wait until you experience new LITE ICE.
lite
MORE OF WHAT YOU WANT
LESS OF WHAT YOU DON'T
NEW RULES
© 1994 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I feel I diminish myself by mentioning only a few movies, because there are so many great films," says director **John Singleton** of his favorite VCR fare. "*Citizen Kane* and *Lawrence of Arabia* are two I really like. There's also a nice movie called *The Red Balloon*. They used to show it all the time at school when I was a kid. In terms of movies that sparked my head, *Star Wars* and *The Godfather*. And if I want to laugh, I throw on the Marx brothers' *Duck Soup* or Mel Brooks' *Blazing Saddles*. I also like W. C. Fields. I love to listen to his innuendos. He was real nasty." —SUSAN KARLIN

WEIMAR WIDEO

The golden age of German cinema lasted from the end of World War One until the mid-Thirties. Perhaps because the expressionistic films of that era were stark and unsentimental, they've aged better than most. Kino on Video's ***Treasures from the Weimar Republic*** recaptures that perfection in a six-volume set of remastered and rescored German classics.

Siegfried (1924): Part one of director Fritz Lang's pre-*Metropolis* Nibelungen epic of mythic betrayal seems dated today. Even so, the superb special effects (especially Siegfried's fight with the dragon) and monumental sets make this a keeper.

Kriemhild's Revenge (1924): In part two of Lang's epic, the queen finally slays her enemy, Hagen. Great backdrops—notably Attila's burning palace—highlight this tale of bloodlust and mob violence. Out-Griffiths D. W.

The Blue Angel (1930): In an exceptional tale of masochism and degradation, Emil Jannings plays a prudish schoolteacher driven to ruin by nightclub singer Lola-Lola (Marlene Dietrich). Her first film with director Josef von Sternberg made Dietrich a star, and this version includes 13 minutes of newly released footage.

The Last Laugh (1924): Jannings again, this time in his greatest role, as a doorman at the Hotel Atlantic. Karl Freund's photography is wonderful, but director F. W. Murnau's pathos is cheapened by the studio's happy ending. Maybe that's what's behind the title.

The Love of Jeanne Ney (1927): Made by director G. W. Pabst a year before his *Pandora's Box*, this sweeping tale of Bolshevik romance is easily the best of the lot. Great camera work, and Edith Jehanne is stunning in the title role.

Berlin: Symphony of a Great City (1927): Director Walther Ruttman's high-velocity take on a day in the life of the Weimar Republic. No plot, no characters, but the quick, kinetic editing makes the city look magical. Call it Teutonic MTV.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Fox Video has released ***Visions of Light: The Art of Cinematography,*** the award-winning documentary chronicling the history of cinema from behind the lens. Loaded with clips from more than 125 movies, the film explores the art of what you see in interviews with cinematography giants. In focus: the advent of Technicolor, putting the noir in film noir and how to light Marlon Brando.

SEX, NATURALLY

Birds do it. Bees do it. And so do lions and tigers and sea horses. PBS's intimate miniseries ***The Nature of Sex,*** available from Shanachie Entertainment, reveals just how basic our instincts are. (Warning: Some material may not be suitable for younger species.)

The Primal Instinct: How the wild kingdom got its name. Fiddler crabs and elephant seals are just some of the party animals acting on their sexual urges.

A Time and a Place: What is nature's role in sex? From Samoan waters to the Arizona desert, animals send out signals to attract and seduce, triggered by soft moonlight and the power of the sun.

The Sex Contract: Giving head takes on a whole new meaning for the male praying mantis, whose partner usually bites his off while mating. Females: can't live with them, can't make love to them without getting your head chewed off.

Sex and the Human Animal: Actors dressed as cavemen dramatize the roots of the human obsession with sex. The animals are much more interesting.

A Miracle in the Making: How do porcupines do it? Very carefully—as witnessed in this program, which explores the variety of ways in which animals mate.

The Young Ones: The series concludes with a look at diverse parenting systems, culminating (for those who survive) in sex: the next generation.

—DONALD LIEBENSON

(Tapes $19.95 each, boxed set $99.95. Call 800-497-1043.)

LASER FARE

Jack Lemmon fans get a double dose of the star on Pioneer's Special Editions release of ***Glengarry Glen Ross***—first with his high-strung delivery of David Mamet's rat-a-tat screenplay, then in mellow commentary on an alternate audio track. A copy of Mamet's script comes with the package. . . . Filmmaking twins Albert and Allen Hughes worked side-by-side with the Voyager Company on the Criterion release of their gritty debut flick, ***Menace II Society.*** Included: commentary, outtakes, audition bits, early Hughes shorts and loads of production documentation. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***Farewell My Concubine*** (epic tale of two male Peking Opera stars whose lives intertwine; Cannes winner, Oscar nominee), ***Fearless*** (plane-crash survivor Jeff Bridges totters over brink; Rosie Perez earns Oscar nomination).
ACTION	***Carlito's Way*** (*Scarface* meets *Godfather* as Pacino chews director De Palma's scenery; goony Sean Penn makes it work), ***Robocop 3*** (the metal man's a bit gentler this time—and the story's tight—but hard-core fans may miss the gore and grit).
COMEDY	***So I Married an Axe Murderer*** (*SNL*'s Mike Myers leads onslaught of grisly guffaws; best bit: Myers as his own Scottish dad), ***Another Stakeout*** (passable encore of 1987 Estevez–Dreyfuss buddy-cops romp, thanks mostly to Rosie O'Donnell).
SLEEPER	***Flesh and Bone*** (lovers Dennis Quaid and Meg Ryan tangle with Quaid's con-man dad, James Caan, to untangle past murder), ***Cadillac Girls*** (battling mom and daughter find common bond in mom's beau; well-acted by unknowns).
TOUR DE FORCE	***Sex, Drugs, Rock & Roll*** (the many faces of monologist Eric Bogosian—from Brit rocker to Jersey 'burber), ***Without You I'm Nothing*** (Sandra Bernhard's caustic one-woman cabaret; on tap: gays, Jews, art, astrology and Madonna).

DRINK

By MICHAEL JACKSON

WHEN IT COMES to specialty brews, wheat beers are one of the hottest coolers. If you haven't tasted a wheat beer yet, you soon will. There are more than 100 on the market right now, and while most are imported or from domestic microbreweries, industry giants such as Anheuser-Busch and Miller may soon join the party. Stroh already has joined with Augsburger Weiss.

What is a wheat beer? Beers brewed from wheat in addition to barley malt are usually light in body with a spritzy tartness that makes them perfect thirst quenchers. And although most of these beers are made year round, their refreshing character makes them especially suitable for warm-weather quaffing. Some spell it out on the label, including Anchor Wheat from the Anchor Brewing Co. in San Francisco. Others, including brands brewed in the States, use the German word *Weizen*, which means wheat—what else? Others label themselves with *weiss*, or *weisse*, or *Weissbier*. This comes from the German word for white, referring to the pale color of the beer's head during fermentation at the brewery.

Most wheat beers are golden, but there are also dark ones (or *dunkel*, the German word for dark). Breweries such as Ayinger, Hofbrauhaus and Tucher all market dark wheat beers in the States. Among American breweries, Boston Beer Co. has a flavorful *Dunkel Weizen*. A dark wheat beer blends tart and fruit flavors with a chocolate maltiness. In Germany, this style of beer is sometimes served after dinner with elderflower fritters. Our preference would be with apple pie.

THE GERMANS ARE COMING

The type of wheat beers made in the north of Germany, such as Berliner Kindl Weisse, are low in alcohol (approximately two percent by weight), especially light in body and the tartest of all. In Berlin, they are sweetened with raspberry syrup or essence of woodruff and served in wide goblets with candy-striped straws. They are the classic summer drink by the lakes of Berlin.

Wheat beers from the south, especially Bavaria, are traditionally stronger and often have a fruit or spice flavor reminiscent of bubble gum or cloves. Paulaner-Hefe-Weizen is a good example. Spaten Club-Weisse is lighter and more delicate. Tradition dictates that these beers should be served in tall, vase-shaped glasses. Bavarians regard these light-bodied brews as breakfast beers, sufficiently innocent to have with a mid-morning snack of salami and beer cheese.

AMY CHEVOIR

Drink your wheaties.

The long and the short on wheat beers.

In Germany, if the label has the subtitle *Kristall*, the brew will be bright and clear like any other beer. *Kristalls* are traditionally served with a slice of lemon, which highlights the tartness of the beer. But if the label says *Hefe* (German for yeast), there will be sediment. Many producers of wheat beers make both filtered and naturally yeast-sedimented variations. In Germany, the yeasty type is by far the most popular.

A good example of a *Hefe-Weizen* is the black-currant-tasting version from Weihenstephan, which claims to be the world's oldest brewery. (It dates from at least 1040 A.D. and was originally a Benedictine monastery.) Heavenly Hefe-Weizen from Steamboat Springs, Colorado is an American example, as is Widmer Hefe-Weizen from Oregon.

IF IT'S TUESDAY, THIS MUST BE BELGIAN WHEAT BEER

The Belgians brew great wheat beer, too. Theirs are usually sedimented and often spiced with curaçao orange peels and coriander. The Belgians call them white beers, usually labeling the bottles with both the Flemish *wit* and the French *blanche*. The most famous example is the citric-tasting Hoegaarden, but the Belgian who created this beer, Pierre Celis, now has his own brewery in Austin, Texas. In fact, his honeyish Celis White was voted best spiced beer at the 1993 Great American Beer Festival. This U.S.-produced wheat beer has even made waves in Belgium. To meet demand for it there, Celis recently began to brew it in his native country as well.

If a beer spiced with orange peels and coriander isn't exotic enough for you, treat yourself to a Krieken Lambic, also from Belgium. It's a wheat beer that tastes of wine and has an additional fermentation with cherries. There is also a raspberry counterpart named Frambozen (or, in French, *framboise*) Lambic. As well as being fruity, these beers have a cidery, acidic, almost sour background flavor derived from wild yeasts.

The following is an alphabetized selection of wheat beers to sample.

BELGIUM

Blanche de Bruges: Looks cloudy and yeasty but tastes soft and delicious.

Dentergems: Light with a hint of apple and honey.

Frank Boon Kriek and Frambozen: Tart with a fresh-fruit flavor.

Hoegaarden: The original Belgian white beer. Sweet, light and refreshing.

Lindemans Kriek and Frambozen: Beers with a candy fruitiness.

Timmermans Kriek and Frambozen: On the sweet side; complex flavors.

GERMANY

Ayinger Ur-Weizen: Amber in color and bursting with fruity, chocolatey flavors.

Berliner Kindl Weisse: Very dry and acidic; flowery.

Erdinger Pikantus Weizenbock: Clean, smooth and with a slight licorice taste.

Hacker-Pschorr-Braü Weisse: Soft and malty Munich brew.

Julius Echter Hefe-Weissbier: Refreshing, with a hint of plums.

Paulaner-Hefe-Weizen: Dry and spicy; another great Munich beer.

Pinkus Weizen: Light and tart, made with organically grown wheat.

Spaten Club-Weisse: Sparkling, light and appetizing.

UNITED STATES

Anchor Wheat (San Francisco): Aromatic with a slight herbal bouquet.

August Schell Weizen (New Ulm, Minnesota): Tart and quenching.

Celis White (Austin, Texas): Spicy, fruity and complex.

Grant's Weis (Yakima, Washington): Odd spelling for *weiss* but a delicious brew with hints of plum and honey.

Heartland Weiss (Chicago): A creamy beer with a hint of cloves.

Old Dominion Summer Wheat (Ashburn, Virginia): Dry and spritzy.

Pyramid Wheaten (Kalma, Washington): Lightly fruity, firm and crisp.

Samuel Adams Dark Wheat (Boston): Spicy.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

WHILE WE may be able to normalize relations with Vietnam, what has become of the millions of Americans whose lives were shattered by the war? That is the question posed by Jim Wilson in ***The Sons of Bardstown: 25 Years of Vietnam in an American Town*** (Crown). This is a solemn report on how the wounds and deaths of the young men from a small Kentucky town during the war continue to haunt it today. It is also a study of the damage done, not in terms of bodies or dollars but in terms of the life and spirit of our country.

In the mid-Sixties, Bardstown was a close-knit distillery town of about 5000 people. Its boundaries extended a mile in any direction from the town square. No one burned a draft card there. No one of draft age left for Canada. Voicing the memories of townspeople, Wilson emphasizes the sweetness and simplicity of a typical working-class community unaffected by the political strife thousands of miles away in the jungles of Vietnam. That is, until April 11, 1968, when Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford announced a call-up of the Reserves and National Guard, including 117 men in Battery C, 138th Artillery, 105 of whom lived in Bardstown.

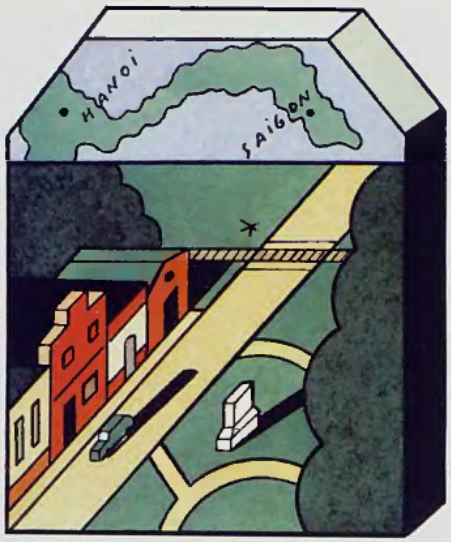
Veterans, mothers, wives and survivors recall the pain of the years that followed. Scraps of news and rumors from the war preceded the dreaded visits by Army chaplains, who preceded the body bags. On June 19, 1969, Battery C was pinned down in a virtually indefensible position at Fire Base Tomahawk and pounded by a devastating enemy attack. When the battle was over, seven Bardstown men were dead and many others were wounded. The shock of each death, each wounding, spread across the community. The following month, *The Kentucky Standard* questioned why we were in Vietnam.

In Bardstown, everyone knew parents who had lost children, wives who lost husbands, or men who came home permanently disabled. "Everywhere you go," said the widow of one man, "there's something to remind you of it. You run into somebody you knew then, you see a face. It just won't go away."

Years later, Kent Bischoff, who was the supply sergeant for Battery C, was at the Vietnam Memorial, making rubbings of the names of his friends who had died at Fire Base Tomahawk. "Unbeknownst to Bischoff, a crowd began to gather. Then one woman ventured forward and asked, 'Sir, you couldn't possibly know all those people.'

"'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'I surely do.'"

A burst of first-rate short-story collections has arrived, including Jim Harrison's ***Julip*** (Houghton Mifflin/Seymour Lawrence), the title story of which features Julip Durham—one of the most entrancing literary ladies since Holly Golightly—in an oddball comic caper. *The Seven Ounce Man* brings us up to date on the bizarre adventures of Brown Dog, last seen in Harrison's collection *The Woman Lit by Fireflies*. And in the third novella, *The Beige Dolorosa*, an English professor turning 50 finds a new perspective on life.



The Sons of Bardstown: 25 Years of Vietnam.

A moving Vietnam story, wisdom and humor from T. Coraghessan Boyle and an Asimov memoir.

In 15 varied stories of dark wisdom and wild humor, T. Coraghessan Boyle demonstrates again that he is a writer of great range. If I had to pick a favorite in ***Without a Hero*** (Viking), it would be *Carnal Knowledge*, a tale of a hapless guy seduced by a beautiful animal-rights activist into committing turkey liberation (first published in PLAYBOY).

Two fiction writers you'll be hearing more about take on the minutiae of ordinary life. Merrill Gilfillan's first collection of fiction, ***Sworn Before Cranes*** (Orion), offers 18 contemporary snapshots of Plains life, including Indian reservations and the truck stops along the highway. Gary Krist's stories in ***Bone by Bone*** (Harcourt Brace) focus, as in an earlier collection, on realistic character sketches of regular Joes from New Jersey.

An autobiography and two contemporary biographies are the pick of the nonfiction shelf this month. Isaac Asimov continues to amaze us with a third, posthumous volume of his autobiography, ***I. Asimov: A Memoir*** (Doubleday). It is the next to the last of more than 470 books he wrote in his prolific lifetime. He wrote this book in four months. In a rambling catalog of 166 "topics," Asimov meditates on aspects of his life both profound and silly with the easy charm that typified his writing.

A thorough, thoughtful biography of ***James Baldwin*** (Knopf) by his friend of 25 years, David Leeming, provides touching, personal insights into Baldwin's life. As one of the key voices of his generation, established with his first book of essays, *Notes of a Native Son* in 1955, Baldwin "took the side of those who were made into exiles and outcasts by barriers of race, sex and class or who turned away from safety and chose the honorable path of tearing down such barriers," Leeming says.

In the first paragraph of the foreword to his biography, ***Leonard Bernstein*** (Doubleday), Humphrey Burton urges the reader to listen to the music. He goes on to provide a sweeping, sensitive study of Bernstein's remarkable life that greatly enhances our appreciation of his music.

BOOK BAG

Deep End (Morrow), by Geoffrey Norman: If you take Norman's ex-con P.I. on your next vacation, we guarantee witty dialogue, underwater mayhem and a sleazy lawyer. A mystery buff's delight.

The Track of Real Desires (Knopf), by Beverly Lowry: A searing portrait of Southern life emerges when an AIDS-infected young man and his mother attend a dinner party in Eunola, Mississippi.

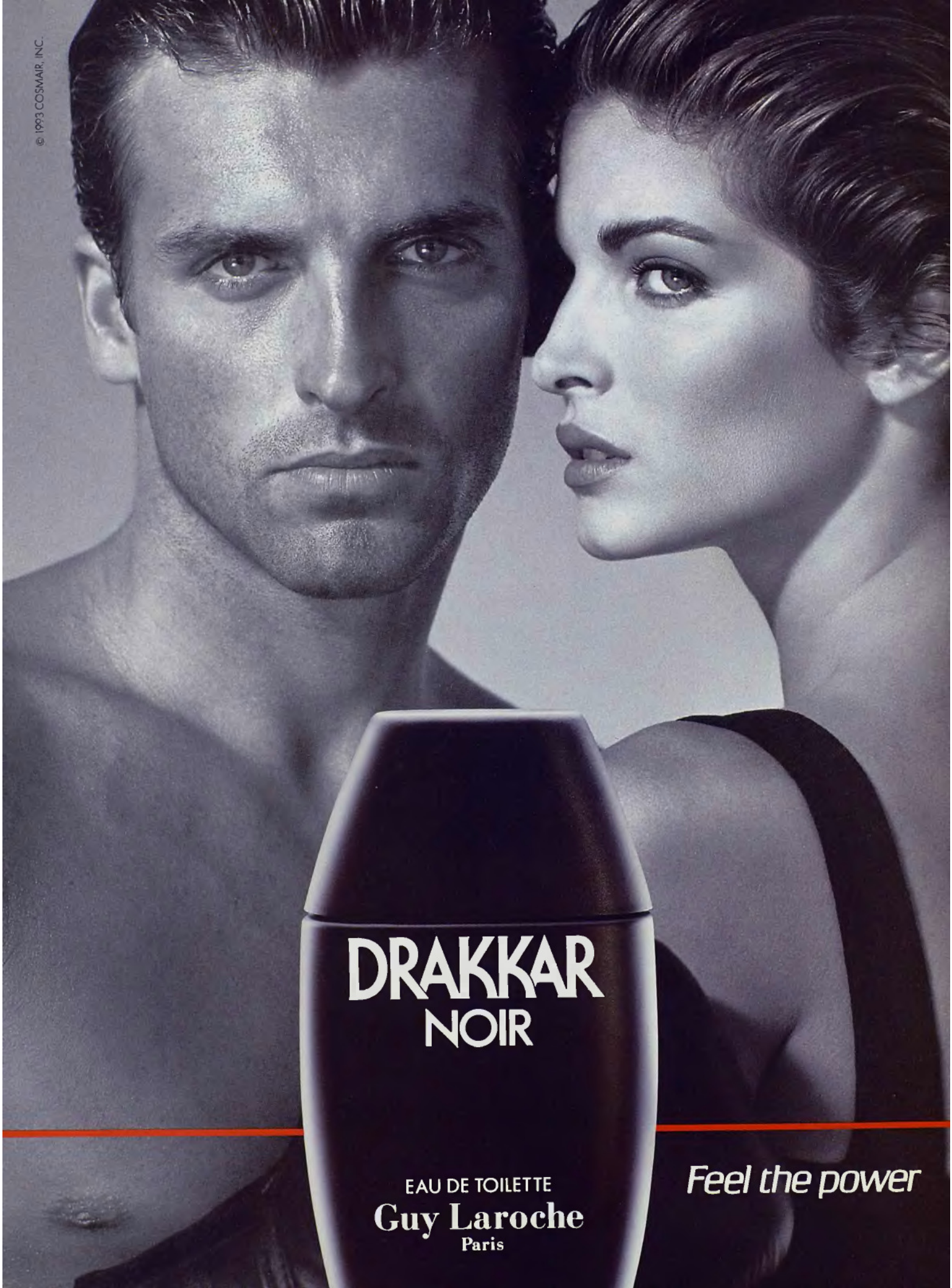
The Erotic Edge: Erotica for Couples (Dutton), edited by Lonnie Barbach: Contemporary themes of romance, fantasy, group sex and infidelity. Pretty hot stuff.

Travelers' Tales Thailand (O'Reilly & Associates), collected and edited by James O'Reilly and Larry Habegger: A new concept in travel books, this experiential primer marries the best of the guidebooks with the best travel literature.

Thunder (Warner), by James Grady: In this thriller, the shadowy world of the post–Cold War CIA is evoked in all its treacherous, paranoid glory.

Moon Shot: The Inside Story of America's Race to the Moon (Turner), by Alan Shepard and Deke Slayton: On the 25th anniversary of the first lunar walk, two members of the original Mercury Seven astronaut team relive the most astonishing feat of the 20th century.

Return of the Straight Dope (Ballantine), by Cecil Adams: America's foremost repository of bizarre and obscure facts dumbfounds us with arcane knowledge.


© 1993 COSMAIR, INC.
DRAKKAR
NOIR
EAU DE TOILETTE
Guy Laroche
Paris
Feel the power

11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
There's something for everyone at Joe's Place.
Joe's PLACE
HARD ROCK
CAMEL
SPECIAL LIGHTS
Special Mild Blend
Free Joe's Place Catalog.
Call 1-800 CAMEL CASH.
(1-800-226-3522)
Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older.
© 1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

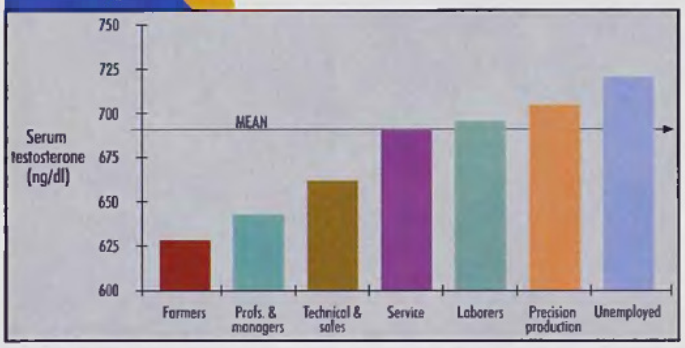
MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

WHO'S GOT BALLS?

Ask a man how he got where he is today and you'll hear stories of strenuous effort (pulling a double all-nighter to pass an organic-chemistry final) and fickle fortune (his pregnant mother cut off an astrologer in traffic). Or he might say, simply, that it took balls. But would he be right? That depends on what he wanted to be when he grew up. Research by a Georgia State University psychologist suggests that high testosterone—which determines dominance in animals—is associated with low socioeconomic status in humans. Studying almost 4500 men (median age 38), the researcher found that white-collar professionals had low testosterone, blue-collar workers had higher levels and unemployed men and violent criminals had the highest levels of all.

Other research has linked low levels of testosterone with ministers and high levels with football players and—go figure—actors.



ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH?

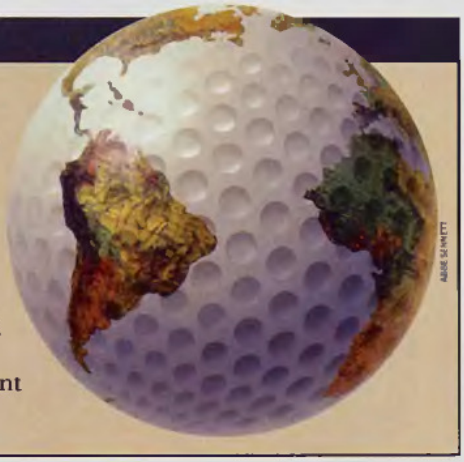
It sounds promising, especially for a computer game. The Man Enough CD-ROM invites you to have sex with Jeri, a character played by Tonia Keyser, the reigning Miss California World. And it's a clever premise, too. Jeri runs a dating service, and she'll gladly go out with you, but only after she's seen how you perform with five of her comely employees. That's where this game takes a decidedly ugly turn. The women are beautiful and smart, but the man—you—is a disgusting pig. First off, the player must choose from Neanderthal come-on lines that no sane man would dare try, such as, "I've got your condom shipment, babe. You take deliveries in the rear?" and, "I'm the president of the amateur gynecologists' club. My motto is, 'Always at your cervix.'" All the player can do is choose the least obnoxious line and hope for the best. Some women walk out when you're too crass. Others like it bold and boorish.

Even when your come-ons work, problems abound. We finally got one of our dates in a compromising position—on top of a car, no less—and she was just flinging off her top when the police showed up and ruined everything. After this digital equivalent of a cold shower happened a few times, we began to get suspicious. Were we not man enough? A phone call to Tsunami Media, which makes the game, gave us the sorry answer. A spokesman admitted that no one gets laid and there is no nudity. The game, he said, is about dating. Maybe so, but dating in a chaste, boring, insulting form. It turns out that Man Enough is something Orwell never anticipated: an electronic tease.

THE UNKINDEST CUT

There are new developments in prostate surgery that all men should be aware of. First, some doctors—notably urologists at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota—are questioning the accuracy of the most common test for prostate cancer: the prostate specific antigen test. The PSA test checks for an increase in a protein produced by a cancerous prostate. The problem is that older men produce this protein as a normal part of aging. This can make diagnosis tricky. Doctors at the Mayo Clinic are now using an age-based sliding scale to determine if surgery is necessary. It's hardly an academic debate: Surgery isn't foolproof. Possible side effects include a 63 percent chance of incontinence and a 60 percent to 90 percent chance of impotence. Some men, such as musician Frank Zappa and actors Telly Savalas and Bill Bixby, might have had their lives saved by early detection, while others have suffered from needless surgery. Many doctors are now more hesitant to recommend surgery. One thing that would help doctors, of course, would be more research, which leads to one more interesting fact: Even though prostate cancer kills almost as many men annually as breast cancer does women, the government spends $208 million more on breast cancer research. Who says it's a man's world?

GOLF DIGEST



According to a study of executives conducted by Hyatt Hotels:

- Ninety-eight percent say that playing golf is a great way to relieve stress. Still, more than half have thrown or broken a club after making a bad shot.
- Eighty-two percent hate people who cheat at golf, but more than half admit that they have cheated at least once.
- Is golf more important than sex? Yes, say 13 percent of the women and 11 percent of the men in the survey.
- The best female golfers are more successful in business than the best male golfers. Women with handicaps of ten or less earn an average income of $146,900. Men with the same handicaps earn $118,400.
- Nine percent of the women hate playing golf with men. Of the men, 18 percent hate playing golf with women.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Captain Morgan

Puerto Rican Rum with spice and other natural flavors • 35% Alc. by Vol. (70 Proof) • Captain Morgan Rum Co., Altamonte, MD © 1993

ORIGINAL SPICED RUM.

Experience something deliciously different. A subtle hint of exotic spice and smooth refreshing flavor that turn rum drinks into new adventures in taste.

THE UNFRIENDLY SKIES

Frequent-flying husbands have something new to lose in divorce court, thanks to an unusual New Mexico case. The big issue? The husband's frequent-flier points. The judge suggested the couple simply divide the miles, but TWA (which holds most of the miles) won't allow it. The husband will have to pay his ex-wife half the cash value of the points. "If I knew I was getting divorced," says a lawyer who is familiar with such cases, "I'd say, 'Honey, I'm vacationing in Zaire.'"

GETTING AHEAD ON YOUR LOOKS

Think your looks don't influence your professional success, young man? Think again. Beauty—great bone structure, flawless hair, eyes the riveting blue of a Bahamian bay—can affect anyone's income, including a man's. In fact, bad looks hurt a man more than they do a woman. A recent study found that good-looking men and women earn about five percent more than their average-looking counterparts. Ugly women earn about five percent less than average, but unattractive men earn nine percent less. And this bias toward chiseled chins and Roman noses affects men in jobs where appearance seems extraneous—professions such as factory work, bricklaying and even telemarketing.

BEATING THE PRODIGAL CENSOR

Prodigy may be the biggest on-line computer service, but it's also the most prudish, censoring extremist political views and sexual banter from its hundreds of bulletin boards. A staff of sysops patrols the boards looking for offenders, and a built-in censoring program looks for words such as fuck, cock or cunt. It even will reject foreign phrases out of fear that some rebel is trying to say dildo in Swahili. Of course, all this has only encouraged subscribers to get creative. We took a quick look at Prodigy and noticed a few phrases that might well have a double meaning:

"Yank my modem."
"Twelve inches of RAM."
"Shoot a hot load of e-mail in my box."
"I'd like to show you my spreadsheets."
"What's the password for your gateway?"
"How's your hard-drive working?"

While Freud might tell us that sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, on Prodigy it's getting difficult to distinguish the feline fanciers from the lovers of pussy.

THINGS WE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT

Toaster ovens
Frequent-flier miles
Pizza
NYPD Blue
Laptops
Call waiting
Advil
Federal Express
John le Carré
Dad
David Letterman
Doctors who return calls
Flirting
Daniel Patrick Moynihan
ATMs
In-flight movies
Vin Scully
Jumper cables
Latex condoms
Carry-on luggage
Titleists
Oral sex
Fresh OJ
Meg Ryan
Headline News
Vitamin C
Please and thank you
Apple Duo Dock

LIP SERVICE

"Women are cynical about being used as sex objects. Which is a shame, because it's fun to use your sexuality."
—KIM BASINGER

"It doesn't matter if you're straight or gay. Cosmically, there's nothing wrong with being heterosexual, homosexual or omnisexual—with being anything, as long as you don't hurt anybody, yourself included." —RICHARD GERE

"There's a lot more money to be made on Wall Street. If you want real power, go to Washington. If you want sex, go into the fashion business. But if you want the whole poison cocktail in one glass, stirred with the swizzle stick of Hey, we're doing something creative, go to Hollywood." —ALEC BALDWIN

"I'm not usually one who goes for fashion models. The main thing to me is if a woman is nice. Not greeting-card nice, but I've got to feel like she's a square player. And no facial tattoos." —CHRIS ISAAK

"I get infuriated with men who don't do what you want them to and then are surprised when they don't get what they want." —REBECCA DE MORNAY

"I'm not for suppressing pornography. I'm for suppressing guns. Some pornography insults women. But none of it is as dangerous as the guns that kill women and men."
—BETTY FRIEDAN

THE ONE-MINUTE BOOK EXCERPT

Women are fed up with feeling harassed at work. Here are a few tips on how to work against it if you are fed up too.

Go to a butcher's shop and buy a small pig's tongue. Take a piece of white paper and write the name of the harasser on it backward nine times with black ink. Cut open the tongue and rub it with black pepper inside and out. Smear a little of your own urine on the paper and fold it away from you until it's small enough to fit into the tongue. Now stuff the paper into the pig's tongue, holding the image of your harasser's tongue in mind. Take a rusty nail and press it into the tongue until it pierces through the whole thing, paper and all.

Take the prepared tongue and a shovel to a wild place—a state park, a desert or as far as you can get from your house within a reasonable time. Dig a hole and bury the tongue deep in the earth. This is the grounding element in the spell. When you have buried the tongue, pee on it (or take a little urine in a small bottle with you from home and sprinkle it over the spot), imagining eliminating the harassment for good. Then leave and don't look back. Within a moon the harasser should change his behavior or leave the office.

—FROM *The Goddess in the Office: A Personal Energy Guide for the Spiritual Warrior at Work*, BY ZSUZSANNA BUDAPEST

GUEST OPINION
BY TERRY MCDONELL

I try to keep it simple: a rib eye cut three inches thick, rubbed with olive oil, dosed with garlic, cooked six minutes on each side over a very hot fire. Tell your butcher you want the beef to be the whole story (he will understand and respect you). Once it's off the grill, add a baked potato, an arugula and tomato salad and perhaps a bottle of good merlot. The point is the meat, burned on the outside, blood rare on the inside. This is a meal most men love and most women find crude and monotonous, even if they like the way it tastes. This is because they don't think about it as food. They smile combatively and ask why men who never walk into a kitchen except to get ice feel so comfortable when it comes to cooking over an open fire. They smirk knowingly and say it has to do with role-playing and the kind of animals men really want to be.

What they mean is that they find it stupid that time spent next to a barbecue contraption makes us big babies so happy. These women have what sensitive men like Robert Bly would call a "mythic content" problem. Have it your way, I tell them, but I don't even allow them to prepare the salad.

The mythic content is, as Beavis would say, cool: When Prometheus lit his torch from the chariot of the sun and stole fire from heaven, he set man apart from other animals forever. Man could now light a fire in the wilderness to keep the animals away at night. He could also make better weapons to hunt the animals, kill them more efficiently and cook them so that they tasted better. Prometheus did us a big favor. But Zeus was so furious that he sent a woman down to the theretofore happy-go-lucky world of men and animals as a punishment to Prometheus specifically for stealing fire and to mankind in general for accepting it. The woman's name was Pandora—clearly an attractive person but one who carried a lot of baggage.

SCULPTURE BY LARRY NOBLE

MEN, FIRE AND FOOD

Still, primitive man was not bitter. He continued to thank whichever deity he looked up to for the fire, even as he thanked the animals he consumed for their sacrifice of life and celebrated the deal by feasting. As time passed he learned to enjoy intimacy with women as much as he enjoyed intimacy with fire (check literature on any level—James Joyce to Judith Krantz). Men still try to tap in to some sort of atavistic power around the backyard grill because it is the closest they ever get to any kind of fire. This probably has something to do with validating centuries of survival. The one sure thing is that men still get hungry.

Even in India, where meat is seldom on the menu, there's a carefully refined system of spiritual development represented by seven centers of action, concern and consciousness. The second is sex, the third is ambition and the first is eating, which they prefer doing around a fire. In the *Upanishad*, a Vedic treatise dealing with broad philosophic problems and ultimate realities, there is an ancient eating prayer that says it all: "Oh wonderful, oh wonderful, oh wonderful; I am the eater of food, I am the eater of food, I am the eater of food; I am the food, I am the food, I am the food." This is what the confused but no doubt well-meaning People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals don't go along with—the simple paradigm that life is mostly a matter of one creature eating another creature, even if you're a vegetarian. Meat-eaters might prefer not to dwell on the fact that much of what we swallow was alive quite recently, but then again we certainly wouldn't want to eat old dead meat.

Over the years I have heard many remarkable things from men around any number of cooking grills—from dissections of love roundelays shouted over heavy iron grates tipped across huge drums buried in sand to brutish admissions of revenge whispered across tiny screens balanced on cheap hibachis on fire escapes on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

Men often congregate around burning coals as if the coals were an art form (or at least a televised game of above-average interest). They stare at the coals, poke them, discuss them and analyze them. They want the coals to do well.

Men also tend to tell the truth when they cook over fire. This as opposed to conversation across bars or pillows. Women have noticed this also. Why, many wives and girlfriends want to know, are their men so rude to most of the guests whenever they throw a barbecue? It has more to do with the light than any of them imagine. What I remember most about grilling hundreds of steaks and fish in northern California, Montana and eastern Long Island is the quality of light at cooking time.

Dusk in those places is special, and that same time of day is the prettiest anywhere in the world—which makes graceful small talk difficult and disturbing at best. You have the sunset to consider as well as the dinner to get right. Sunsets are an important part of the equation here, at least equal to the rareness of the steaks.

A woman from down the beach always approaches the wooden deck where I cook in the summer with the question, "How's everything hanging in the men's hut?" My male guests are generally amused by her arrival—probably something to do with the primitive thinking that both fire and women, though highly dangerous at times, are great gifts. This woman doesn't seem to mind the smoke and, in fact, seems to thrive in the heat of the proverbial kitchen, taking us all back to a time when we lived outside, without houses, kitchens or wives. Or husbands, I suspect. Whenever I see her coming up the beach it occurs to me that there were probably always a few women who enjoyed cooking over an open fire—probably the ones who realized it made the food taste better.

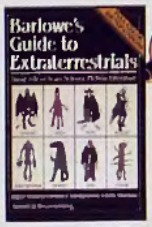
Terry McDonell is editor and publisher of "Sports Afield." He never wears an apron when he barbecues.

Come with us and explore strange new lands.

Travel with us through time and space. Set foot on new Earths. Tamper with evolution. Enjoy hardcover editions of the best in science fiction and fantasy. Join *The Science Fiction Book Club*®—today!

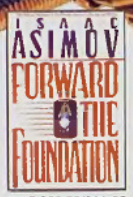
Get this book FREE plus 4 for $1 with membership

2113* $27.95/$14.98

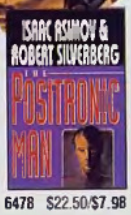


6916 $12.98x

34180 Nonfiction $22.00/$10.98



8607 $23.50/$11.98

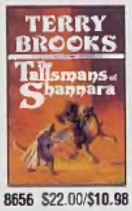


6478 $22.50/$7.98

8995 $6.98x

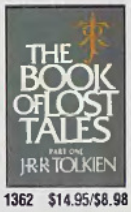
8326 $20.00/$7.98

6585 $20.00/$8.98



8656 $22.00/$10.98

3392 $22.00/$10.98



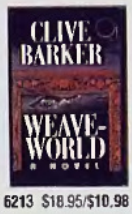
1362 $14.95/$8.98

3400+ $21.00/$9.98

3327 $23.95/$12.98

9118++ $19.95/$9.98

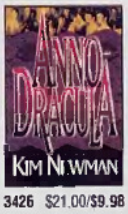
6445 $10.98x



6213 $18.95/$10.98

0042 $18.95/$9.98

7575 $7.98x



3426 $21.00/$9.98

2279 $20.00/$9.98

2287 $7.98x

7260 *Woundhealer's Story, Sightblinder's Story, Stonecutter's Story* $45.85#/$12.98

5017 *Farslayer's Story, Coinspinner's Story, Mindsword's Story* $50.85#/$13.98

7609* *The Book of the Damned, The Book of the Beast* $39.90#/$10.98

5264* *The Book of the Dead, The Book of the Mad* $39.90#/$10.98

6635 *The Darkangel, A Gathering of Gargoyles, The Pearl of the Soul of the World* $44.85#/$13.98

7120 *Hellflower, Darktraders, Archangel Blues* $12.98x

2295 $21.95/$9.98

3335 $21.95/$10.98

2337 $22.00/$6.98

2345 $22.00/$18.98

* Explicit scenes and/or language x Hardcover edition exclusively for Club members
# Combined publishers' editions

Prices in fine print are publishers' hardcover editions.
Prices in bold print are Club hardcover editions.

+ Copyright © 1993 Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved. STAR TREK is a Registered Trademark of Paramount Pictures.
++ Superman and all related characters, slogans, and indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. Copyright © 1993. All Rights Reserved.
◊ Jacket photograph: STAR TREK ® and © 1993 by Paramount Pictures.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU JOIN...

A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION. Once your membership's accepted, we'll send your 4 BOOKS, plus *The Year's Best Science Fiction: 10th Annual Collection* and your FREE CLUB TOTE. If you're dissatisfied with the 4 books, return them within 10 days *at our expense.* Membership will be canceled; you'll owe nothing. **HUGE DISCOUNTS ON HARDCOVER BOOKS.** Save as much as 65% off publishers' edition prices. Club books are sometimes altered in size to fit special presses. **THE FREE CLUB MAGAZINE.** You'll receive up to 16 issues a year. Each issue reviews the Featured Book Selection(s) plus dozens of alternate books. **SHOPPING MADE SIMPLE.** To get the Featured Book Selection(s), *do nothing*—it will be sent automatically. If you prefer another book—or none at all—return your Member Reply Form by the specified date. A shipping and handling charge (and sales tax, where applicable) is added to each order. **AN EASY-TO-MEET OBLIGATION.** Take up to 2 years to buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices. Afterwards, you may resign membership anytime. **RISK-FREE RETURN PRIVILEGES.** If you get an unwanted book because your Club magazine was delayed and you had less than 10 days to respond, simply return the book *at our expense.*

FREE TOTE with membership

THE Science Fiction BOOK CLUB®

MAIL TO: *The Science Fiction Book Club*
6550 East 30th Street
P.O. Box 6367
Indianapolis, IN 46206-6367

YES! Please enroll me in *The Science Fiction Book Club* according to the risk-free membership plan described in this ad. Send me the 5 BOOKS I've indicated —plus my FREE CLUB TOTE. Bill me just $1, plus shipping and handling.

SAVE MORE—BUY YOUR FIRST BOOK NOW FOR $2.98
☐ Send me the book I've indicated and reduce my commitment to only 3 more books. Bill me an additional $2.98, plus shipping and handling.

(write book number) 47153 81

Mr./Mrs.
Miss/Ms. _____ (please print)
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

If you're under 18, your parent must sign here: _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members serviced from Canada, where offer is slightly different. Sales tax added where applicable. We reserve the right to reject any application.

Please write book numbers here. If you already own the FREE book you may choose a different one. Cross out #2113 and write the code number of the book you prefer.

Free Book #2113

47154 83

PLBY 6/94

FITNESS

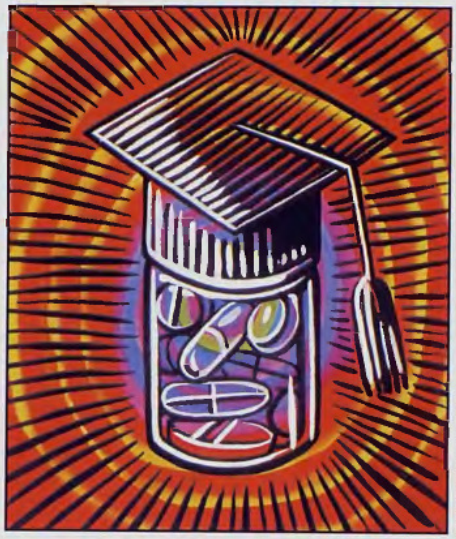
By JON KRAKAUER

Increase your mental energy, concentration and alertness. Improve your problem-solving abilities. Perform better in school, on tests or on the job. Increase your IQ by ten points or more. Improve your memory by as much as 40 percent." It is an enticing come-on, and there's more. The gentlemen making this pitch—authors of a pair of books titled *Smart Drugs and Nutrients* and *Smart Drugs II*—claim that gobbling pills from their pharmacopoeia not only will turbocharge your brain, it will also confer such fringe benefits as better sex and a "slowing [of] the aging process itself."

Great, you say, I could stand to be a little smarter. Who couldn't? And becoming a youthful sex machine has a certain appeal of its own. But what's the downside to this Faustian deal? According to Steven Fowkes, the chemist who cowrote *Smart Drugs II* with Ward Dean and John Morgenthaler, there is no downside. "Most smart drugs and nutrients," he insists, "are safer than aspirin and almost as cheap."

To buttress their claims, Fowkes, Dean and other smart-drug advocates cite dozens of double-blind scientific studies of nootropics, as smart drugs are known in academic circles. One such study, for example, indicates that a drug called piracetam produced "marked gains in mental performance" in a group of 18 late-middle-aged test subjects. In another, piracetam seemed significantly to improve the alertness and aptitude of elderly drivers. And several experiments suggest that the drug deprenyl can have a near-miraculous effect on reversing the mental decline of patients suffering from Alzheimer's disease, Parkinson's disease and, reportedly, from post-polio syndrome.

The mechanisms by which smart drugs work their purported magic on the brain are recondite, multifaceted and not readily explained. It has been theorized that piracetam kicks the mind into higher gear by increasing cerebral blood flow, thereby enhancing the brain's ability to use both oxygen and glucose. Some research suggests that piracetam also facilitates electrical activity—the flow of information, if you will—between the brain's left and right hemispheres. Deprenyl, on the other hand, works primarily by helping the brain release dopamine—a neurotransmitter that regulates such basic functions as sex drive and motor control.



VAL TILLEY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIOS

A NOOTROPIC BY ANY OTHER NAME

Intrigued by the few chunks of good, solid science bobbing in the stew of smart-drug hype, I resolved to perform an extremely unscientific experiment of my own on nootropic drugs: I would swallow smart pills by the fistful and report firsthand on the transformation of a mediocre mind into an instrument of genius and wit.

I discovered that procuring smart drugs isn't easy. Although piracetam is a legal, widely prescribed medication throughout Europe, in the U.S. the Food and Drug Administration has declared war on smart drugs in general. Pharmacies in this country don't stock piracetam, and only a few doctors here have even heard of the drug.

Deprenyl is sold legally in this country, though by prescription only; hundreds of physicians use it to treat patients afflicted with Parkinson's. Good luck, however, finding an American doctor who will prescribe deprenyl to young, healthy patients who say they want merely to boost their brainpower or engage in marathon sex. Virtually the only way to score a supply of deprenyl, piracetam or any of the more potent smart drugs is through quasi-legal mail-order houses that import the controversial pharmaceuticals from sources in Europe and Mexico.

After numerous phone calls and false leads, I located sources who would ship me small quantities of piracetam and deprenyl. While waiting for these drugs to arrive, I strolled to an all-natural juice bistro, the Gravity Bar in Seattle, where I live, and asked for the brainiest drink in the joint. A guy in a pair of Birkenstocks and a tie-dyed T-shirt handed me a tall glass filled with a nasty-looking green puree. "We call this concoction Mr. Rogers on Amino Acid," he said, "with a spirulina kicker." It tasted surprisingly good, like a banana smoothie. I can't say, however, that it made me feel much like Susan Sontag.

I went to a health-food store and scanned the shelves of over-the-counter smart pills. I settled on a bottle of something called Deep Thought (an "optimum brain function formula with l-pyroglutamic acid, phosphatidylcholine and DMAE"), forced down four huge tablets and waited for genius to strike. And waited. I asked my wife if I seemed any brainier to her. "I'm afraid not," she said, looking as disappointed as I felt.

At long last I received my supply of piracetam. I took it for a week but somehow never managed to rocket into the cerebral stratosphere or soar even slightly above the dimly illuminated piedmont where my mind has dwelled since birth. Then the deprenyl arrived, and I started taking it as well. Still nothing. I decided to double the recommended dose, then triple it. Finally, I felt something: agitated and hyper, as if I had chugged a double espresso. But hyper, alas, isn't the same as brilliant. When I tried balancing my checkbook it became painfully obvious that I wasn't yet in any danger of being mistaken for Stephen Hawking.

Fowkes had warned me that smart drugs affect everyone differently. "The mind is incredibly subtle and complex," he offers. "Furthermore, if you're already operating near the peak of your inherent mental capacity, smart drugs won't do much for you." The same principle held true, he tactfully suggested, for individuals with low IQs. To put it another way, all the smart drugs in the world won't make a Yugo brain run like a Porsche.

SOLOFLEX®? NORDICFLEX GOLD™? THE BETTER CHOICE IS HEALTHMAX™! AND IT COSTS $600–$700 LESS!

These pictures and charts tell the story. **HEALTHMAX** gives as much and more despite the astounding difference in price.

HEALTHMAX

SOLOFLEX

NORDICFLEX GOLD

9 Powerful Reasons to Choose HEALTHMAX as Your Total-Body Fitness System.

THE REASONS	HEALTHMAX	SOLOFLEX	NORDICFLEX GOLD
1 Low price	YES **$329** (plus $49 S/H)	NO **$995** (plus $105 S/H)	NO **$999** (plus $99 S/H)
2 Easy to use	YES No assembly/disassembly required between exercises.	NO Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.	NO Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.
3 Leg Extension Unit included	YES Permits both leg extensions and lying leg curls.	NO Costs $200 extra.	YES **BUT**...Leg unit included doesn't permit lying leg curls.
4 Butterfly Unit included	YES No extra cost.	NO Costs $200 extra.	YES **BUT**...You must assemble before each use, and disassemble to use bench press.
5 Strength conditioning for all five major muscle groups	YES **HEALTHMAX** strengthens all five: arms, legs, abdominals, back and pectorals.	YES **BUT**...You must purchase $400 in extra accessories to do comparable exercises for legs and pecs.	YES **BUT**...Why would you pay $700 more than **HEALTHMAX**?
6 Comfortable bench	YES Padded bench is a full 47" long, 12" wide, and a comfortable 20" high.	NO Padded bench is only 40½" long, making some lying down exercises awkward.	NO Padded 40" bench is short, narrow (only 9" wide), and too high (24") off the ground.
7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system	YES Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.	NO Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.	NO Uses complicated cord/pully/mechanical resistance system.
8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned	YES If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!	NO You pay over $85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!	NO You pay about $65 to return by UPS.
9 Payable in installments	YES 9 easy credit card installments of just $36.56! ($49.00 S/H added to first installment.)	YES **BUT**...You pay $39 per month for the next *2 YEARS!*	YES **BUT**...At 4 payments of $250, each installment is almost as much as the total cost of a **HEALTHMAX**!

How do we do it? How can we give you as much and more for so much less money?

No Expensive Stores!
You won't find us in the high-priced retail space at your favorite mall. We sell direct to save *you* money!

No Expensive TV Ads!
Don't look for us on television. Too expensive! We pass the savings on to *you*.

Less Profit, More Value!
NordicFlex Gold is made by a public company; we've seen the profit figures. We make a lot less on each machine — so we can give *you* a lot more *value!*

When you compare, the choice is easy... it's HEALTHMAX!

Let's face it, when all is said and done, what you really want is a body like this. Until now, that meant spending $1,000 or more for a Soloflex or NordicFlex Gold. But now the secret is out... **HEALTHMAX** gives you as much —and more—for up to $700 less! So call today to get the hard body you want for just $329. And while you're at it, take the $600–$700 you'll save and buy yourself a reward.

CALL TOLL-FREE FOR A 30-DAY NO-RISK HOME TRIAL: 1-800-458-4652 • Ext. 638-1526

NordicFlex Gold is a trademark of NordicTrack, Inc.
Soloflex is a registered trademark of Soloflex, Inc.

HEALTHMAX™
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

©1994 MBI

MEN

By ASA BABER

IN PRAISE OF JOY TOYS

After you and your partner are through making love, and after she has complimented you on your sexual prowess and praised Mr. Happy for the way he has taken care of business, and after she has given your satiated wienie a final kiss and turned over and pretended to go to sleep, are you so foolish and naive as to have believed her terms of endearment?

I'll bet you are. Admit it: You love it when a woman praises your talents. "Way to go, dickmeister," you say to yourself with a smile. The smile of a self-satisfied loser, that is.

I don't want to ruin your day, Space Captain, but allow me to ask you a few questions:

- Once in a while, does the mattress seem to jiggle as you fall asleep after sex? And do you ever ask yourself, "If that's not an earthquake, then what's causing those mysterious vibrations?"
- After making love, does she periodically go into the bathroom and take a long shower with that complicated shower head she bought last year? And does she, perhaps, sleep a little late the next morning?
- After she has praised you and treasured you, do you wake up a few minutes later to find her gone? Do you then hear a subterranean hum emanating from the living room?
- When you turn on the light by the bed after she has gotten up at night, does the electricity surge, and are there cries of pleasure from the basement?
- When sorting through the mail, do you come across personal letters to her from your utility company that say: "Thank you for your excessive use of our services. We consider you one of our most highly valued customers"?

You get where I'm going with this, don't you? If you really believe the gold dust that your lover sprinkles on your pillow at night, check your gullibility factor in the morning. Because you are clearly a self-deceived man who has forgotten one of life's most important rules. I'm talking about the Always Three in Bed rule, of course. Read it and apply it and your life will change for the better.

The Always Three in Bed rule reads as follows: "You shall not make love with any woman without understanding that she will often be more orgasmic than you are. Therefore, you will have at least one vibrator in bed with you and your companion at all times to join the two of you while you play and to take over when you need a break. Furthermore, you shall not be embarrassed or threatened but shall instead adopt your vibrating ally as an equal partner and encourage your lover to use it on herself (and on you, too, if she remembers you are there) whenever and however she chooses." This rule applies especially during your downtime, when you can only lie there and watch in amazement at the female capacity for numerous and continual orgasms. Remember the central operating principle of the Always Three in Bed rule: The couple that vibrates together stays together.

It is time for us to accept the fact that women are capable of more orgasms than we are. We think we're hot stuff if we come a few times a night. But on their hornier nights, women view their first few orgasms as nothing but foreplay, and they are secretly looking around and wishing for more.

Given that fact, we should encourage women to bring their joy toys out of the closet and into the open bed. Let us offer praise to those pulsating love probes. They prove that while a man's dick may sometimes droop, his ministrations can go on forever. They are our pinch hitters and friends. So roll over, Red Rover, and let the vibrators take over.

Rare is the sexually sophisticated woman who does not have several types of toys to play with. These include:

The penis-shaped vibrator. Be brave, be humble, be bold; take her to an adult bookstore and let her buy the size she wants. You'll learn a lot about her when you do this, I promise. And if, as you leave the store, she tries to reassure you by saying, "Size doesn't count," let her get away with that lie.

Clitoral stimulators. Known in some circles as the tired-man's accomplice, these vibrators are small and handy. They are also great for her to use during intercourse. Snuggle up behind her, slip into her love nest and hang on for your life.

In response to demand, many stores now sell vibrators of all shapes and sizes. You can buy ultrasound vibrators, two-headed vibrators, infrared vibrators. You can buy dildos that throb and dildos that thrust. There is a cornucopia of joy toys for you and your lover to experiment with, and she will respect you in the morning if you allow her to satisfy herself at night. I have a theory about the nature of the lives of men and women. I can't prove it, but I suspect that the anger some women have displayed toward us is, in part, a sexual anger. They are telling us that we have not taken the time to understand their bodies or their needs. And if that theory is true, it is also easily correctable.

Many years ago, in the bedroom of a young woman in Berlin, I was making youthful love with what I thought was skill and abandon. My partner seemed to be enjoying herself, and after several orgasms, I lay back in a satiated state of mind and body.

"Ace, I have a machine that always lets me finish many times," my partner said to me with some shyness.

"Be my guest," I said. I watched while she played, and when I had my strength back, I joined her. It was one of the most exciting and educational evenings of my life.

"Be my guest," you shall say. "Come. And come again. All night long, if you choose. Because that's what our mutual joy toys are all about."

Say something smooth.
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
PRODUCT OF CANADA
Black Velvet
SMOOTH. PREMIUM. IMPORTED.
Black Velvet® Blended Canadian Whisky. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 Proof) © 1994, Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT

You've probably been a breast man since day one.

You've no doubt come to appreciate the beauty of women over the years. Today, there's an issue facing them that you as a man must know about. Breast cancer.

An estimated 2.6 million American women are currently living with breast cancer. Of those, 46,000 will die this year alone. That's one every twelve minutes. And the incidence of breast cancer is on the rise. And no one is sure why, because right now we don't even know what causes it.

So what can you do about it? Simple. Write "I want to fight breast cancer" on a piece of paper, sign it, and send it to the National Breast Cancer Coalition.

That may not sound like much, but your name combined with the 2.6 million signatures we've already delivered to President Clinton will sound an alarm. We're demanding that he declare breast cancer a national health emergency and calling for a commitment to find the cause as well as the cure.

And if you really want to help, send money. It may sound crass, but until we find the cause, we can't find the cure. And that takes money. Your contribution is tax-deductible and every cent of it goes to fighting this epidemic and the ignorance surrounding it.

Please act today. After all, it's not simply breasts we're interested in saving. It's lives.

The National Breast Cancer Coalition
a grassroots advocacy effort

P.O. Box 66373 Washington, DC 20035 202 296-7477

IF YOU LEAVE ME, CAN I COME TOO?

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

KEITH GRAVES

I'm in his kitchen and I'm thinking, This is good. This is the way it should be. I like him, he likes me and I'm not nuts. I am, in fact, comfortable. A comfortable relationship? What a strange and wondrous departure.

Time was when I was obsessive. I hope you're not the kind of person who just thought, Huh? Obsessive? What's that mean? I hope you're nodding your head, muttering, "Oh God, the nightmare of obsession! Shoot me in the head if it ever happens again."

He just came in and nuzzled my neck, then left without a word. We're so mellow together we don't even have to talk much. We can just be with each other, reading *The New York Times* and showing each other the occasional article, watching a video, even cooking together. I don't think I've cooked since 1982, but here I am. I figure it's going so well because he chose me. When I choose a guy I go for a crazy songwriter or something. A guy who's a bundle of nerve endings, who feels too much too inappropriately and ends up dying from an overdose of cough medicine and barbiturates he took to dull his constant consciousness. A guy who's guaranteed to leave, one way or another.

I've spent a couple of decades trying to figure out the pathology of obsession. Not out of any kind of scholarly curiosity, but because I never again want to take the telephone into the shower with me.

I never again want to have those fantasies about how my life would be so blissful if only he'd come around the corner right now. I never want to read an entire mystery by the great Bill Crider and then realize I haven't absorbed one word. I don't want to bite my fingernails until they bleed, or run to the bathroom eight times waiting for him to arrive.

And mostly, I don't want to hear myself. During obsession I lose all willpower. I phone hapless friends and drone endlessly. "He said he had a cute cousin. Would a guy who's really interested talk about his goddamned cousin? Should I call him? Did I tell you I found out where he was last Wednesday? Did you say you think I should call him?"

My friends' ears grow numb, but I can't stop. I talk and talk because talking about him makes me feel safer, makes me feel almost as if he's with me. The minute the subject changes, all the subterranean fear and anxiety smashes my heart. I'm on a tape loop to hell.

I just figured out what I like about calmly sautéing onions in the kitchen, knowing he's on his computer in the other room. I don't feel smaller. Usually in a relationship I feel like a small person in the arms of this gigantic presence, this encompassing source of warmth and security. Now I feel just as big as he is.

Don't think for a minute that I don't know what that's about. A baby feels she must be near the giant, warm, milk-giving mother. When Mom walks out of the room to get a paper clip, the kid feels a deep panic—she'll probably die without her all-powerful provider. Then Mom comes back and baby feels secure, even blissful.

Without the object of my obsession in my sight I feel panic, I feel powerless, I feel erased. When he disappears on a road trip to Minneapolis, I know I will die. To follow my bliss means to get the guy. Obsession turns me infantile.

But not anymore. I've just showed him a tape of *His Girl Friday*, my favorite movie, and he smiled at me. I feel a little foolish trotting out gifts to lay at his feet like one of my dogs, when he just likes me for who I am. He's teaching me all about the information highway. Will we become a complacent "we" sort of couple? Better that than the alternative.

"Obsession," says Brendan, "is putting all your shit into one basket. It's projecting every single problem onto the one object who's terrified you even know her telephone number. Then, a month later, after you've sucked that one dry, you have to find a new host and begin the body-snatching process over again."

(That's more the male version, I think. The female, instead of finding a new host, goes into a deep depression and eats Oreos until she pukes.)

I was the perfect candidate for becoming an obsessive maniac. A normal baby absorbs oceans of parental love. Pretty soon she becomes calm when Mom leaves the room. She transfers her security needs to a blanket. Then she internalizes that love, giving her a solid infrastructure of self-confidence. When the normal baby grows up, she expects to be loved. But if the baby never gets that parental love, she keeps searching in all the wrong places. She turns into me.

Twenty years of shrinkage later, I have a soupçon of inner security. I don't need to compulsively relive past misery. Twenty years of shrinkage later, I can snuggle on the sofa with a peaceful man who's in the mood for crab cakes. I don't need a madly verbal, funny but miserable man who's teetering on the edge of the abyss. I'm fine, I'm happy. . . .

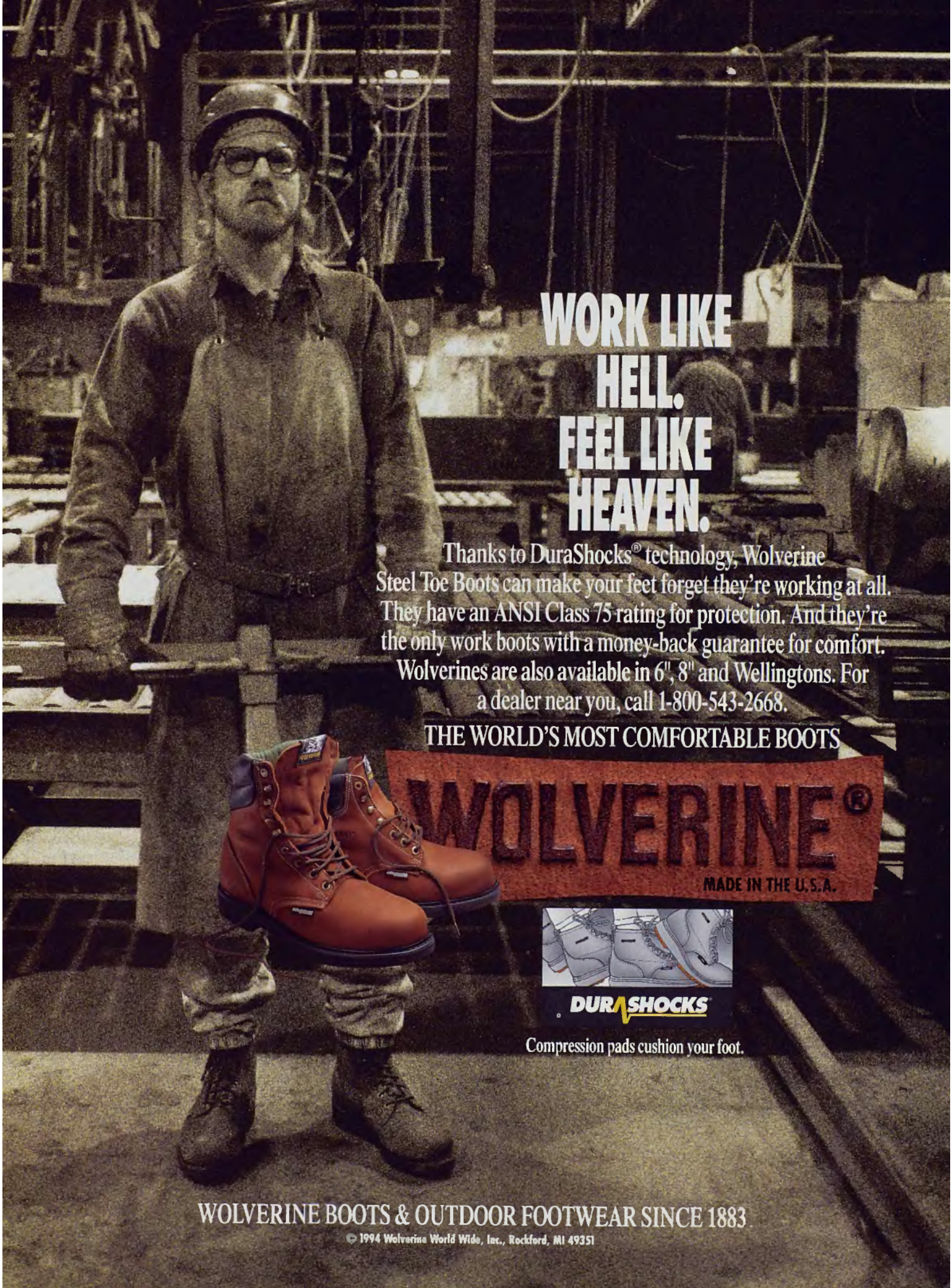
I am so fucking bored! If I don't go home right now I'm going to stomp on this guy's head. Then maybe he'll have an opinion about *His Girl Friday*.

OK, I'm home and feeling much better, thank you. This man is so nice, but he's as dull as a dishrag. How am I going to tell him?

"I'm sorry, honey, maybe I don't need an addict or psychopath anymore, but my man has to want something more than crab cakes. What's that? I'm a maniac? Well, I guess that's my favorite attribute, next to my tits, of course. Trust me, you've had a narrow escape."

Yeah, I know that the kind of guy I need probably had the same dank childhood I had, which is why he turned into an ultraverbal, opinionated, perverse, ironic, authority-hating creative type. And I know this is exactly the type who runs screaming from the room at the first sign of intimacy.

So sue me.


WORK LIKE HELL. FEEL LIKE HEAVEN.
Thanks to DuraShocks® technology, Wolverine Steel Toe Boots can make your feet forget they're working at all. They have an ANSI Class 75 rating for protection. And they're the only work boots with a money-back guarantee for comfort. Wolverines are also available in 6", 8" and Wellingtons. For a dealer near you, call 1-800-543-2668.
THE WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE BOOTS
WOLVERINE®
MADE IN THE U.S.A.
DURASHOCKS
Compression pads cushion your foot.
WOLVERINE BOOTS & OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR SINCE 1883.
© 1994 Wolverine World Wide, Inc., Rockford, MI 49351

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

At a party recently I noticed crème de menthe on my host's night table, but no glasses. Either he and his wife are drinking it straight from the bottle, or they've discovered a sexual trick I'm unaware of. Do you know?—A. S., Huntington, New York.

Ah, yes, the crème de menthe blow job. We've tried a few variations on this marvelous technique, and we prefer the way Jay Wiseman describes it in his book "Tricks: More Than 125 Ways to Make Good Sex Better." The woman holds a sip of the minty liqueur in her mouth, touches the man's penis to her lips and then parts them slightly, allowing the liqueur to spread over his glans and down his shaft. Then she opens her mouth wider, goes down on his penis and exhales forcefully. Her warm breath on the crème de menthe gives the man an exciting sensation of heat. After that she backs off so that her lips encircle only the head of her lover's penis. She inhales forcefully, and the man experiences an exquisite cooling sensation.

It's been six months since the breakup of my last serious relationship. I've decided that I really want to play the field. How do I manage to convey this to women without sounding like a jerk? I keep falling into relationships.—G. N., Memphis, Tennessee.

Simple: Be more assertive. Commit yourself to playing the field, then follow through on it. As soon as you sense mutual interest, tell the woman that you're interested in spending more time with her, but that you want to see other women as well. Once you've said that, don't be cruel. Don't discuss the other women in your life with her. To avoid awkward encounters, don't take woman A to places where you might run into woman B or C. When you entertain at home, leave your phone and answering machine on, but turn the ringer and volume off to avoid the tackiness of one woman hearing messages from others. Do what you can to keep each woman feeling as if she's your one and only, but if one of your paramours asks for exclusivity, remind her that you have stated your desires. Condoms are a must. Offer to use them before you're asked to.

After a few games of racquetball, my buddy and I hit the showers, and he turned on the cold water full blast. His reason? He had a hot date and wanted to get ready for sex. I told him everyone knows that cold showers cool the libido. Not where he comes from, he said, which is Bombay, India. Do Indians know something we don't?—M. D., Arlington, Virginia.

Quite possibly. Cold showers were first recommended to banish impure thoughts from

adolescent minds, not by scientists but by Robert Baden-Powell, the English founder of the Boy Scouts. His prescription has no scientific merit, according to medical researcher Dr. Vijay Kakkar, of St. Mary's Hospital in London. Far from puncturing the libido, Dr. Kakkar says cold baths or showers pump it up by elevating mood, boosting the immune system and improving blood circulation. His findings lend credence to the traditional Indian belief that cold baths are good for male sexuality.

Settle an argument: I always thought men have nighttime erections because of sexy dreams. A friend says they're nature's way of closing off the flow of urine so we don't wet the bed. Which is it?—G. G., Key West, Florida.

We're familiar with both ideas, but the most compelling reason we've heard for nighttime erections was advanced recently by a Boston University urologist, Dr. Irwin Goldstein, who says that without them, the penis might die. Dr. Goldstein took blood samples from both flaccid and erect penises and discovered that when flaccid, the penis is probably the least oxygenated organ in the body. Such low oxygen levels would eventually lead to the death of penile tissue, except that the extra blood involved in erections carries enough oxygen to keep penile cells healthy. Goldstein says nighttime erections give most men's penises all the oxygen they need. But why take chances? Ask a friend for the kiss of life.

My girlfriend is on my case for more intimacy, so I've been trying to listen to her more attentively and do more of what she likes in bed. But she still says I'm not intimate enough. When I ask for specifics, she can't come up with any. She says I should know. I don't. What do you think?—D. V., Bessemer City, North Carolina.

Intimacy is one of the most used and least defined terms in a lover's lexicon. For some, intimacy means feeling connected. Listening more attentively is a good start, but add some emotional self-disclosure—your hopes, fears and good feelings for her. You don't have to share your deepest, darkest secrets. Just reveal more of yourself. She'll feel more connected to you, i.e., more intimate. For others, intimacy is a nonverbal event. Research suggests that you can simply gaze deeply into her eyes—in or out of bed. In one study, researchers placed male and female strangers together in private rooms for 90 minutes. They were to alternate self-revealing conversation—an embarrassing moment, how they would feel about losing a parent, etc.—with two minutes of silent gazing into each other's eyes. Interviewed afterward, participants agreed that their single encounter had fostered considerable intimacy. Two of the participants later got married and invited the researchers to the wedding.

Whatever happened to the Chinese birth control pill for men? Several years ago I read that the male pill might be available for market in a few years—in other words, about now. Is it ready?—P. A., Columbus, Ohio.

Nope, and don't hold your breath, either. The active ingredient in the Chinese pill, gossypol, is a yellow pigment isolated from raw cottonseed oil. After gossypol was linked to a wave of unexplained male infertility in rural China in the Seventies, researchers focused on its potential as a contraceptive. Gossypol virtually eliminates sperm without reducing testosterone levels, meaning that it renders men infertile without compromising libido or sexual ability. The problem is that gossypol can leave men permanently sterile. As a temporary contraceptive, the Chinese pill looks like a bust, but it's being tested as a nonsurgical alternative to vasectomy, and it seems to have some activity against HIV, which causes AIDS.

As a business traveler, I frequently find myself trapped in airports with interminable layovers. I hate spending time in frequent-flier lounges. I've thought of playing tourist, but taxis are too expensive. Plus, I don't want to get caught in rush-hour traffic. Any suggestions?—S. R., Long Island, New York.

Have you considered rail service? Many travelers have switched from taxis and buses to trains for getting to and from the airport. Ever since Chicago ran a line to O'Hare, we've been overwhelmed by surprise visits from old friends who hop on the train for a

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

H·I·S D·R·E·A·M

WIN A TRIP TO THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR PARTY!

SEE FOLLOWING PAGE FOR DETAILS.

H·I·S J·E·A·N·S

JEANS THAT FIT YOUR LIFE

H·I·S®

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

WE HEAT UP WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

PLAYBOY TV

Celebrity CENTERFOLD

DIAN PARKINSON

She was the hottest number on television's "The Price is Right." Now Dian stars in her own sensational showcase and she's guaranteed to hit the jackpot!

PLAYBOY'S Secret Confessions AND FANTASIES

Intimate thoughts become provocative realities when ordinary people reveal their hidden desires.

Video CENTERFOLD

ANNA-MARIE GODDARD

She's come a long way from her native land of Holland to capture this coveted title. Now Anna-Marie's here to celebrate Playboy's 40th Anniversary as an extraordinary Dutch delight.

All month long, be sure to tune in to these exclusive Playboy cable programs – and so much more!

May on Playboy TV.

Call your local cable operator to order.

© 1994 Playboy. All Rights Reserved.

quick lunch or a quiet rendezvous at the Art Institute. Cleveland, Philadelphia, Atlanta and Washington, D.C. (National) offer rail service from the airport. In addition to Boston's rail service, there's a hassle-free ferry that docks downtown.

One evening last week I found a note on the door from my wife: "If you remain completely passive and don't come till I tell you to, I promise you a great time. Get into bed naked and await instructions." I did as my wife asked, and soon she appeared au naturel with a cup of warm vegetable oil. She rubbed it all over herself, then rubbed herself all over me. I became very aroused, especially when she alternated fellatio with impaling herself on my penis. But she kept insisting, "Don't come until I tell you to." Who was I to argue? After what must have been two hours, she finally gave me permission to come, and I had the most explosive orgasm of my life. Just thought you'd like to know.—B. R., Sarasota, Florida.

Thanks for sharing. You have discovered why sex experts recommend extended foreplay: It makes climaxes more climactic. Carry on.

My wife and I used contraceptive sponges happily for years. But now that we've had a baby, her doctor wants us to switch to a diaphragm. We never had any problems with the sponge. What gives?—W. E., Quincy, Massachusetts.

Sponges become considerably less effective after women have children, according to the book "Contraceptive Technology." Among 100 childless women who used the sponge for a year, about 14 became pregnant. But among women who had had children, the sponge failure rate doubled to 28. Diaphragms, on the other hand, lose no effectiveness after childbirth.

I've been scuba diving for eight years and have plenty of experience. But on a recent trip to Cozumel, the dive boat left me at the dock because I didn't have a dive computer. What gives with these things? Should I get one?—L. S., Boston, Massachusetts.

Divers used to calculate their maximum bottom time using dive tables, which were not particularly reassuring to those of us who have trouble balancing checkbooks. Now, microchips have changed the sport. Dive computers continually calculate allowable dive time, giving credit for every slight ascent. The computers are essential gear at major resorts, particularly Cozumel and the Bahamas. The good news is that computers give you more bottom time, thus more value for your money, and they're safer and more precise than the old step tables. Using a computer that credits nitrogen absorption, you can enjoy longer dives and more repeat dives than tables allowed. A basic computer runs about $300; you'll pay $600 and up for an air-integrated computer with compass and all the trimmings.

I consider myself a friendly, outgoing woman, yet guys in my dorm say that I'm a tease. I disagree. I don't lead anyone on. I just try to be nice in a world that's nasty. What do I get in return? Nasty accusations. Why?—P. D., Omaha, Nebraska.

Because men and women have different ideas about what constitutes a sexual invitation. A tease is someone who initiates but doesn't follow through. Recently, researchers at the University of New Orleans asked 340 college students how often they issued sexual invitations and how often someone of the opposite sex came on to them. The men said they received sexual invitations considerably more frequently than the women said they offered them. That's teasing in a nutshell. Men often think women are coming on to them when they aren't. We suggest you design a T-shirt that says: I'M NOT TEASING, I'M JUST NICE. *And in smaller type:* IF I WANT SEX, I'LL ASK YOU TO BED.

A friend tells me she listens to distant radio stations using her TV cable. I thought cable was a video proposition. How do I connect my cable to a radio and what will I hear?—L. J., Bozeman, Montana.

The same companies that zap TV superstations up to communications satellites piggyback radio stations on those TV signals. Jazz, country and classical music, as well as BBC news, are already available on many cable systems. Ask your cable company which radio stations it carries. You can then request a splitter that attaches the cable to your TV and a stereo receiver or any radio with an antenna input. The cable operator may charge extra for radio service. Or you can simply buy a splitter for a few dollars and wire it yourself. If you own a satellite dish, radio is a free bonus. Nearly all satellite receivers include an audio mode that splits the radio sound from the TV signal. Sound quality varies, since some stations use noise reduction systems unavailable to satellite listeners.

The last time I bought a new car, antilock brakes were the rage. Now I'm hearing about traction control. It sounds like the same thing. Is there a difference?—R. E., Livonia, Michigan.

It's the difference between stop and go. Antilock brakes are a safety feature that prevents brakes from locking up when you stop on wet or icy roads. Traction control is a system designed to improve the engine's ability to accelerate quickly and smoothly. In some rear-wheel-drive cars, the system uses the antilock brakes along with power train controls to keep the wheels from spinning on slick surfaces during acceleration.

When I announced my engagement, my college roommate warned me about

H·I·S®

DREAM WEEKEND

You and a friend are flown to Los Angeles and welcomed at a top-notch hotel with a car at your disposal. And in your pocket are two tickets to the Playmate of the Year Party at the one-and-only Playboy Mansion!

Are we dreaming yet?

See Details Below

H·I·S®

JEANS THAT FIT YOUR LIFE

H·I·S DREAM WEEKEND SWEEPSTAKES OFFICIAL RULES

1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter, complete official entry form available in the June 1994 issue of *Playboy* magazine or on a 3"x5" index card, hand print name, age, address and daytime phone number and mail to: H·I·S Dream Weekend Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 8021, Grand Rapids, MN, 55745-8021. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be an original, not a copy or mechanical reproduction, individually mailed in a separate envelope with first class postage. 2. All entries must be received by 7/31/94, and become the sole property of *Playboy*. Playboy Enterprises, Inc. (PEI) and H·I·S are not responsible for lost, tata, damaged or misdirected entries. 3. One winner will be chosen by random drawing from all entries on or about 8/15/94 by PEI. Odds of winning will be dependent upon the fotal number of eligible entries received during promotion period. Winner will be notified by phone or by mail within 30 days of the drawing, and winner will be asked to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility and Liability Release within 14 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance with this time period, the prize will be forfeited and an alternata winner will be selected. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to the use of winner's name, photograph or other likeness for publicity and promotional purposes without additional compensation. 4. **Grand Prize** (1): Trip for two to the 1995 Playboy Playmate of the Year Party at the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles, California. (Est. Retail Value $4,000). **First Prize** (5): H·I·S jeans wardrobe (Est. Retail Value $100). 5. Void where prohibited. Subject to all federel, stete and local law. All federal steta and local taxes are the responsibility of the winner. Prizes are not transferable, and no cash or other substitution will be offered. 6. Sweepstakes is open onty to U.S. residents, over 18 years as of May 1, 1994, except employees and families of PEI, H·I·S, their subsidiaries, affiliates, advertising and promotional agencies. By participating and accepting a prize, winners release PEI and H·I·S and their respective employees, agents, officers, and directors (including advertising and promotional agencies) from any and all liability with respect to any merchandise or prize. 7. To obtain the name of the winner, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope after August 15, 1994 to: H·I·S Dream Weekend Sweepstakes Winner's List Request, P.O. Box 8173, Grand Rapids, MN, 55745-8173.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Phone Age

Passion Perfect

When the mood is right, romance is easy. And it only takes a little imagination to create the right mood. Dozens of seductive sirens radiate an aura of adventure in Playboy's Book of Lingerie. On sale now.

OR, ORDER TOLL-FREE 1-800-423-9494: Charge to your credit card. Ask for item #UCFT9405. (Source Code 49502)
ORDER BY MAIL: Enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy for $5.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling charge per total order and specify item #UCFT9405. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional. (Sorry, no other foreign orders.) Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49502, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Now you can subscribe to Playboy's Book of Lingerie. For just $35.70 ($44.62 in Canada), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive Playboy's Playmate Spectacular video free with your paid subscription. ORDER BY PHONE: Call 1-800-592-1011 and use your credit card. ORDER BY MAIL: Send check or money order to Playboy's Book of Lingerie, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HDD1111).

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©1994 Playboy

VACATION LIKE A GREEK GOD

AN INCREDIBLE SELECTION OF VILLAS, CONDOS, CRUISES AND YACHTS IN THE GREEK ISLES AWAITS YOU

"To sit on your balcony with a bottle of Greek wine, some olives and cheese, and watch the sun descend over the Aegean Sea is a wonderful day in anyone's life."
Vacationer, Summer 1992

SPARTAN LUXUS HABITATS
800-833-4489
Fax 718-836-9004

honeymoon paralysis, but the schmuck won't tell me what it is until after my honeymoon. None of my married friends has heard of it. Have you?—D. S., Chicago, Illinois.

Honeymoon paralysis is a bad case of lover's arm. Both develop when couples make love while one person's head rests on the other's upper arm. In lover's arm, the arm becomes temporarily numb or tingly. In honeymoon paralysis, pressure from the weight of the head actually damages the radial nerve, causing problems with arm movement. But don't worry. Honeymoon paralysis is rare. Just don't fall asleep with your bride's head on your arm. Offer her your thigh.

A houseguest recently told me that wood cutting boards are dangerous. Supposedly they harbor bacteria, and I should instead be cutting on some new material. Should I make the trade?—F. L., Dallas, Texas.

The Food and Drug Administration recently announced that since wood cutting boards are porous, they must be breeding grounds for disease—particularly when used to prepare chicken or fish. It recommended plastic or glass. It seems the Food guys must have been stealing a little something from the Drug guys. An independent organization did a subsequent study and found that not only are wood cutting boards perfectly safe (if washed or bleached once in a while), they actually contain enzymes that fight bacteria and are therefore safer than plastic cutting boards.

I'm a serious bodybuilder. A gym rat I know says I should take steroids to bulk up, but I've heard they can leave your dick limp. He says that's nonsense, and claims he's hornier than ever. What are steroids' sexual effects?—K. F., San Jose, California.

If he's so horny, why is he hiding out at the gym? University of Pittsburgh researchers compared bodybuilders who take anabolic steroids with those who don't. Steroids increased sexual desire: frequency of intercourse, masturbation, morning erections, and sexual thoughts in general. But they also increased the frequency of sex problems: difficulty raising and maintaining erections, and difficulty coming. Steroid users want it more, but can't do it as well. Steroids are a bad idea—if you want to bulk up, do it the old-fashioned way, through hard work.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

CALL 1-800-4-POSTER

An offer as special as our Playmates.

You can have the most beautiful women in the world on your walls. For a limited time only, Playboy is offering a complete collection of limited edition Playmate prints. Order one or more of these giant color (23"x 35") collectable prints for only $7.99 apiece. Or order your print framed in a beautiful black metal frame with plexi-glass for only $29.95 (print included).

Order today by calling toll-free:

1-800-476-7837

ACT NOW! FRAMED PRINTS **$29.95** ($60.00 Value)

We accept VISA, MasterCard, American Express and Discover Card.

Other Available Titles:

MUSIC:	SPORTS:	
2039 BEAVIS & BUTTHEAD	5356 MICHAEL JORDAN	5816 JOE MONTANA (CHIEFS)
8164 BOYS II MEN	5801 KARL MALONE	5395 TROY AIKMAN
2170 PEARL JAM	5802 PATRICK EWING	5227 BARRY SANDERS
2156 CYPRESS HILL	5803 MAGIC JOHNSON	5817 JOHN ELWAY
2411 SNOOP DOGGY DOG	5804 SHAQUILLE O'NEAL	5394 STEVE YOUNG
8118 JIM MORRISON	5806 LARRY JOHNSON	5815 FRANK THOMAS
8037 JIMI HENDRIX	5807 CLYDE DREXLER	5814 OZZY SMITH
8130 JOHN LENNON	5812 SHAWN KEMP	5835 WAYNE GRETZKY
8001 LED ZEPPELIN	5809 TERRY PORTER	5826 MARIO LEMIEUX
2097 GRATEFUL DEAD	5810 JEROME KERSEY	5837 STEVE YZERMAN
8172 U2 ZOO TV	5347 CHARLES BARKLEY	5832 PATRICK ROY
2441 AEROSMITH	5800 EMMITT SMITH	5822 BRETT HULL

To order by mail, send check or money order to:
R&R Interactive / #007
P.O. Box 65, Monterey Park CA 91754

Sorry, no foreign orders. Please allow 2-4 weeks for delivery. Add $2.98 per print order for shipping and handling. Add $12.95 shipping and handling for each framed print. Each Print is approximately 2'x 3'.
(CA residents add 8.25% sales tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____

PRINT NUMBER	QTY	PRINT	FRAMED	TOTAL
SAMPLER A	1	$7.99		
SAMPLER B	1		$29.95	
1.				
2.				
3.				
4.				
5.				

(CA residents add $0.66 sales tax per print, $2.47 sales tax per framed print)

SUB TOTAL _____
8.25% CA SALES TAX _____
($2.98) S&H _____
($12.95) FRAME S&H _____
TOTAL _____

R&R INTERACTIVE

© 1994 Playboy

Limited Offer
Giant Framed Prints

2401 Anna Nicole Smith

2114 Pamela Anderson

2037 Tylyn John

2113 Rebekka Armstrong

2117 Ashley Allen

2262 Echo Johnson

2261 Nicole Wood

2116 Cody Cantrell

2332 Elke Jeinsen

2005 Cheryl Bachman

1943 Von Breeschooten Twins

2177 Stephanie Adams

2198 Morena Corwin

1895 Ava Fabian

2241 Barbara Moore

MARKE

Playboy's 40th Anniversary Jacket features the artwork originally designed by artist Ed Paschke for the January 1994 cover of Playboy magazine. The Rabbit Head Desiga is embroidered in bright colors. Playboy 40th Aaniversary is embroidered on the front. 80% wool, 20% nylon with cowhide leather sleeves. Quilted knit lining. Dry clean only. USA.
VF4068 M, L, XL $180 US4068 XXL $190

Art for yaur wrist. The Picasso watch is the first quartz watch ta feature a hand-printed silk screen of a drawing by Pablo Picasso. The Guitar watch has a trapezoidal sterling-silver-plated case, a stem and knob that resembles a guitar's tuning peg and a rich, whiskey-colored leather band. By Special Editions Ltd.
© 1994, SEL, SPADEM & P.P.I.L.
VF5093 $125.00

Playboy's 40th Anniversary: Four Decades of Jazz features 50 defining moments of modern jazz on four compact discs or cassettes, assembled ia tribute to the magazine that's long beea the leader in jazz criticism. Includes a 64-page booklet with vintage record label artwork.
VFPBA00012 4 CD $54.95
VFPBA00014 4 CS $39.95

The Fugitive—one of the most talked about movies of '93. "...¥¥¥1/2" —Playboy magazine. Thriller based an the '60s TV classic, starring Tommy Lee Jones as a cop chasing down fugitive Harrison Fard after he is wrangly convicted of his wife's murder. 1993/color/131 min/PG-13/(CC).
VFWHV021000 $24.96

The black halter teddy from Romantics by Playboy, our exclusive line of lingerie. The bodice has a low scooped neckline with high cut legs and thong back. Shaped in luxuriaus silk charmeuse with decorated stretch lace at the halter, sides and back. Snap crotch. Imported. Sizes S, M, L.
VF4479 $42

Playboy's 40th Anniversary T-shirt features the artwork originally designed by artist Ed Paschke for the January 1994 cover of Playboy magazine. The Rabbit Head Design is silk-screened on the back in brilliant colar. Silk-screened in small type on the front is Playboy 40th Anniversary. 100% cottan. USA. Sizes M, L, XL, XXL.
VF4054 $15

TPLACE

DIRECT TO YOU — PLAYBOY MARKETPLACE

First introduced in 1959, the covetous Rabbit Head cuff links accessorized the costumes worn by the Playboy Bunnies at the exclusive Playboy Clubs. These quality reproductions make a great collectible. Ploted bross base with black resin enamel background. USA.
VF4030 Pair $29.95

Playboy's 40th Anniversary Playmate in her video debut. Dutch dazzler Anna-Marie Goddard was chosen from thousands in a sweeping international search. Join this statuesque beauty for an adventure through bayou country, a private interlude in New Orleans' French Quarter, a leather rock-and-roll fantasy, and more. Plus a runners-up bonus. VHS. Approx. 50 min.
VF1727V $19.95

The Doa Wop Box: 101 Vocal Group Gems from the Golden Age of rock and roll. The finest R&B and doo-wop songs in rock-and-roll history, all original recordings collected from over 50 labels—from the Platters to the Penguins—with intensely detailed annotation, rare pictures and harmonies galare.
VFRHI14632 4 CD $69.95
VFRHI14634 4 CS $59.95

The Playboy Electronic Datebaok cambines the look and feel of a traditional notebook planner with the canvenience and speed of the most saphisticated and pawerful organizational software. And with the click of a mause, you'll find the calendar girls of yaur dreams, yaur favorite Playmate and even many of the celebrities who bared it all for Playboy. The dateboak gives you five different at-a-glance views: day, week, month, year and handy to-da lists. Organize meetings, vacations and appointments. Also includes audio alarms, an address book and more. System requirements:

- 80286 or foster computer with a minimum 2MB of RAM
- Hard disk with a mininum of 4MB of free space
- Microsoft Windows
- 3.5" high-density disk drive

VF5041 Suggested retail is $59.95 Special Price $39.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Call 24 hours and charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Ask for the item number shown with each product. Mast orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code: 49527)

Order By Mail

Include item number and product name as shown. Use yaur credit card and be sure ta include your account number and expiratioa date. Or enclose a check or maney order payable to Playboy. Mail ta Playbay, P.O. Bax 809, Dept. 49527, Itasca, Illinais 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per tatal order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $5.00 additianal per arder. Sorry, no other foreign orders ar currency accepted.

© 1994 Playboy.

YOUR BASIC® PERSONAL

Basic

It Tastes Good. It Costs Less.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—av. per cigarette by FTC method.

THE POLITICS OF DESIRE

PART ONE

a new take on the changing rules of sex

By PEPPER SCHWARTZ

I'd like to begin with an anecdote from the front lines of lust.

I know a recently divorced man who was nervous about dating again. He went to a hot-tub place with two women, one a colleague, the other, her friend. Things got rather steamy in the tub—the women were crawling all over him, sitting on his lap, daring him to get more amorous. He resisted since he felt that he could not read their intent. He wasn't even sure if they understood it. The night ended with no more physical contact.

One woman called him afterward to suggest zipless sex; the other also wanted sex—but only with commitment. Both had acted almost identically. There was lots of talk, lots of desire and unclear meaning.

What were the politics of this outing? My friend felt both women were, in effect, saying yes to sex. Yet one had a more complex agenda. Could he have known? Is it analytically or morally correct to toy with the mechanics of desire? What's the point in pretending no implications are sent or fuses lit when bodies brush up against each other?

•

Men and women today grapple with the politics of yes. What does a solid yes look like? Who gets to say it under what conditions, and how does it differ from no? After centuries of being denied the ability to say no or to have consent respected as a concept, women have been able to make the point that any no should be an unambiguous stop. However, there has been less success at defining yes, especially in the hot and heavy climate of maybe.

Recently, sexual politics has focused on acquaintance rape. Feminists—I use the term broadly—furious at past and present sexual assaults, argue that male definitions of consent are inadequate, that male sexuality is inherently different from female sexuality, that male sexuality is potentially dangerous and that new standards and definitions are needed to protect women.

All of this seems mildly unarguable. A lot of research has been done on misunderstandings and miscommunication of sexual intention. There are differences in male and female sexual socialization. We know that for sociological or biological reasons, an aroused and angry male can become aggressive, violent, even murderous. No one who has studied sexuality would be against better protections for women, a better understanding of sexuality and clearer rules and punishments for imposing one's sexual agenda on another.

However, the current sexual climate goes far beyond our understanding of human attraction. What is offered as a viable organization of desire completely contradicts what we know about how people have sex, how they want to have sex and how they feel when they have sex.

In this current version of sexuality, four major mistruths are being offered:

• Human behavior has been sanitized. As if people say no and always mean it. As if they say yes and always mean it. As if they clearly know how they feel. And as if people don't change their interpretation of events with some regularity.

• Male sexuality has been demonized. Granted, most of the worst sexual crimes imaginable are committed by men. But by what percentage of all men? Violent and voracious male desire, as characterized by sex researchers, hardly fits the garden-variety teenager or adult.

• Female sexuality has been oversimplified. It is described as more passive, more consistent, more honest

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE TURK

Pepper Schwartz, professor of sociology at the University of Washington, authored "Peer Marriage: How Love Between Equals Really Works" (Free Press). This article was adapted from an address to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex.

and more generic than we know it to be. The women described in acquaintance rape and harassment research papers are infantilized, devolved to permanent traumatized states, unable to function competently enough to say no and unable to resist pressure from a boss or co-worker.

• Human sexuality has been homogenized. A Ken and Barbie picture of conduct is supposed to be desirable and practicable by a majority of men and women. Differences in race, family background, dating experience and personal characteristics are ignored.

The Antioch University sexual relationship plan, which a group of undergraduate women created to help extinguish unwanted sexual attention and sexual miscommunication, is the culmination of this ideological approach. Elizabeth Sullivan and Gabriel Metcalf, two former Antioch students, told *The Seattle Times* that the policy will:

• Remove the gray area between consent and coercion.

• Provide a student-based support system for those who have experienced harassment or rape. These students, called peer advocates, will offer education and counseling for fellow students.

• Ensure that in any sexual encounter, each "escalating sexual act" will have explicit verbal permission.

• Make casual sex less likely because the door is closed to sex without verbal communication. Sexual scenarios in which participants "just know" that the person they are with wants them are disallowed.

• Create a policy of collective accountability. Those who are violated can seek recourse. This will create sexual equality because sex will be controlled by culture as much as by one's sexual urges.

This system, designed mostly by women with a specific sense of what sex should be like, is rather reminiscent of the Fifties. Theoretically, it is not gender specific: A woman or a man could do the asking. But there is no doubt that this system is based on a model of aggressive male sexuality that these women believe needs to be controlled. It is hard to imagine a woman saying, "May I touch this? May I progress to that?" The code forces men into that supplicant role.

But for both men and women, this deconstruction of sexuality into bits of escalating sex would impose a sexual style that neither would recognize. This sexual style would require skills presently unknown to either sex.

"SEX IS MESSY, PASSIONATE, UNCLEAR, TENTATIVE, ANXIOUS, LIBERATING, FRIGHTENING, EMBARRASSING, CONSOLING AND CEREBRAL. IT'S CONTRADICTORY, DIFFERENT FOR DIFFERENT PEOPLE AND DIFFERENT FOR THE SAME PERSON AT DIFFERENT TIMES. IT OPERATES AT THREE OR FOUR LEVELS SIMULTANEOUSLY, AND ALL THAT COVERS ONLY MASTURBATION."

The Antioch system has already been satirized and attacked in the media. Katie Roiphe's new book, *The Morning After: Sex, Fear and Feminism on Campus*, calls it rape-crisis feminism. Roiphe is angered by the image of passive women who have no ability to protect themselves from sexual aggression by acquaintances. Journalist George Will—someone I wouldn't normally cite—wrote a scathing critique of what he believes to be the Antioch plan's assault on personal freedom. He refers to it as the legislation of sexual style by committee.

As a social scientist, I say these rules don't fit our data. They do not address the human sexuality we study. They represent instant social construction and are similar to the virgin cults of the Fifties, the vision of Victorian womanhood and rapacious male sexuality at the turn of the century, or the claim in China during the Cultural Revolution that there was no homosexuality there. Those constructions didn't fit the data and neither does this one.

Which is not to deny that every society tries to reinvent sexuality, but it is the role of sexual scientists to study and write about what people really do, how they really act and the absurdity of any policy that violates our understanding.

Sex is messy, passionate, unclear, tentative, anxious, liberating, frightening, embarrassing, consoling and cerebral. It's contradictory, different for different people and different for the same person at different times. It operates at three or four levels simultaneously. And all that covers only masturbation. Another person makes it really complex.

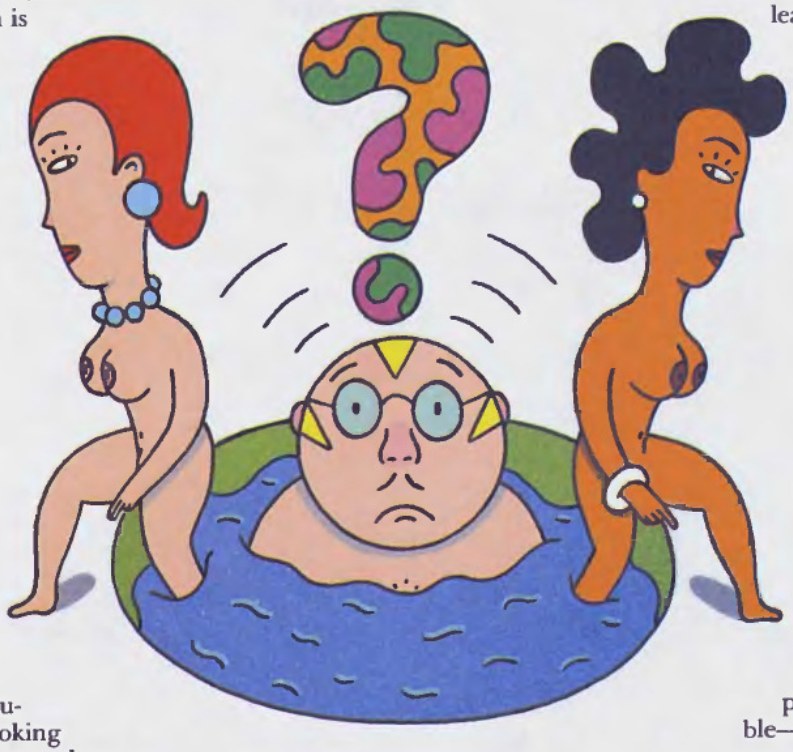
•

Researchers study human sexuality and know its range. We know each society makes rules describing healthy or allowable sexuality that matches the social purposes of that culture. But what are the social purposes of our society's current policy on sex? And how do those purposes match the people and interactions we study?

Let us divide sexual beings into two groups. The first includes well-meaning, if inept, sexual seekers and lovers. The second group includes narcissists, people incapable of taking another person's feelings or rights into account. Narcissists are users who are fearful or aggressive, angry, potentially dangerous, occasionally lethal.

We know a lot about both groups.

The seekers and lovers category includes most people, and they are rarely sexual experts. They have fears, they act compulsively and are hormonally and culturally scripted. They usually feel inadequate. Many need strong interpersonal encouragement or chemical courage to proceed. They are generally poor communicators, both with themselves and with others. They have inconsistent or absent health procedures—few use condoms regularly or when the situation warrants. When they have sex, even with a steady partner, they are often ill at ease with their bodies and with certain behaviors or positions. They turn out the lights. They want to be loved or they want to get it over with—sometimes both. While our research is less complete on the most successful among them, we assume the confident, self-assured, uninhibited, unrepressed good listener and communicator is a small segment of their ranks. Perhaps infinitesimally small. In *Constructing the Sexual Crucible*, David Schnarch reports that intimacy is so difficult for most people that even some long-married couples have trouble looking deeply into each other's eyes during intercourse.



But scary as sex is, most men and women seek and desire it. The desire for intimacy or pleasure sends them, sometimes at young ages, in search of physical connection with someone else.

The second group of people, the narcissists, are small in number compared to the well-meaning group. However, they are the really dangerous ones. When we make rules about rape and acquaintance rape, they are the people we think of. Unfortunately, since they think only of themselves or are sociopathic, and since they are insecure and often angry, perhaps sadistic, they are less likely to observe rules. Narcissists might not even think the rules apply to them or understand that if they break the rules there will be consequences. They are incapable of protecting another person's needs as they might their own.

The Antioch University policy and similar models analyze this second group's sexuality and use it to make rules for the first. These models remake sexuality according to a vision of female vulnerability and sexuality that does not take into account either the biology of arousal or the desires of the full continuum of men and women. And their vision of sexuality does not address preexisting rules of courtship and seduction. Perhaps the major problem with those models is how successfully they worked their way into both work and social environments.

An Antioch-type system offers a set of rules that are ineffective with the dangerous and inapplicable to the rest of us who are honestly looking for direction. It demonizes male sexuality, civilizes ordinary sex out of existence and applies this jury-rigged creature to well-meaning folks fumbling along in desire and trepidation.

Is the current social situation so precarious, are rape and molestation and harassment so much the fabric of male sexuality that we need Antioch-like protections? Do we really need sexual harassment laws that turn a harmless hand on the shoulder into a report to an ombudsman or attorney? As sex researchers, do we see the world as so oppressive, volatile and threatening that all unwanted or inappropriate sexual behavior needs to be controlled through formal procedures? Is this really the sex we see in everyday life? I feel the answer to all these questions must be an emphatic no.

There is this larger question: Can we really sort behaviors into discrete meanings that tolerate no gray areas? Granted, sexuality is malleable, and we could probably train men and women to hesitate and check each emotion before ever touching another human being. But should we? Does our research tell us this is what people want and need? Is it congruent with species behavior? Which facts and truths do we miss if we become ideological, narrow in focus and wrapped up in the purposes—however noble—of a prevailing ideology?

•

Today, our society is at war with itself over what type of desire is permissible. When is more not enough? When is more too much? We should not fall into the trap of setting a schedule of appropriate sexual conduct as if sexuality were a paint-by-numbers kit. Of course, no one should be forced to have sex against his or her will. But who among us has not felt conflicting desires, an ambivalence that a yes should have been no and vice versa?

Certainly there are cases of absolute clarity, just as there are cases that are unclear. It is our job to add light; there will always be others who can add heat.

READER

CAMPUS CAPERS

Martin Cable's criticism of Antioch College's rules for intimacy misses the point ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, March). Although less than perfect (the policy's reach far exceeds its grasp), it attempts to express rules that should be, but apparently are not, a part of each student's moral code. In the rush to exercise one's sexual freedom it is sometimes easy to forget that sexuality has consequences. The Antioch policy tries to remind male and female students of those consequences by requiring that the decision to have sex be a knowing and conscious one, a deliberate and responsible exercise of sexual freedom. The policy provides both sexes with an officially sanctioned method of finding out just how far a date is willing to go. My principal concern with the policy is that there has to be one at all and that there is a perceived need to legislate common sense and good manners.

Steven Hanford
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

While pondering the implications of Antioch's new sexual consent policy ("Mother, May I?" *The Playboy Forum*, February), we deduced that potentially monumental obstacles might separate two adults who are subject to the code from the pleasure of each other's company. The problem is clothing fastened with a profusion of buttons. Suddenly, fashionable button-fly jeans evoke the specter of frustration. If undoing a button constitutes entry into a "new level of physical and/or sexual contact/conduct," then imagine the minefield that must be crossed by frenzied lovers arrayed in dress shirt with cuffs, button-front blouse, multiclasp skirt or buttoned dress. As consent must be obtained to undo each button, extended foreplay is ensured. We would be mathematically remiss if we failed to suggest an even more theoretically elegant approach to the problem. Thanks to the mathematician Kurt Gödel, one might bypass the code entirely by asking, "Would you care to unprovably violate the sexual offense policy with me?" and be assured of complete mathematical rigor. Yes, you may see this on the final exam.

R. Avedon
D.S. Wilson
D. Kelly
Stanford University
Stanford, California

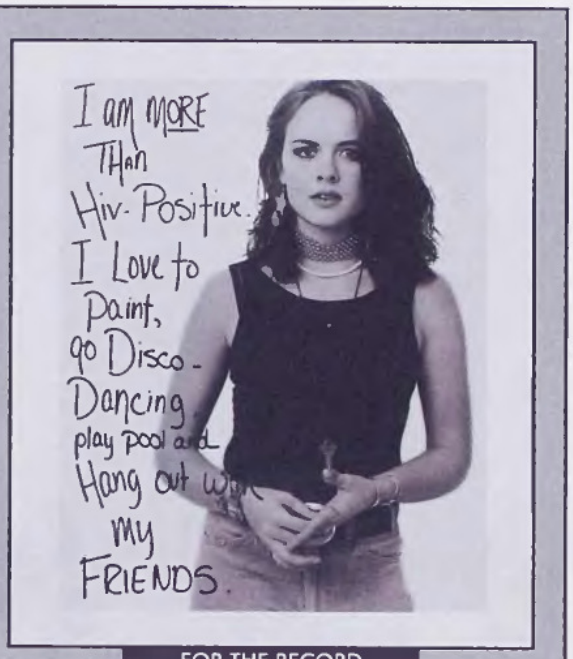
"This is a dreadful poem. It is insidious and sexist. Can you see the destructive message this poem endorses? Women are things; women are to be seen and not heard; the turtle assumes everything is OK because the bagpipe doesn't respond, and when it does speak, it's awful; the turtle looks like a dullard (i.e., male) who is content to love a nonverbal object." These are just some of the comments I received from my politically correct female professor when I performed Shel Silverstein's poem *The Bagpipe Who Wouldn't Say No* in my literature class. A university used to be a place with a free flow of ideas. Unfortunately, this flow has been dammed up by professors who preach "enlightenment." As a student, and especially as a journalist, it is becoming increasingly difficult to express my ideas without fear of censorship. The pressure exerted by the complaints of both student and faculty groups for something as trivial as using the term mankind instead of humankind is absurd. Political correctness was supposed to create equality, but instead it creates fear and clogs the lines of communication.

Zack Martin
De Paul University
Chicago, Illinois

GOOD WILL

Thanks for "Good Will Toward Men" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Barbara Dority's comments about men and divorce are on the mark. From the average man's viewpoint, being divorced feels something like being forced into exile in a desolate foreign country. After you have committed the crime of opting out of a lifeless marriage, a judge declares your sentence: Forfeit one third to one half of your wages, pay all your spouse's and children's doctor bills and insurance and serve in the foreign legion of love. The worst of it is being at the whim of a woman who has found new ambition and almost feudal power. You fear that your allotted time with your children may be inconvenient, that your attempts to help your children by talking with their mother may anger her and cause retribution and that any success of your own runs the risk of confiscation. These are the stories of the lovelorn who lose their minds and run screaming into the desert. That's what it's like to be divorced.

William Brittain
Louisville, Kentucky



FOR THE RECORD

POSITIVE ATTITUDE

This photograph is one of ten that are part of an HIV-awareness campaign titled "Be here for the cure." The project is a collaboration of celebrity photographer Annie Leibovitz, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation and those subjects brave enough to come forward and be photographed. The images with the subjects' stories are part of a public service education program and will appear around the country in magazines and bus shelters.

RESPONSE

DANGER ZONES

"Real Men Leave" and "Dangerous Art" (*The Playboy Forum*, March) do us a service by pointing out the frequently bogus nature of agenda-driven research or gerrymandered valid research by overzealous activists. I believe the attack on such pastimes as recreational sex or drug use is based on religion and not on fact. I'm sure we will continue to see more of the expedient that claims the presence of information that does not exist, more use of false analogy and the juxtaposition of true but unrelated claims. We must remember that some activists may lie. Some will try to trick us with sleight of hand and some will try to con the lazy reader. Thanks for taking the high road of intelligent commentary and honest reporting.

Jon Donlon
Department of Leisure Studies
University of Illinois
Champaign, Illinois

HORIZONTAL HOLD

I am a moderate Republican who does not subscribe to PLAYBOY's liberal ideas on how to solve the problem of illegal drug use. But this issue pales in comparison to the one that came to my attention while watching TV shows like *Cops*. On these shows, I noticed that an alarmingly high percentage of the suspects stopped by police had not done anything that warranted their being stopped. In these cases, whether they found any drugs (they always do) is irrelevant. The point is the absurd number of unreasonable searches and seizures. As a soldier pledged to defend the Constitution, it scares the hell out of me that so many people are willing to bend or ignore the Fourth Amendment. This misuse of police power borders on the techniques used by two infamous organizations: the Gestapo and the KGB. Those who are willing to trade their liberty for a little temporary security deserve neither liberty nor security.

Paul Schonberger
Colorado Springs, Colorado

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: playboy@class.org.

WOMEN ON FILM

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

The makers of the 16 documentary films that competed at the Sundance Film Festival in January had plenty to say on such subjects as gays in the military (*Coming Out Under Fire*), ghetto kids recruited as basketball stars (*Hoop Dreams*) and Sixties civil rights activists (*Freedom on My Mind*). In a field of worthy contenders, women filmmakers were much in evidence, and the Playboy Foundation's Freedom of Expression Award was split between two exceptional entries: *Heart of the Matter*, a sensitive study of women with AIDS, by Amber Hollibaugh and Gini Reticker, and *Dialogues with Madwomen*, directed by Allie Light, a compelling set of interviews with seven women who have suffered mental illness.

This was the second year that the Playboy Foundation sponsored a $5000 award for the documentary "that best investigates, educates and enlightens the public on issues of social concern."

Dialogues with Madwomen

With her husband, producer Irving Saraf, Light won a 1991 Academy Award for the feature-length documentary *In the Shadow of Stars*. The far more personal *Dialogues* includes her own testimony. "I was 28 when I was hospitalized for depression and put into a locked ward." Light's six other subjects—each abused by parents, churchmen or therapists—include Mairi, a multiple-personality patient with 25 identities, and Hannah, a Jewish romantic who fantasized that she was Bob Dylan's soul mate. All the women on camera are no longer in treatment. It will air on PBS's *P.O.V.* August 2.

Some five years in the making, *Heart of the Matter* is a collaborative labor of love by Hollibaugh and Reticker, who share credit as producer-directors. It will be featured on *P.O.V.* July 12.

The dominant figure in *Heart of the Matter* is Janice Jirau, an HIV-positive woman infected by her husband, who refused to use condoms and died of the disease. Before Jirau died, supported to the end by the remarkable women in her family, she traveled extensively to speak for women—whatever their moral or sexual history—who have been struck by AIDS. "My background is in the women's health movement," says Reticker, a documentary editor whose credentials include *Roger & Me*. Her research led her to Hollibaugh, now director of the Lesbian AIDS Project at Gay Men's Health Crisis. "Women were always being portrayed as sluts and carriers. We wanted to correct that impression." Jirau, along with all the concerned women interviewed for *Heart of the Matter*, speaks movingly in opposition to evangelist Pat Robertson, whose sole answer to AIDS is abstinence, since "fornication is a sin."

The achingly true *Heart* and the haunting *Dialogues* are worth seeing for their powerful vision.

NORTHERN UNDEREXPOSURE

Janine Fuller's Vancouver bookshop is in the path of Canada's northerly winds. At work in her shop, Fuller often feels a chill, but not from the Arctic blasts.

Fuller manages Little Sister's, which sells books to British Columbia's gay and lesbian community. About seven years ago, Fuller challenged the way Canadian customs workers reviewed book shipments coming into the country. Since that challenge, Fuller has been subjected to crank phone calls and three bombings—plus continual harassment by Canadian government officials. Over the past year Fuller's problems have grown worse. Censors have increased detentions at the border. Fuller feels the chilling effect that comes from book bonfires.

"Customs bans and destroys the books its agents don't like," says Fuller, "and the justice system is silent against it. For our community, the censorship and harassment conjure up a frightening image of Nazi book burnings."

Canadian gay and lesbian bookshops make easy targets for the Canadian government. Only four exist in the entire country, and their material comes almost exclusively from south of the border. Customs officials, called commodity specialists, are responsible for regulating the flow of books. But for the most part they do such things as screen apples for medflies and check film canisters for loose diamonds.

"They have no special training in art or literature," says David Rimmer, owner of the After Stonewall bookshop in Ottawa. "All they have is a form with eight boxes to check off. If material warrants checking one of those boxes, the books get detained." The offending categories are sex with violence, sex with children (anyone under 18), incest, bestiality, hate speech, necrophilia, anal penetration and "other." It is the last two categories that officials check off the most. "Other," Rimmer says, has yet to be clarified. *The Toronto Star* reports that the eight categories are enough to make Canada the strictest regulator of literature among all Western countries. In 1992, the last year the government offered a list of all banned titles, officials seized 8100 publications of all kinds.

Lest you think it's only a gay literature issue, Canadian censors have at different times detained or banned the writings of Marcel Proust, Oscar Wilde, Allen Ginsburg, Edmund White, Boyd McDonald and Marguerite Duras. As someone commented on Canadian censorship, it all depends on who opens the suitcase.

Canadian law does not protect free speech rights as comprehensively as the First Amendment does in the U.S. The right to free speech is pitted against other rights, such as those of fairness and equal treatment. And unlike U.S. tradition, Canadian law strongly emphasizes group rights—at least for officially designated groups such as women, persons of color, minority religionists and French speakers. Speech that threatens the interests of these groups can be stifled in the name of fairness. In 1989 Canada was the only Western nation to seize copies of Salman Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*, in deference to claims by Islamic fundamentalists that it was blasphemous. Canadian law, however, does not recognize homosexuals as a minority worthy of protection.

Canadian customs draws its authority to ban books from a section of the Canadian criminal code that rules as obscene any publication which has as a dominant characteristic "the undue exploitation of sex or of sex and any one or more of the following subjects, namely crime, horror, cruelty and violence." Still more alarming, not all of the law's squeamishness is of the old-fashioned kind. Canadian booksellers, in addition to suffering under "community standards" censorship, must now face censorship from antipornography feminists. Catharine MacKinnon, a University of Michigan law professor, and Andrea Dworkin, author of several influential polemics against erotica, are the architects of this movement. They argue that sexual images, whether textual or visual, inherently degrade women, discriminate against them as a class and provide a blueprint for male domination.

In February 1992 the MacKinnon-Dworkin definition of pornography was unanimously affirmed by the Canadian supreme court in *Regina v. Butler*. Apologists for the ruling offered the hope that it would end capricious book banning because the court had defined obscenity more precisely. Unfortunately, the new era of enlightened censorship began with undercover police perusing the shelves of the Glad Day bookshop in Toronto. There they purchased an issue of a small-circulation lesbian magazine, *Bad Attitude*, that included photos of naked women in bondage. The cops busted the store's manager and owner, charging them under *Butler*, which prohibits the sale of any material whose "dominant characteristic is the undue exploitation of sex."

Kathleen Mahoney, a University of Calgary Law School professor who helped argue the antipornography side's case to the Canadian supreme court in *Butler*, told *The American Lawyer* that the law's "harm standard" was not intended to apply solely to

a hard line to cross

By TED C. FISHMAN

heterosexual porn aimed at a male audience. Nevertheless, Mahoney said, "Lesbian porn is not a problem in Canada." In fact, there are only two, small-circulation magazines of lesbian erotica in North America. Some proponents of the MacKinnon criteria argued that the material was sanctionable because it portrayed women acting like domineering men. Mahoney and other advocates of the *Butler* decision may have a harder time rationalizing the customs detention of two other books intended for women, *Woman Hating* and *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, both by Andrea Dworkin.

Stephane Gelinas, whose feminist bookstall in Montreal frequently crossed censors and recently closed, says, "Today in Canada, books by women who criticize pornography are censored. It's just stupid."

Conservatives have used *Butler* to further their own agendas. Otto John Jelinek, the former Canadian revenue minister who oversaw the drafting of customs regulations, took the opportunity to interpret *Butler* as license to beef up the border campaign to target any offensive sexual material. Jelinek apparently regards anal sex as the most degrading and offensive of all sexual acts: Customs is most aggressive against male homosexual material. The mere sight of an anus, whether penetrated or not, is enough to get commodity specialists worked up.

"Canadian customs has this hang-up about the anus," David Rimmer says, "though no one can explain why it is obscene. Magazine pictures that simply show an anus are blacked out with a marking pen before they cross the border."

Of course, anal intercourse is hardly unique to gay erotica, yet without it, gay erotica will likely leave its audience wanting. As one Canadian judge said: "To write about homosexual practices without dealing with anal intercourse would be equivalent to writing a history of music and omitting Mozart."

The real oddity is that the sexual acts are legal in all of Canada. Only the pictures aren't.

Perhaps the most chilling aspect of Canadian censorship is its arbitrary nature. In 1990, the British Columbia Civil Liberties Association, along with Little Sister's, filed suit to end what they regarded as inconsistent treatment by officials. "You see a definite frequency of certain names on the customs forms when books are detained," Fuller says. "It is entirely up to an individual specialist's discretion. If he or she takes issue with our sexual choice, whether it is gay or lesbian or S&M, that affects his or her ruling. Customs officials put us in a completely different category. If anal penetration or S&M occurs in straight literature, it is not destined for the same judgment." That Madonna's book *Sex* was allowed in, despite scenes of bondage and intimations of pain and rape, supports Fuller's contention.

Also, the customs officers at Canada's more than 200 ports of entry evaluate the same material by different standards. The Port of Fort Erie, booksellers agree, is the worst. Material that passes through other ports is routinely detained at Fort Erie for review by the commodity specialist. Last year, a shipment to dozens of bookstores by Connecticut's Inland Book Co. was seized. Besides books destined for gay and lesbian bookshops, those bound for university and religious bookshops were detained as well, 1600 titles in all. One of the books seized was a volume of poetry called *Beginning with O*, which the officials confused with the erotic *The Story of O*. Another, a novel by Jane Rule called *The Young in One Another's Arms*, was detained on account of its title, which a customs official mistook for child porn. (It actually refers to a W. B. Yeats poem.) A skimming of the contents would have set officials straight.

JEARY MC DONALD

The 1990 suit filed by B.C. Civil Liberties and Little Sister's has been delayed four times by the Canadian justice department. "When we started we were told the suit would cost us $5000," Fuller says. "Now it's estimated that it will cost us $200,000. It happens to us with every case we file. The government drags it out as long as it can and then settles." Fuller believes the delays are part of a kind of legal brinkmanship on the part of the government. The aim, she says, is to drive her store out of business without actually having the cases heard.

Little Sister's first challenge to the government was a suit questioning the customs ban on the prominent gay magazine *The Advocate*. It took almost three years to bring to trial. Two weeks before the court date, the government admitted it had misjudged the publication and dropped the case. When Little Sister's asked for compensation, it was awarded only the price of the banned magazines. When the store asked for the copies back, the government answered that the issues had been accidentally destroyed.

Fuller is not sanguine about the prospects of victory against the censors: "You believe that somehow the justice system will at least let your voice be heard. Instead it makes you spend your money and lose your books, possibly lose your business, and then it harasses you with legal battles. In the end, Canadian customs still acts as if it were above the law."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BAITED SWITCH

COPENHAGEN—*Police arrested a 75-year-old woman for shaking down more than 100 young men. Posing on the telephone as a hot-blooded flight attendant who needed a paramour, she instructed them to come to her home and display their "merits" by undressing behind an illuminated white sheet. At this point, she would appear in a nurse's uniform feigning outrage at such behavior within view of her charge, ostensibly a dying 92-year-old woman. Most of her victims shelled out the equivalent of $74 to avoid arrest, but eight figured out the game and called the police. Because of her age, the geriatric scam artist received a suspended sentence.*

VINTAGE JAIL REFORM

DENVER—*Prison authorities decided it wasn't worth the legal costs to determine if rules against inmate use of intoxicants extended to consecrated wine. So they agreed to let a "devout Episcopalian" take sacramental wine during Eucharist services at a local church, so long as he would also take drug and alcohol tests after Mass whenever officials requested.*

LONG HORNS OF THE LAW

AUSTIN—*After years of litigation, you still can't perform sodomy in Texas without breaking the law. The state supreme court has ruled five to four that in failing to consider the issues of personal or property rights, appellate judges exceeded their authority in overturning the law that makes it a misdemeanor for consenting adults of the same sex to engage in "deviant sexual intercourse."*

HOUSEWARES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Borrowing an idea from Tupperware, chapters of Planned Parenthood are now sponsoring "home health parties" in which prospective customers congregate at someone's residence to learn about safe sex and the devices that protect against sexually transmitted diseases. The events target women (young women are now the fastest-growing segment of the HIV-positive population) and involve demonstrations, a videotape, brochures and, of course, door prizes.*

EQUAL PROTECTION

SEBASTOPOL, CALIFORNIA—*"A condom covers only a man," explains Jane Hunnicutt, whose newly developed female condom comes housed, ready to use, in women's underwear. Concerned that HIV and herpes are still transmittable by way of cuts outside the pubic area, she designed panties that stay on during intercourse but feature a replaceable crotch that holds the female condom in such a position that "when you push in, it presses the liner into the vagina." Hunnicutt is looking for a manufacturer—and a name for her product other than "a multiple service device for women."*

COITUS ASPHYXIA

MADRID—*The worried wife of a 55-year-old businessman went to his office when he failed to come home after work. There she found him and his 18-year-old secretary in the office rest room. They were naked—and dead, though not by her hand. Authorities believe they died because of a malfunctioning gas-fired water heater.*

AIDS UPDATE

BALTIMORE—*Since 1990 AIDS has been the leading cause of death among state prison inmates, prompting authorities in Maryland to reexamine their response to the situation. A lot of victims probably acquired the disease through high-risk activities before sentencing, according to an AIDS activist. But he has accused prison authorities of deliberately failing to test inmates before and after entering prison because they don't want to determine how much high-risk behavior occurs after incarceration.*

FOR THE LOVE OF MONEY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A recent study has found that most poor women cannot afford the contraceptive implant Norplant. In a hearing before a House Small Business subcommittee, a spokesman for Wyeth-Ayerst Laboratories explained why: The company made Norplant expensive to attract middle-class women who might otherwise shun it as a poor-woman's drug.*

HEIR APPARENTLY

INDIANAPOLIS—*It seemed like a good deed: A middle-aged man donated sperm to an acquaintance who wanted a child. Now he finds himself obligated to pay support for the child she had in 1987. He believed a contract he had signed protected him from any future responsibility, but the Indiana Court of Appeals has ruled that regardless of parental intent, neither a mother nor father can bargain away the rights of a child. Experts in reproductive law say that anonymous donors to sperm banks are generally protected. But in states where the legislature or the courts have yet to define paternity, matters aren't so clear.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

CUBAN CRIME OF PASSION

the cold war is over.
let the cola wars begin

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Buy a cigar, go to jail.

It's been more than 20 years since Don Kendall, chairman of Pepsico, lit up a cigar while I was interviewing him, but I still get ticked off about it. I could tell from the shape and the aroma that it was one of those exquisite hand-rolled Cohibas that Fidel Castro used to favor.

Damn, I thought, how come it's a crime—trading with the enemy, no less—if some tobacconist on 42nd Street offers me a Cuban cigar, but it's legal for Kendall, a top Republican contributor and friend of President Richard Nixon, to have a humidor full of them? The reason was that the cigars had come from the Soviet Union, not Cuba.

Castro had given the cigars to Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, who then had passed the gift on to Kendall after Pepsi and Moscow signed their breakthrough Pepsi-for-vodka trade deal. Trade—selling Pepsi to the Reds—was the first serious breach in the Cold War: Membership in the Pepsi Generation turned out to be more significant for young Soviets than belonging to the Communist Party. But to this day, it is a crime to sell Pepsi to a kid in Havana.

What perverse logic has made it OK to do business with the Soviets for decades while we maintain a tight embargo on Cuba because Castro was a Soviet agent? And how does the Clinton administration justify continuing that embargo when the Soviet Union has ceased to exist? Why an embargo against Cuba when Clinton has normalized trade with Vietnam? There's no MIA problem with Cuba. It can't be because Castro is still a Communist. Vietnam is also tightly controlled by the Communist leadership in Hanoi, just as the Communist Party still rules China, which has long been granted most-favored-nation status.

Neither Vietnam nor China has a better human rights record than does Cuba, and their well-equipped armies pose a greater military threat to U.S. security than does Cuba's.

The double standard cannot be justified by the fact that Vietnam and China have opened their markets to foreign investors. French, Japanese and other investors are swarming into Cuba, building everything from hospitals to biotech laboratories. And in the past three years, our capitalist competitors have invested more than $500 million in 112 joint ventures in Cuba.

The double standard can only be explained by fear—not of Castro's potential for aggressiveness but rather of the Cuban exile community in this country.

It's the politics. The embargo against Cuba was severely tightened in 1992 when Congress, in an election year ploy, passed a bill preventing subsidiaries of American-owned companies from doing business in Cuba. Clinton sought to garner Cuban American votes, which tended to go Republican, by endorsing that bill when President Bush, like Ronald Reagan before him, opposed further tightening of the embargo. Bush reacted by endorsing the legislation, presumably to win favor with the well-financed right-wing Cuban exiles who claim to speak for the Cuban community.

Many Cuban Americans want to repair relations with Cuba. But Clinton sided with the old guard, which cares more about settling political scores with Castro than with opening up Cuba. As a result, American companies lost a fortune in sales last year.

How hypocritical, then, to turn around as president and open trade with Vietnam. Unlike Vietnamese American voters, who are eager to normalize relations with their old country, the Cuban exile community is ruled by a political clique that cannot forget the humiliation of the Bay of Pigs defeat 33 years ago. Therefore, maintaining the embargo is about votes, not morality or national security.

But counting votes is a lousy way to set foreign policy. Conservatives who have criticized the policy see this more clearly than do the Clinton liberals. Recently, Roger Fontaine, who was a national security aide in the Reagan administration, co-wrote in *The New York Times*:

"The 1992 law is a policy of impoverishing Cubans at the behest of the most militant conservative groups in the émigré community. It is polarizing Cuba—driving many anti-Castro Cubans back into Castro's camp . . . and enhancing his reputation as a fearless fighter of Yankee capitalism."

Free trade and travel is the biggest threat to Castro. This was demonstrated during the brief thaw under President Jimmy Carter when thousands of Cuban Americans returned to Cuba bearing gifts and showing photos of their swimming pools and fancy cars back in Miami. At that time, there was much grumbling in Cuba, and the Mariel boatlift was one consequence.

Castro knows the risks, and it is not clear how far he is willing to go toward normalization. But the pressure from generations of Cubans tired by a life of struggle is enormous.

If Castro is indeed willing to let Americans roam his country despite all the problems such travel poses, why is the U.S. government so bent on keeping its citizens out? In February, the administration once again decided to prevent writers, teachers, physicians and even human rights activists from traveling to the island. Whose side is Washington on? How could this possibly be good for the Cuban people who need medicine and other basics of life denied them by the embargo?

Increasingly, Cuban Americans are speaking up, despite the risk of opprobrium and physical threats from the émigré hawks. Raymundo Del Toro, president of the 17,000-member Cuban American Committee for Peace, wrote to *The New York Times*:

"I recently visited my 18-year-old son in Havana and was disturbed at how thin he and the rest of my relatives have become. Recently, a U.S. subsidiary based in Canada sought to sell baby food to Cuba. It could not. . . . We are talking about food for infants, not military weapons. This law is a policy of genocide that seeks to create a Somalia in Cuba."

President Clinton has to take the lead in bringing reason to this emotionally charged issue. The embargo pits the U.S. against England, France, Italy, Spain and Canada—all of which have trade with Cuba.

It's clearly not in our interest to have a foreign policy rooted in the bitterness of a fringe group of exiles in Miami. Whether the émigrés like it or not, the Cold War is over. Cuba isn't a base for Soviet expansionism. It's time for the war of the colas to begin in Cuba as it has in the rest of what used to be the enemy camp.

THE FIRST PLAYBOY COVER

A special anniversary offering to own a piece of history

In December 1953 Marilyn Monroe waved hello on the first cover of the magazine that would change us all. She had already captured the hearts of American men and now she was inviting them to a place where they could enjoy themselves. Marilyn symbolized the sexual revolution for which Playboy became the manifesto. Playboy, she announced, would be a showcase for beautiful women, top-notch authors and sophisticated ideas. Now you can own this magnificent technologically enhanced reproduction of Playboy's historical first cover, signed and numbered by Hugh M. Hefner in a limited edition of 950.

EACH EXCLUSIVE PRINT IS SIGNED AND NUMBERED BY HUGH M. HEFNER AND IS BEING OFFERED AT A SPECIAL 40th ANNIVERSARY PRICE OF $275

The first edition Playboy cover measures 35" x 26". It is a continuous-tone lithograph with hand-printed silk screen on archival paper. To order call 1.800.258.1995. Ask for dept. 40000 and order item #HH900. Shipping and handling is $12.50. All major credit cards accepted. To order by mail, send check or money order to: P.O. Box 808 • Itasca, Illinois 60143 Illinois residents, add 6.75% sales tax. Allow two weeks for delivery. For this special price, the limited-edition print is available only unframed.

"TM ESTATE OF MARILYN MONROE ALL RIGHTS RESERVED REPRESENTED BY THE ROGER RICHMAN AGENCY, INC., BEVERLY HILLS, CA"
© 1994 SPECIAL EDITIONS LTD

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARTH BROOKS

a candid conversation with country music's crossover phenom about life on the road, backstabbing in nashville and why he has the best manners in showbiz

High overhead, lights flash. Smoke blankets the stage. A deep rumble shakes the walls of the cavernous old auditorium. A lighting rig descends toward the stage, separating into 19 banks of multicolored, computerized lights. A chunky beat begins, punctuated by roars and explosions. Intense white lights blind the audience as a hydraulically powered elevator slowly rises out of the stage, with half a dozen musicians visible through its tinted sides. A door slides open. The musicians take the stage, the music gathers momentum, the elevator sinks back into the floor—and there, revealed at the back of the stage to roof-rattling screams, stands the king of pop.

Wearing jeans, boots and a cowboy hat.

Michael Jackson may have given himself the title, but in the Nineties the real king of pop is a stocky, unprepossessing Okie with what was once described as a "face like a thumb with a hat on it." Since his debut in April 1989, Garth Brooks' six albums have sold some 35 million copies, more than anyone else in any field of music. Two of his albums, 1990's "No Fences" and the following year's "Ropin' the Wind," are around the 10 million mark. Moreover, "Ropin' the Wind" and 1992's "The Chase" were the first and second albums ever to enter "Billboard's" pop and country charts at number one. Every one of his 18 singles has hit the top ten on the "Billboard" country chart; 16 of them have hit number one. He has sold more than a million copies of his two long-form videos. He's won a Grammy, four People's Choice Awards, six American Music Awards, nine Country Music Association Awards, ten Academy of Country Music awards—you get the picture. His first prime-time NBC special, 1992's "This Is Garth Brooks," was such a ratings success that a second concert special aired this spring.

Country musicians have topped the pop charts in the past: Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell in the late Sixties, Dolly Parton and the soundtrack of the movie "Urban Cowboy" a decade later. But since those days, country has become America's most popular style of music: One recent radio survey found that 42 percent of all adults regularly listen to country radio. And in the midst of the biggest boom in country's long history, Brooks is the genre's standard-bearer. Sales of country music have doubled since he released his first album, and at one point sales of his compact discs and tapes alone reportedly made up an astonishing 26 percent of all country-music purchases.

But facts and figures don't explain the bond Brooks has forged with his fans. For starters, look at the audience at his shows—or, for that matter, at almost any other country show these days. It's the uniform that gives them away: boots, neatly pressed blue or black jeans, cowboy hats and checked, striped or patterned long-sleeved shirts a touch more flamboyant than those country fans used to wear. If pop music once hosted a plethora of Madonna wanna-bes, the world of country music has been taken over by the Garth look.

And when Brooks steps in front of his audience, he does so with a show loaded with the kinds of pyrotechnics and flash honed on many a rock-and-roll tour. He doesn't just make an impressive entrance; he keeps it up with lighting effects and tricks such as his nightly swing over the audience on a rope. Some critics complain that Brooks simultaneously waters down and glitzes up real country music, but the crowds respond to both the showmanship and the quiet moments with a fervor that's hard to dismiss.

He was born Troyal Garth Brooks 32 years ago in Tulsa, Oklahoma, the youngest of six children. He was raised mostly in Yukon, a small town outside Oklahoma City. His father worked as a draftsman for Union Oil; his mother had recorded a few singles for Capitol Records in the mid-Fifties.

As the baby of the family, Brooks was exposed to a wide range of musical influences:

"Three years ago, would you have thought that the largest-selling artist in the Nineties would be going bald and have an eating problem and be doing steel-guitar music? I'm sure people still have problems with that."

"I went into a Western-wear store the other day. I've got my baseball cap and my sunglasses on, and a lady goes, 'I come here to buy a Western shirt, and all they got are these damn Garth Brooks things.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"A polite womanizer? I'm not sure what it means to be a womanizer, but I've always enjoyed females. I've always thought they were extremely intelligent, extremely sensitive. I just always want to be around them."

George Jones and Merle Haggard from his father, Harry Belafonte from his mother and, from his siblings, a potpourri that included Peter, Paul and Mary, Janis Joplin and Rita Coolidge.

None of this meant that Brooks wanted to pursue music. Instead, he played football, went to college at Oklahoma State on a track scholarship and only intermittently toyed with music. But while he was in college studying advertising, he heard the straightforward, traditional country songs of George Strait, and suddenly music was a passion. Brooks wrote songs and then played them in bars where he also worked as a bouncer. In fact, he met his wife, Sandy, when he was called to break up a fight in the women's rest room.

In 1985 he went to Nashville to try his luck and lasted one day. He returned home, hid out, licked his wounds, played more bars and tried again. The next time, he got work singing on demos and playing in clubs, and even though every label in town turned him down, he kept at it. He finally signed with Capitol in 1988 and recorded "Garth Brooks," which included the hit singles "Much Too Young (To Feel This Damn Old)" and "If Tomorrow Never Comes." But the song that turned the album from a promising debut into a phenomenon was the gentle ballad with which it ended. "The Dance" has a simple message—that despite its pain and uncertainty, life is worth the risk.

"The Dance" was the kind of song that can make and define a career. Amazingly, so was the first single from his second album, "No Fences." This time, though, the song, "Friends in Low Places," was a raucous barroom anthem. With two huge but different songs released back-to-back, Brooks was unstoppable—even if many country-oriented TV outlets refused to show his violent video for "Thunder Rolls."

His third album, "Ropin' the Wind," was nearly as big; a Christmas record, "Beyond the Season," was next; the one after that, "The Chase," sparked another controversy when its opening song, "We Shall Be Free," made a strong statement in favor of racial and religious tolerance and gay rights, not a stance calculated to endear him to much of country's core audience.

But controversy neither helps nor hurts Brooks anymore. The newly slimmed-down singer (from a high of 237 pounds) rolls on. His latest album, "In Pieces," produced such hits as "Ain't Going Down (Till the Sun Comes Up)." It was followed by a smash American tour and his first European shows, returning home to await the birth of his second child. All of which made this an opportune time to check in with the man "Rolling Stone" dubbed "the cat in the hat." We sent writer **Steve Pond,** *who reports:*

"After spending time with Brooks, I kept thinking of a proposition a friend of mine made. 'When rock stars like Axl Rose misbehave,' she said, 'they shouldn't be sentenced to community service. They should just be sent on the road with Garth Brooks to learn some manners.'

"Certainly, Brooks could have taught courtesy lessons during the time I was with him. We met in the greenroom of the 'Live with Regis and Kathie Lee' show in New York City, and while his opening line—'How do you do, sir?'—made me feel old, it was indicative of the deference with which he treats everybody, including his fans.

"Regis and Kathie Lee's guests usually enter the studio through a back door, but the morning Brooks was there a truck was blocking that entrance, so he came in by the front, through a crowd of fans asking for autographs. He didn't have time, so he promised the fans he'd take care of them after the show.

"When he was ready to leave, the talent coordinator told him that the studio audience had just been let out the front door; if he tried to get out that way, it'd be pandemonium. 'OK, I'll leave by the back door,' Brooks said to his road manager and boyhood friend, Mickey Weber. 'But I want you to tell the people out front that I'll be leaving by the back, because otherwise they might think I'm trying to duck out on them.'

"If it weren't for people like George Strait, Ricky Skaggs and Reba McEntire, I'm not sure country would've held on."

"An hour later, after seeing other examples of Brooks' graciousness, I asked Weber if his boss was always the nicest person on earth. 'Oh, he has moods like everybody else,' said Weber. 'In private, you'll sometimes see the other side of him. But when he's in public, he'll never let it show.' We started there."

PLAYBOY: Do you hold yourself to a higher standard of conduct when you're in public?

BROOKS: You bet. I did before I was ever an artist, because I'm representing my father's name and my mother's name and I don't want anything to get back to them. I was afraid my dad would spank my butt as a kid. And the bigger fear was breaking my mom's heart.

PLAYBOY: You've told the people around you that all of them, including you, make up the entity called Garth Brooks.

BROOKS: Yeah. Garth Brooks is an organization of people. I was signing autographs in Arkansas, and this guy came up and said, "Man, I can't believe you're signing autographs." I said, "Why?" He said, "Travis Tritt told me to go to hell when I asked him for an autograph." And I said, "Travis Tritt said that? That doesn't sound like him. Travis is a cool guy." He said, "Well, I heard that one of Travis Tritt's crew members told somebody to go to hell when they wanted an autograph." Now, in a fleeting second it went from Travis Tritt telling this guy to go to hell to one of the crew members telling somebody else to go to hell. I tell my people that how they act is how Garth Brooks acts. If my people tear a bar down, it's Garth Brooks who tore that bar down.

The flip side of that, which is just as bad, is that if you're a crew member and you bust your ass to do something good, you won't get any of the credit for it. We were driving through Oklahoma, and I noticed the bus was slowing down. I peeked through the door and said to the driver, "Jim, what's wrong?" He said, "There's a lady back here with a HELP sign in her car." He and the crew-bus driver got out and fixed her flat tire in the freezing cold. The headlines the next day were that I was driving the bus, I got out, I changed the flat tire. In fact, I was in the bus just sitting there talking.

PLAYBOY: You've said you never dreamed about this level of success, but everybody who picks up a guitar has some fantasies. In your wildest teenage fantasies, were you having hit records? Playing arenas?

BROOKS: That was in my 20s. As a teenager I dreamed about being in coliseums trying to catch the winning touchdown. When it came to music, I never saw the crowds of people. I just wanted to get my music out there. I really wanted to be America's band. I wanted to be an artist the American people could relate to. I wanted to be America's guy.

PLAYBOY: Was there a point, on your way to being America's guy, when you felt as if things had gotten out of control?

BROOKS: I'll be honest with you, man. I'm not really sure that for the past three years anybody's been at the helm of this, other than God. Believe me, if there were hands on the wheel, they weren't mine. I pretty much think this thing was dragging us along. And right now, it still feels out of control.

PLAYBOY: When did that feeling begin?

BROOKS: It started with the video for *The Dance*. All of a sudden we were in a different light. People said, "Shit, this guy might have something to say" or "He's trying to say it in a different way." And the next thing out of the shoot was *Friends in Low Places*. The day it came out is when it broke loose for us.

PLAYBOY: And the next thing you knew, everybody was wearing cowboy hats and loud shirts.

BROOKS: [*Laughs*] I went into a Western-wear store the other day. I've got my baseball cap and my sunglasses on, and a lady's across the rack from me. She goes,

Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1993

"I'll be damned." And her friend goes, "What's wrong?" She goes, "I come here to buy my husband a Western shirt, and all they got are these damn Garth Brooks things." So I started sinking real low.

PLAYBOY: Have you come to terms with the fame you've achieved?

BROOKS: No. I am definitely confused about why this is happening.

PLAYBOY: Why? Do you think, I don't deserve this?

BROOKS: Oh, yeah. Three years ago, would you have thought that the largest-selling artist in the Nineties would be going bald and have an eating problem and be doing fiddle and steel-guitar music? I'm sure a lot of people still have problems with that.

PLAYBOY: Why are you—and country music in general—crossing over to a larger audience?

BROOKS: I'm trying to figure that out. What's weird today is these junior high kids who come to the show, and they have on LL Cool J shirts or something like Cinderella or Slaughter. I can't believe these guys actually listen to that and listen to me, too. When I was a kid you listened to one thing, and it was probably rock and roll. But it's pretty neat how, for some reason, country music is speaking to a lot of different ages and different cultures. It's something people can relate to. I'm not sure they're finding that in other new forms of music, and country music is filling that gap.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel like a representative of country music?

BROOKS: Yeah, I'll stand up forever for country music. A lot of people say, "*We Shall Be Free* didn't get country radio behind it, and you got left out of the last awards show for country music. Why do you stick up for country music?" I love country music. It's my home. I have never felt that it has slighted me. It was the format that held the ladder while I got to climb as high as I could. I don't know if you heard the story about Randy Travis. His album was selling so well that it charted on the pop charts. And his first reaction was, "Pop charts? Get it off there." [*Laughs*] I like that. I sure don't feel like a top pop performer.

PLAYBOY: In the past, the feeling has been that country artists have to cross over to pop radio to really sell records.

BROOKS: Yeah, they've always told us we need to cross over and go into more mainstream radio. And my bitch and gripe the whole time was, "If you guys will wait six months, country music will be mainstream radio."

PLAYBOY: How long can the country boom last?

BROOKS: That's the big question. To me, if country music's smart, it won't divide up into different formats like rock and roll did, into contemporary, middle-of-the-road, rap, heavy metal, thrash, light rock, classic rock. And I'm saying this knowing that there will soon be a second chart in country music. It's called the Young Country chart. I think that's a huge mistake.

PLAYBOY: Isn't most country radio these days devoted to performers who came up after 1980?

BROOKS: After 1987. Somebody at a radio station told me they're not playing anything pre-1987. They've found that the majority of their fans don't recognize music pre-1987. That's scary.

PLAYBOY: When people like Merle Haggard can't get played on country radio, it seems that those stations are denying a rich tradition.

BROOKS: Amen. Unfortunately, a lot of these people think that the only way they can stay successful is to play the youngest and the newest stuff. And there begins the fall.

PLAYBOY: Country music has had other periods of immense success: Johnny Cash, Glen Campbell, the movie *Urban Cowboy*. Do you think things are different this time around?

BROOKS: Well, Johnny Cash and Glen Campbell were undeniable talents who were going to rise up no matter what field they chose. The *Urban Cowboy* thing was more money-driven. It was a fad,

Introducing sure winners. Caesars Palace pocket size Talking Casino Games.

This year, the luckiest Dads will hit the jackpot without ever leaving home. With electronic score keeping, dealer's voice, real casino sound effects and even a winner's melody, they can enjoy the thrill and action of their favorite Las Vegas games.

With BlackJack and Poker, Caesars Palace has found two new ways to get into your Dad's pocket, without making a dent in yours. So forget the neckties, shoehorns and paperweights-place a little money on a sure thing you can't lose.

CAESARS PALACE

Give Dad a Winning Hand.

TIGER®
© 1994 Tiger Electronics Inc.

CAESARS PALACE is a trademark of CAESARS World Inc. and used under license from CAESARS World Merchandising Inc. This product is for entertainment purposes only. Any use for gambling or wagering is prohibited.

and it was almost the death of country music. If it weren't for people like George Strait, Ricky Skaggs and Reba McEntire, I'm not sure country would've held on until the guys like Randy Travis came and country music in its purest form was saved. I'm sure Glen Campbell and Johnny Cash were showing phenomenal sales, but I'm not sure a lot of other people were. But now, Strait's last hit sold 4 million, Wynonna's was 3 or 4 million, I believe. Billy Ray Cyrus sold 9 million copies of *Some Gave All*. Some people say that happened real quick and then he was gone. Nevertheless, the guy sold 9 million out of the country market. I don't see it as a spike. I see it as something that could be the face of the future.

PLAYBOY: *Achy Breaky Heart* sold millions, but it also started an anti-country backlash. Was that kind of song healthy for country?

BROOKS: I don't think it's healthy for any music. And the person it's most unhealthy for is Billy Ray Cyrus. I don't know how much control he has over his stuff, but the guy's material was getting better. And it wasn't *Achy Breaky Heart*, it was the stuff that was saying things. But because of *Achy Breaky*, now it seems like everybody is thinking that he's a fad, he's come and gone. And that's sad. Same with Vanilla Ice. I was amazed at the record sales that guy was pulling off, and now where is he?

PLAYBOY: You have had your share of battles with the country-music establishment. You got flak for the violence in your video *The Thunder Rolls*, and for your support of gay rights in *We Shall Be Free*. Is country as conservative as its image?

BROOKS: I don't know. There are a lot of ifs in this statement: If *The Thunder Rolls* and *We Shall Be Free* are about real life, and I believe they are, then hiding your head in the sand isn't going to make real life go away. And if the industry did turn its back on both of those issues, I don't think that's healthy. If that makes them conservative, then, yeah, I guess they are. I don't have a problem with people having morals and rules that they won't break. But if something's not being looked at simply because it's too ugly to look at, but it still exists, that only means that the problem's going to get bigger.

PLAYBOY: You've already done a televised concert special. Why do another one?

BROOKS: It was something I enjoyed doing the first time, even though it was a lot of work. I'd have enjoyed the second one a lot more if it weren't for the tragic thing that happened seven days before the show was to go on.

PLAYBOY: You mean when part of the lighting rig collapsed onto the stage, injuring several workers?

BROOKS: Yeah, a huge space-frame that everything hung from just snapped right in the middle, dropping around 120,000 pounds onto the stage.

PLAYBOY: Were you there?

BROOKS: I was in Dallas. We were doing an autograph session, and they came to me and said, "We have an emergency at the stadium. They're on the radio talking about ambulances, everything." Man, my stomach just went down through my pants, and all I could think of was, I'm going to have to take one of my guys home in a box and explain to his people what the hell happened. The fact that the show came off was a bigger event for me than the show itself.

PLAYBOY: How hard was it to focus your attention on the concert?

BROOKS: It was hard to do anything but think about the accident. And also, for the first show, on Thursday, we all had opening-night jitters. We were so scared, and we wanted to see the special effects work. And when some of them were working and some of them weren't, we were kind of disappointed.

Then I was so fired up Friday. It was ten times louder than it was the night before, and I thought, This is going to be one of those nights. I can feel it. The first song was *Standing Outside the Fire*, and this ring of fire is supposed to come up all around the stage. So the song kicks up, and the back wall blows into this big wall of fire, but there's no fire in front for me to walk through. And damn, of all the nights I feel like I could walk through fire, tonight is it. So I look over, and I go, "Where's the fire?" The guy says, "You're standing on the pipe." I was so fired up—and so pumped—that I had forgotten to move back. I look down and I'm standing right on the gas pipe. Thank God he was watching, or he would've torched me.

PLAYBOY: Does the satisfaction of doing a good show last as long as the satisfaction of making a good record?

BROOKS: I think so. Something happened to me the other night that I've only really dreamed of, but it was so flagrant that I couldn't miss it. It was during the last song, within the last ten seconds. I was going for the peak of the show, and everything dropped into slow motion. Everything. And I was at full speed, so I could be ahead of everything that was happening. I noticed the guy down front in the white shirt with the maroon lettering and the maroon baseball cap, who was just going nuts. I

A Proven Winner In Detection
PASSPORT 4500
SuperWide+Laser
Automobile magazine said it first: Passport 4500 SuperWide+Laser is "a remarkable achievement."
Now an independent testing lab confirms just how remarkable Passport 4500 is. In a rigorous on-road test of leading radar/laser detectors, Passport 4500 SuperWide+Laser took top honors.
For years, Escort products have been acknowledged as the very best. Now Passport 4500 SuperWide+Laser has the test results to prove it – again. (Call for a copy of the results.)
Passport 4500 SuperWide+Laser: The Only Choice
An independent laboratory recently put the leading SuperWide Radar/Laser detectors to the test and the results are clear: For overall protection, you can't beat Passport 4500.
Miles 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Passport 4500 SuperWide+Laser
Whistler 1190 SW
Uniden LDR 9000 W
Ka-band data not available
BEL 645i
e-band data not available
X Band
K Band
Ka Band
Laser
The above graph indicates the detection range (in miles) of all four radar and laser bands for each of the models tested. This test was conducted by an independent laboratory.
NOW SAVE $20!
To order, call toll-free:
1-800-433-3487
Passport® 4500 SuperWide $209
(regularly priced at $229)
Shipping & handling is extra. OH res. add 6% sales tax.
ESCORT
Department 400764
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249
ESCORT
The Innovative Edge.™
© 1994 CMI
ESCORT products are designed and manufactured in the USA.

noticed the little kid over there with his mom holding him up. I noticed the older lady who had been sitting down the whole show but was now standing up. I could see each individual. Everything was right in the sweet spot of the bat. I could feel it in my shoulders and in the joints of my elbows. And all of a sudden it felt like somebody had a hold of me, like a perfectly tailored suit. If I raised this arm, that side of the coliseum would rise with it—the seats, concrete, everything, would rise an inch. I know you're probably thinking, This fucker's nuts. But I shit you not: I felt it. And those seconds are why I got in the business.

I mean, I watch games on TV, and I wonder how the quarterback, with a minute and a half left and 80 yards to go, is going to pull together the greatest drive in football history. And his eyes never get more than half open. For the first time in my life, I see the zone they're in. I've walked in that zone, and I live now as an entertainer to keep walking in that zone. And I'm already thinking, Is there another zone? [*Laughs*] It's sad that I don't appreciate what I have.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get carried away onstage and do things you regret later?

BROOKS: Sure. Houston two years ago, right after the first Dallas special. First time I ever smashed a guitar was in Dallas for the TV special. Two weeks later we were in Houston, and the crowd was right at the point where we were going to break them over and go for the big one, or it was just going to stay where it was. And I forced it. I turned around with the guitar and just started smashing it into the drum kit. It was forced, and the people knew it. I haven't smashed another guitar.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to force something to stay excited about hits like *Friends in Low Places* night after night?

BROOKS: James Taylor said something in a video that made a lot of sense. He said, "We've done *Fire and Rain* a thousand times. When I do it in sound check, we make up different words and stuff, screwing around with it. But in the show, because it is the first time some people have heard me do it live, it's fresh to me again." When I heard that, I said, "That's exactly it." I mean, I've heard *Friends in Low Places* more than anybody has. At sound check we can't even run over a part of it. Nobody wants to play it, nobody wants to think about it. And I've thought, Man, I'll never make it. I'm finally just gonna pull out a gun at some concert and go crazy on that song. But what I find every night when *Friends in Low Places* comes around, the smiles, the laughter—it's a blast to do.

And then there's a song that you look forward to all night, like *The Dance*. I could play it four or five times a night, and I'd still be OK with it. I think *Friends in Low Places* will probably be the biggest commercial success we'll ever have as artists. But I'll go even further than that and say that, unless I am totally surprised, *The Dance* will be the greatest success as a song we will ever do. I'll go to my grave with *The Dance*. It'll probably always be my favorite song.

PLAYBOY: As a new father with another baby on the way, do you ever worry about taking too many risks onstage?

BROOKS: When the first baby came, my first thought was, Well, you're going to have to really pull back on everything you do, and you can't be as wild and as carefree onstage as you were. But I think that's what my wife likes about me, and I think that's what I am. So that 90 minutes onstage, I'm me. And my family realizes that if something happens to me during that 90 minutes, it was a decision I made a long time ago.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when your daughter, Taylor, was born?

BROOKS: I really wasn't looking forward to it. I was scared to death. I didn't think I'd be a good father and I didn't think that I really knew what love was enough to take care of a child. My theory has always been, If you don't go out to be the best there is, why dress up and go out at

Firefighters and 1994 Playmate of the Year!

TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

CALL NOW!

1•900•740•5588

Only $3 a minute - 18 yrs. or older

HOTLINE ALSO AVAILABLE BY CALLING
1-800-949-6000 MasterCard and Visa only

SEXY FIREFIGHTERS
"Can you handle the heat? Call us Female Firefighters and find out!"

MISS JUNE - ELAN CARTER
"Make it a hot summer. Call me, ELAN CARTER, MISS JUNE, and my very special guests!"

1994 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

JENNY McCARTHY
"I'm so excited and can't wait to share it with you when you call me now."

PLAYBOY'S SUPER HOTLINE

© 1994 Playboy. A Product of Playboy. 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago Il 60611. Not available in OR.

all? And I knew there was no way I could be the dad my dad was to me. But when that kid came, it was like the instructions came with her and they were just "Love me." And, whew, that's cool.

Also, my respect for my wife went up six bazillion notches. I used to think my wife was a puss. But, my God, I could never even think about going through that. If it'd been me who had the baby, I'd still be lying there today.

PLAYBOY: Does your daughter go on the road with you now?

BROOKS: Yeah. It's the coolest thing in the world. For my whole career I felt guilty because I was somewhere having a good time and they were home alone. Without the guilt, it's like somebody's untied my hands from behind my back. I'm out there just swinging as hard as I can and loving every second of it, screaming my guts out, running everywhere I can. Then going back to the hotel, the first thing you see when you walk in is your little girl asleep. Kiss her goodnight and go snuggle with your wife. Taylor wakes up early, and Sandy gets her and lets me sleep in. But I don't get to sleep in too long, because before I know it there's a finger shoved up my nose or something. I open my eyes and the first thing I see are those big old blue eyes, those little bitty hands. Now I get to go on the road and have all that.

PLAYBOY: But in the past, you felt guilty about touring?

BROOKS: Oh, man, yeah. I felt guilty out there trying to rip the hell out of everything, just singing and screaming and kicking around. You think, I'm out here, and my wife's at home taking care of the bills, the house. . . . When the baby came it finally got to be too much for me. I didn't want to spend any time away from her, and I didn't want to spend any time away from my wife because of the new respect and love I'd found for her. I had been selling her short for quite some time. And I think Sandy was OK with being alone, because she grew to be independent. We grew independent of each other.

PLAYBOY: But Sandy was not OK with being alone when you went on the road after your first album and reports got back to her that you were unfaithful.

BROOKS: My wife knows me inside out. She knows me well enough to know that it's not the screamers who get me, it's the ones who sit in the corner glued to what you're doing, who are hearing what you're saying and can talk to you about it. That's how Sandy is. She's not a screamer, she's not a showboat. She's just someone who's right there, intense. And that was the problem. I was really lost. It's the same old thing, "I'm working all the time and I'm misunderstood." It was one of those times that you look back on and say, "What a crock of shit." Everything you justified it with is about as thin as water. It was a time that I am not proud of. It was a time that I learned from, so I will not go through it again.

Barbara Walters asked me what I learned, and I was disappointed that the answer I gave her was edited. The answer they showed on TV didn't make any sense. But the one I gave her has a very important message for me. I apologized to both sides for what I did, because one, I betrayed the trust of a woman who truly believed in me. And two, I lost people who could've been good friends to me and my wife, and could have helped me as a person and in my career, too. I lost those by pushing them over the edge of friendship, and it was totally my fault.

PLAYBOY: Would you have changed your ways on your own, or did it take the phone call from Sandy telling you that her bags were packed and she was leaving you unless you straightened up?

BROOKS: I have no idea. I would like to think that I would have come around on my own. But to be honest, I don't know. I don't know why my wife stayed, either. I really don't, other than the fact that I feel she truly loves me. If I'm too honest here I'm sure it will come back and kill me, but I don't know if I would've stayed if the shoe was on the other foot. [*Pause*] Yeah, I do know. I would not have stayed if the shoe was on the other foot.

PLAYBOY: After Taylor was born, you made an announcement that was widely interpreted to mean you might retire.

BROOKS: The statement was exactly this: Now I am a father, and if my fatherly duties are being neglected because of my work on the road, then I must leave the road. As it was handed from paper to paper, it just kept growing. And the statement today is still simple and plain. As long as Taylor's doing OK on the road, we stay on the road. As long as the new baby's doing fine on the road, we stay on the road. But the second that it's hurting the children, that's when we seriously sit down. In the mirror I see "dad" first and "entertainer" second, and if that offends people, I'm sorry.

PLAYBOY: According to one story, you were so uncertain about fatherhood that you offered your dad a million dollars to raise your daughter for you.

BROOKS: [*Laughs*] No, that was a joke. But I thought it was a good idea, because I love how my folks raised me.

PLAYBOY: To hear you describe it, the house where you grew up in Oklahoma was a remarkably happy place.

BROOKS: Everything I know about my

One Of The Year's "Greatest Achievements In Science & Technology"
Popular Science
ESCORT
ESCORT
ESCORT. The Innovative Edge.™
Escort 9000 Digital Spread Spectrum Cordless Phone
Popular Science called the Escort 9000 one of the 100 best technological achievements of the year. But they aren't the only ones to note Escort 9000's superior performance and design:
"I can't believe how clear this reception is!"
Rolling Stone Magazine
"...you won't find a cordless phone with a longer range..."
Wayne Thompson, The Oregonian
"...the spread spectrum technology used in these phone means that no one can eavesdrop on your conversation."
Harry Sommerfield, The San Francisco Chronicle
Call toll-free, 7days a week:
1-800-433-3487
Escort 9000 $299
plus shipping & handling. OH res. add 6% sales tax.
▶ Department 100764
5200 Fields-Ertel Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249
© 1994 CNI
CASH BACK FOR TRADE-INS!
CALL FOR DETAILS.

childhood, everything I feel about my childhood, was nothing but Disneyland. Great place. Growing up in a family that didn't have wealth, a family made up of three families coming together. Mike is from Dad's first marriage, and Jim and Jerry and Betsy are from Mom's first marriage. Then they had Kelly and me. It's three different families coming together, but it worked.

PLAYBOY: You've said your father was gentle but commanding.

BROOKS: You know where Dan Fogelberg, in *Leader of the Band*, says "a thundering velvet hand"? That's exactly what he was. My dad was a cool guy who never had much of a knack for bullshitting. He pretty much cut straight to it. And Mom could make the worst things sound great. They were a great pair, because they'd level each other out. One was an extreme realist, one was an extreme dreamer. And both were extreme doers.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to try extra hard for attention, or did you get it because you were the baby of the family?

BROOKS: I think I got it because I was the baby. But everybody had their moments of brilliance in our family. And it wasn't like six kids. It was like eight kids, but two of them had to be adults sometimes.

PLAYBOY: What kind of music first had an impact on you?

BROOKS: It was definitely George Jones. From my dad. I remember exactly how his room smelled—like pencil shavings and erasers, cigarette smoke, a lot of leather, because Dad liked to do leather work. I remember when we got him an eight-track player for Christmas. Had George Jones on there. Before that, it was the vinyl stuff: Haggard, Jones, Johnny Horton every now and then. Great stuff.

PLAYBOY: Did everybody in your family play an instrument?

BROOKS: Friday and Saturday nights at the house, Jerry played guitar, Jim played the harmonica, Mike played guitar, Betsy played guitar, and, of course, Dad played guitar. Mom sang her butt off, Dad sang, Betsy sang, Jerry sang, Jim sang, Mike sang. Kelly and I played the wax comb.

PLAYBOY: A couple of you stuck with it.

BROOKS: Betsy was the one who really took it to the extreme. She was playing music in junior high. Betsy couldn't have cared less about high school, couldn't have cared less about anything. She just wanted to play music. And for the past 25 years, Betsy's played every grungy dump to every nice place you could think of. If I had a dollar for every time Betsy played for free, I'd be doing pretty good.

PLAYBOY: You are doing pretty good.

BROOKS: [*Laughs*] If you say that, it's funny. If I said it, I'd get killed.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, did you have many nonmusical heroes?

BROOKS: John Wayne, for sure. I know nothing about John Wayne the man, but the thing that I loved best about him is probably the same thing I love best about my dad: John Wayne's characters knew what was right and wrong, whether they were the good guy or the bad guy. They might not admit it, but they knew it, and you could see it.

But the numero uno guy I fell in love with when I was ten years old was Roberto Clemente. After hearing about his death, hearing he was on his way to work with kids, I just fell in love with him. He went out the way I want to go out: making the last catch, hitting your head on the goalpost and dying in front of 65,000 people. He was flying to help children, and his plane crashed. What a way to go.

So he was my hero, and what came from that was an unbelievable love for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Then in 1974 the Steelers, and in the mid-Eighties the Penguins. I don't know what it is about Pittsburgh. I'm not from there, I have no relatives there, but those are my teams. I don't even have a favorite basketball team, because Pittsburgh doesn't have one.

PLAYBOY: So sports was your passion before music?

BROOKS: Yeah, but the difference between sports and music, which makes me feel like I'm doing what I should be doing, is that in sports I could always see what I needed to do, but I could never do it. One of the greatest minds, to me, is Joe Montana's, because he knows what he needs to do and he does it. There's a saying that many great athletes, especially quarterbacks, live by: I'd rather be behind with two minutes to go and have the football than be ahead and not have the ball. When you have that attitude you know you're going to win. And I could never do that as an athlete. I'd much rather not have the ball and be 150 points ahead with two minutes left. Sports didn't last long for me. I was fortunate that sports paid for some of my college, but that was pretty much the end of it.

PLAYBOY: When did you discover sex?

BROOKS: As in virginity loss? Ooh, that's a tough one. [*Pauses*] The reason it's tough is that kids today need to know, especially since it's a matter of life and death, that holding off is all right. They don't need to hear that people who are role models, whether they want to be or not, lost it maybe before they were ready to handle it.

PLAYBOY: Are you hinting that you had sex before you were ready?

BROOKS: Well, I'll just tell you that I waited until I thought the time was right, and it was.

PLAYBOY: You've been described as

having been a "polite womanizer" when you were in your teens and 20s.

BROOKS: A polite womanizer? I'm not sure what it means to be a womanizer, but I've always enjoyed females. I've always thought they were extremely intelligent, extremely sensitive. I just always want to be around them. Something about them is so cool. Back when we were just starting out, I was at a dinner, and Emmylou Harris was at the same table. And her date was all over her. I don't know if this guy was her husband or what, but he was not conducting himself in a manner you would think would be right at the time. He leaned over to say something to her, and she didn't look at him, she just held up one finger. And bam, he was a perfect guy the rest of the night. [*Laughs*] I enjoy women.

PLAYBOY: Were drinking or drugs ever a problem?

BROOKS: No, not at all. I've always despised drugs. I don't know why. Just hated them with a passion. And alcohol, for some reason, has never been a big thing to me. I guess it's from working in clubs and working as a bouncer. You had to clean up every night, and you'd go out and dump the trash. And when you mix all that alcohol together, it makes the worst smell in the world.

PLAYBOY: And as a bouncer you spend a lot of time dealing with drunks——

BROOKS: Yeah, and I sure didn't want to be like them. That's a gig I'd never, ever do again. Even if I didn't have a dime, I'd never do it.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do it then?

BROOKS: I thought it was cool. It was something neat to do, and you got paid for it. And all my buddies were there, because the bar owners hire all the athletes to do it. It was safe, because I had a lot of friends around me. Also, I learned that it's not too bad to be a small bouncer, because the customers want to pick on the big guys. They want to take the big guy out. So I danced a lot, shot a lot of pool. It was like a vacation for me.

PLAYBOY: In the mid-Seventies, you went to a lot of rock concerts. During that time, did you ever think that's what you wanted to do?

BROOKS: When I saw Queen I pretty much thought, Man, this is the feeling I want. But I didn't know how to get it. And when I heard George Strait in the early Eighties, that was it. I said, "There's my way: country music." But I was worried, because when you play country music you pretty much stand there. Then I saw Dwight Yoakam and I said, "Hey, he ain't just standing there. He's all over the place." I watched him do his gig, and I said, "That's it, that's what I'm gonna do. I'll do country music and I'll be all over the place. We'll pump it up and do everything that a late-Seventies arena rock show did, except that what comes out of the speakers will be pure country." And that's what happened.

PLAYBOY: The first time you went to Nashville, you lasted less than a day. Were you expecting doors to open immediately?

BROOKS: I really thought there'd be a line where you go and play.

PLAYBOY: You had a meeting at the offices of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers with Merlin Littlefield, who said, "Maybe you should go back home." And you did. Why did it take only one person to send you packing?

BROOKS: I am not being funny when I tell you that I was just naive as hell. I had never been out of the state of Oklahoma until I went to Nashville. I was naive and blind to how things work, and I thought this guy's word was law.

PLAYBOY: When you went back a couple of years later, what did you have that you didn't have the first time?

BROOKS: For one, I had my wife with me. And you know how if something's really good in your history, it just gets better over time, and if something's really bad it just gets worse? I figured I had seen the animal as ugly as it could get. So I was scared, but at the same time I thought, "Well, let's see what else is out there."

PLAYBOY: It took a couple more years, but you finally got a record deal and a $10,000 advance.

BROOKS: More than I was making in a year, right there in one day.

PLAYBOY: Did you run out and buy extravagant things?

BROOKS: My lawyer's bill and my management concession were $4000. So I had $6000 in the bank. The night I got the check, I went home and said, "Honey, what is wrong with your face?" And Sandy started bawling. She had lost muscle control on one side of her face. So I took her to the hospital, and they had to run an MRI on her and a CAT scan. We had no insurance. The bill was $6000. It was Bell's palsy, but Sandy was over it in two months. And by that time, everything was pretty cool and rolling.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel making your first album?

BROOKS: I felt like we were getting ready to do what nobody does: George Strait meets late-Seventies rock and roll. Looking back, that album seems stone traditional compared with everything else I've done.

PLAYBOY: Your first number one hit, *If Tomorrow Never Comes*, was written after you watched your wife sleeping and imagined what would happen if you died that night. That's a pretty morbid inspiration for a love song.

BROOKS: Early in my career, long before

the record deals came, I had a severe problem dealing with death. A friend of mine died, and a roommate was killed. And for some reason, all my songs were about mortality. I had a buddy from home who said, "What's the deal with death you got going here?" I said, "It's really no deal with death. It's just real life to me, and I'm accepting that." I had a song called *Lord, Let Me Wake Up Alone*, about a guy who goes to bed with a woman for the first time after his wife has died. And he knows that his wife will never be the last woman he's slept with. Now, that's pretty dark and morbid. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Your breakthrough album was your second, *No Fences*. Did that album feel special to you when you were making it?

BROOKS: Yeah, very special. In fact, I rehearsed a proposal for that album to my label. I had Boston's *Boston*, Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* and one more album, I think it was Peter Frampton's *Frampton Comes Alive*. I was going to show them those album covers, and then show *No Fences*. I felt like that was the class the album was in, meaning what it could sell. And the difference between *No Fences* and my other records is that *Fences* never went away. It's still there and still moving product. It's amazing. I truly love *Fences*.

PLAYBOY: Which must have made it a hard act to follow.

BROOKS: Just the pressure I put on myself. But *Ropin' the Wind* did extremely well. If there's an album that I'm most proud of in terms of how it competed with other albums, it's *Ropin' the Wind*. I called it the Cheerios of country music, because at that time, Cheerios was doing an ad where you push a Cheerio down in a bowl of milk and it pops back up. What happened was that U2 came out, slammed in at number one, and *Ropin'* popped back up. Michael Jackson did the same. They just kept coming. I think it traded places six or seven times. That album spent 18 or 19 weeks at number one, while six or seven of the world's biggest artists released things. So I was extremely proud of that. And that was the attitude I had with *The Chase*. We came in at number one. Then came an album called *The Bodyguard*. I thought, OK, come on. We'll take your best shot and we'll get back up there. Now, I am a Whitney Houston fan till the day she dies, I am a Kevin Costner fan till the day he dies, but at the same time I was like, "*Bodyguard*, move over." But it stayed at number one.

PLAYBOY: Before *The Chase* came out, hadn't you planned to call it *Let It Ride*, as a sign that you were becoming less competitive?

BROOKS: Yeah. I thought maybe what I should do was just quit with *Ropin' the Wind* and *No Fences* and go be with my little girl. I said, "Shoot, man, everything's gone well for you. Roll the dice one more time and let it ride." And then it hit me that I was nowhere finished until God told me I was finished. And I said, "You fool. You ran so hard, and right now, in the middle of the chase, you're thinking it's over." The chase, that's what I'm in. That's where the title came from. And *The Chase*, to me, is such a relaxed album, despite coming at a time of almost personal crisis for me.

PLAYBOY: The crisis over becoming a father?

BROOKS: The war within me. Sandy had trouble with her pregnancy, and I was wondering from one day to the next, Am I going to have a wife at all? Am I going to have a wife and a baby? Is the baby going to be OK?

Also, I felt like a chump at my record label. I love my record-label people, but what I saw was a label move from Music Row to the penthouse of one of the most beautiful buildings in Nashville. I saw two or three labels spin off of that one label, and I saw a report that said my sales were 64 or 68 percent of the bottom line of the label. And no one had come up to me and said, "Look, we don't owe you this, but here's a little something extra in thanks." Which they didn't have to do—but being an employer myself, it's one of the greatest compliments you can pay an employee. So I told them, "I want to put my heart and soul into this, but I sure feel like a chump, you know." I guess that's bad for me to feel that way, because the music and the reward from the fans and my God-given talent should be enough. But for some reason, and I can't explain it, I felt like a chump. So I started going through a record renegotiation at the same time all that was happening.

"He knows that his wife will never be the last woman he's slept with. Now, that's pretty dark and morbid."

PLAYBOY: The deal you negotiated with your label went in the opposite direction of most other big-money deals in recent years. You didn't take any money up front, and you pay for all your recording costs yourself, but in return you get an extremely high royalty rate.

BROOKS: The deal showed me that these guys had faith in what I could do. There were no big bucks exchanged, just the promise of "The more work you do, the more you'll see for it." And I firmly believe that if every record label had the deal with its artists that my record label has with me, they would all break even or turn a profit, simply because my label is not out any cost when an item hits the streets. If it doesn't sell, I don't make a dime. And if it does, then we both make a wonderful profit.

PLAYBOY: But most artists cannot afford to make a deal like that, because only successful musicians can pay their own recording costs.

BROOKS: True. But the artist should not be a slave to the record label. They should work together. And I think the first deal an artist signs with a record label basically makes him a slave. It's common that in a record deal for a new artist, the label gets a percentage of the artist's writing, and it gets a percentage of the artist's concessions. That's bullshit. New artists get hammered. It's only fair that if the artist hits, the artist hammers back.

PLAYBOY: You're known for keeping the prices low on your concert tickets, which sell for about half the going rate.

BROOKS: Thank you.

PLAYBOY: But with *Ropin' the Wind* and *The Chase*, your record label raised the list prices a dollar more than other CDs.

BROOKS: [*Sighs*] Yes.

PLAYBOY: Should you have done anything? Could you have done anything?

BROOKS: Man, I did. I screamed, I begged, I pleaded with the record company. On *Ropin' the Wind* the answer was, "We'll give you a dollar for every complaint you have." And the guy took a dollar out and said to me, "You're the first one. Here's a dollar." Nine million copies later. . . . Then they did it on *The Chase* and I bitched and screamed. And that time I got a lot of complaints about the price. The last one, they dropped the price 20 cents or something.

My record label is just a record label and it's its own company. I control my T-shirt prices and my ticket prices. The things I can't get ahold of are my CD and cassette prices. And if I had my way, I wouldn't compete with the other prices. I'd just blow the shit out of them. Now, if you look at it on a comparative basis—and I'm not defending the record labels at all—you can go to a movie, and if it's bad and you're with a date, you walk out with nothing to show for 15 bucks. But with a CD, at least you have something in your hand at the end. If you don't like it, that's going to lead to reselling that CD. And I have a big problem with that. So it's a tough call for me.

PLAYBOY: You're an outspoken opponent of selling used CDs, but you've just hit on a prime argument in its favor: At $15 apiece, new CDs are too expensive for

people to take many chances, especially on new artists.

BROOKS: And 15 bucks, I think we all know, is a pretty midline price.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't hurt you, because your fans are devoted enough to spend that $15. But you're also a big fan of Chris LeDoux, a singer a lot of your fans would probably like if they heard him. Banning the sale of used CDs might eliminate a way for people to take a chance on lesser-known artists such as LeDoux.

BROOKS: I understand, but resold CDs have to come with compensation for the people who make the music. You know, I've heard people compare them to a thousand things, and the comparisons just don't hold up. I've heard, "Old money-grabber Brooks is at it again. If I go down and buy a car, I can turn around and sell that car. What's the difference?" The difference is plain and simple: A car will depreciate, where a CD, if taken care of, won't. Another thing is, you can't go home and reproduce that car in 30 minutes and bring back the new one. There's nothing that you can sell in today's market and still have it after you sell it. That's exactly what music is.

I'm sorry, man, I'm an average guy. If I can buy this CD, go home and make a perfectly great copy of it, and then you're going to give me money back on this thing—shit yes, I'm going to do that. I can't blame the people who buy used CDs. But used CDs are up to 20 percent of some people's bottom line, and mass retail hasn't hit it yet. What's going to happen then? It's going to go through the ceiling.

PLAYBOY: Is it? A mainstream record store needs to carry any album its customers are looking for. But used CD retailers are limited to whatever people don't want. That suggests that the market for used CDs won't grow the way you envision.

BROOKS: For the sake of the whole industry, I truly hope you're right. I hope the percentage is small. But so far everything I have seen points to the opposite. This thing is getting huge, and it could get so big that we can't fight it.

PLAYBOY: Your distributor, CEMA, along with several others, tried to fight it by withholding co-op advertising dollars from stores that sold used CDs. But some retail chains sued for restraint of trade, and all the labels backed off.

BROOKS: I saw so many things after the litigation saying that CEMA and Liberty Records and Garth Brooks lost, that they've changed their view on it. Let's make it very plain: I have not changed my view at all. People who sell used CDs are screwing people who write the songs and play on records and need that money to feed their families. And there's no way I can see that any different. If they want to compensate these people, then let them sell used CDs all they want.

PLAYBOY: You felt misrepresented in the press on that issue. Do you often feel that way?

BROOKS: Well, I'm a happy guy, but, unfortunately, a lot of what the media focus on are dark things. I'd like people to see that I enjoy life and I'm happy. I mean, look at this gig. It's like the joke about sex and pizza: Even when it's bad, this gig is great. And when it's great, man, it's rockin'.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever bothered by labels like the Pillsbury Cowboy, or other comments and jokes about your weight?

BROOKS: Not really, but they had a tape going around called *Girth Brooks*. They changed all the songs, like *Thunder Rolls* was *Buttered Rolls*. Actually, a big turning point in my life was when this was playing on my bus. I was laughing at it, and Chris LeDoux and his bunch were on the bus. Everybody got through laughing, and Chris looked at me and in front of everybody said, "Man, doesn't that bother you?" And I lied to him. I said, "No, it doesn't bother me," when inside it was killing me. So the whole time I was losing weight, I kept remembering that tape, and I kept remembering Chris LeDoux, over the roar of the bus engine, no smile on his face, calling me out.

PLAYBOY: Do awards mean as much to you as they used to?

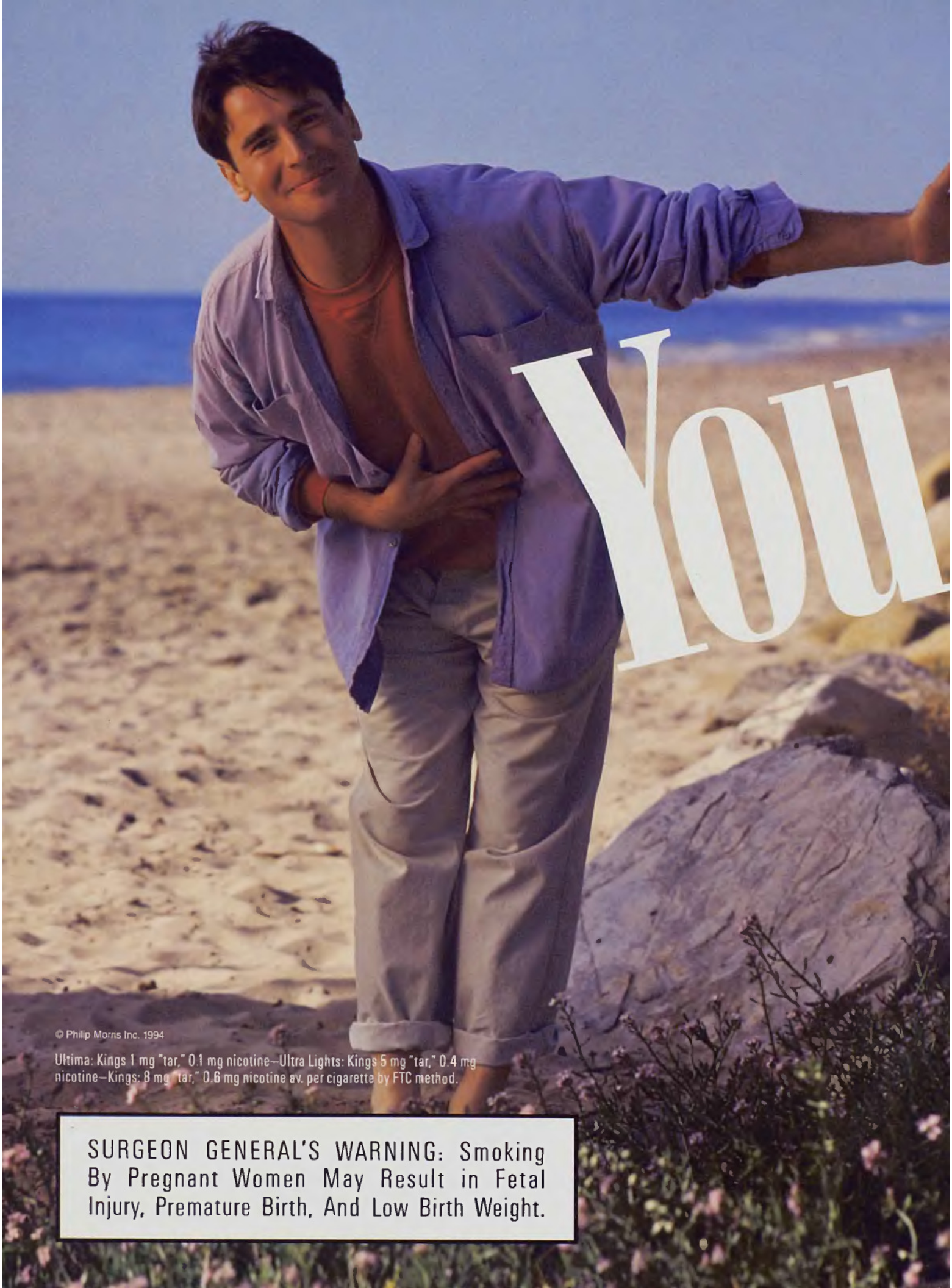
Our Master Distiller meticulously samples every batch of bourbon 11 times before it's bottled.

We have a very low turnover in Master Distillers.

WILD TURKEY

101 proof, real Kentucky.

Wild Turkey® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 50.5% Alc./Vol. (101°). Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, KY. © 1994 Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.



© Philip Morris Inc. 1994

Ultima: Kings 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: Kings 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

can do it!

You can switch down

to lower tar and still get

satisfying taste.

Low Lower Lowest

You've got MERIT

BROOKS: This is a tough one. There are things we have won that meant the world to me. And then I find the industry giving those awards to someone I don't respect. If they give an award that I've won in the past to the last person I'd have given that award to, then the award doesn't really mean that much. When they're working for you, awards and charts mean the world. When they're not, they mean nothing. I said that a long time ago, of course, but I didn't believe it then.

PLAYBOY: Last fall you were shut out at the Country Music Association awards ceremony, where you had won the Entertainer of the Year award two years in a row.

BROOKS: You can't help but wonder if the industry is telling you, "OK, Garth, it's time to get out of the way now." One of my teachers in college said if you're in the entertainment business, you have an ego problem. I agree with that. I like to be recognized, I like to be stroked, I like to be rewarded. So when you don't win Entertainer of the Year after winning it a couple of years, you wonder. But actually it feels pretty damn good to be the underdog. It feels good to see signs in the audience that say, YOU'RE OUR ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR. Wow, man, that feels like four years ago.

PLAYBOY: Except that four years ago you didn't have this much money, or a movie deal with Disney.

BROOKS: Yeah, I have a wonderful vehicle for movies coming up. The movie company allows me to direct if I want to and stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have strong ideas about the kinds of movies you want to make?

BROOKS: I think I'll approach it the same way I approach music. The movies I make have to be very real. And that's a big stumbling block in a lot of screenplays. I understand that this is Hollywood, where dreams are 50 feet tall and 80 feet wide. But it has to be real. I mean, I'm the worst at sitting in a movie theater, loving the movie, and then something happens that just wouldn't happen. And no matter what happens after that, I can't enjoy the movie.

PLAYBOY: Any examples?

BROOKS: Well, you know, I've seen movies where the bad guy has the good guy totally disarmed and the good guy is hanging off a cliff or something, and then out of nowhere a flying squirrel happens to fly into a gas tank that has the lid off it, and the car blows up and flips and causes an earthquake and everything is crumbled except the one rock the guy's holding on to, so he's the one who lives in the end. That kind of thing really destroys me, man. [*Laughs*] It doesn't bother Sandy at all when things aren't real. The thing that bothers her is my saying, "Oh, come on." She says, "Shut up, Garth. I'm trying to enjoy the movie."

PLAYBOY: With another child on the way, are you going to take more time off?

BROOKS: Well, right before we took the six months off, my producer, Allen Reynolds, said, "You like to be a success in pretty much everything you do, don't you?" And I gave him the old speech: "Hey, if you ain't going to be the best, why dress up and go out there?" He says, "Well, pal, let me tell you something: You stink at relaxing." I was laughing, but I was pissed at the same time. I felt like, "I'm as good as anybody else at relaxing." And then it hit me: I did stink at relaxing. I'm an extremist, so I always thought relaxing meant wasting time. And relaxing simply means just that—relaxing. So I worked on it. I am proud to say I am now as good at relaxing as anybody. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you stink at now?

BROOKS: Yeah. I stink at telling my wife exactly how I feel. I stink at being there for my wife and listening when she talks. I suck at communicating with the people I truly love and care for. And I have a bad problem of just running and expecting everyone else to follow. I do that a lot with my crew, and they are professional enough to keep up with me. But I need to work on that, too. I've never had any problem telling the press how I feel, but for some crazy reason I have a problem telling people who are real close to me how I feel.

"When they're working for you, awards and charts mean the world. When they're not, they mean nothing."

PLAYBOY: Are you worried about losing some of the drive you had when you started?

BROOKS: Well, you're going to lose it. Our guitar player, James Garver, heard *The Chase*, and before he could catch himself, he said, "I don't understand why artists do something that makes them famous and then you never hear it again." He thought it hurt me, but it didn't. I knew the answer, because I'd asked myself that same question. I read an interview where Fleetwood Mac said they could have made another album like *Rumours*, but they'd already made one, so they made something that they enjoyed. And as a fan, I never really forgave them for that. I was thinking, If you can make another *Rumours*, make five more of them. But then I thought about it, and I said to James, "Pal, what I have found is that if you're a mountain climber, once you climb a mountain, you really want to climb another mountain."

PLAYBOY: A bigger mountain?

BROOKS: I have totally new goals now. All the goals I used to have I was able to accomplish. So I needed to set new goals, and my first mistake was just setting larger numbers in the same industry. That was extremely shortsighted of me. Even if you reach those goals, you're still in the same place you were.

PLAYBOY: For the first time since you started, you're not planning to put out an album this year.

BROOKS: Yeah. The reason there won't be an album is that the head of my label said, "Look, since 1989 you've put out six pieces of product, not including videos. I think the market's ready for a break. Why don't we not deliver in 1994 and see what happens from there on?" So that's the attitude we're taking. I'm going to record music, but as far as the future is concerned, I don't know. I hope it's family, and if it also includes music, then the luckiest man in the world just continued his streak.

PLAYBOY: Can you really envision a future without music?

BROOKS: I'll never see the future without music in my house. But yeah, I can see the industry and the people being through with me. Sure.

PLAYBOY: But country musicians often have long careers. Look at Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard or Johnny Cash.

BROOKS: I don't see myself in that way. For me to stay in the business, I would have to do it with some kind of success. And yeah, man, if I had the talent of Johnny Cash or Merle Haggard, sure. But I'm not those guys. Those guys are legends, and those guys know how to be legends. It's like my not being in the same class with Joe Montana. I was right about the athletic thing, and I'm right about this. I don't know what the future holds, but as long as this thing is supposed to last, it's going to last. When it's over, it'll be over. Now, I guess it'll take us a little while to realize it's over. When you go out and play for five people in a 17,000-seat coliseum, you have to look for these signs.

[*Laughs*] Ever see *The Man with Two Brains*? Steve Martin is looking at his dead wife's picture, and he says, "If there's some sign for me not to marry this girl, let me know." And the picture starts spinning and the wall cracks, shit's flying all over. Then it calms down and he says, "*Any* sign. I'll be looking for a sign." So yeah, I'll be looking for subtle hints.

Designed in Italy, to endure

wind, sun, rain,

and blood that runs just a few degrees

above

boiling.

Cavriana by Gargoyles. A line of sunglasses designed and hand-crafted in Italy. Made with the finest materials; Gold, Italian Crystal, Carbon Fiber, and Mazzucchelli Demi Amber. Created with the commitment to quality you expect from the Gargoyles name. This is where fashion and function come together beautifully.

Cavriana

CAVRIANA by GARGOYLES

visibly superior

SHE LOGGED ON TO THE SUPERHIGHWAY, STRAIGHT INTO THE SMARTEST, SEXIEST, WEIRDEST ALL-NIGHT PARTY IN THE NATION, AND NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM: GETTING HOME

ILLUSTRATION BY JOEL NAKAMURA

CONfessions OF AN INTERNET JUNKIE

article

By J.C. HERZ

IT'S FIVE A.M. and I'm still on the Net. My eyes are unfocusing, and my mind is getting ready to do the same. I compose talk show commercials and public service announcements in my head:

"It started innocently enough. 'Kim' got a computer account in college and began experimenting with a vast computer network known as the Internet. Gradually, she became dependent on her daily fix. She was soon spending the wee hours of the morning glued to her computer screen. Sleep and nutrition were relegated to scattered naps and Cup-o-Noodles. Her grades went out the window. She was [host pauses for dramatic effect] an Internet junkie. Join us next time, when we talk with netaholics."

•

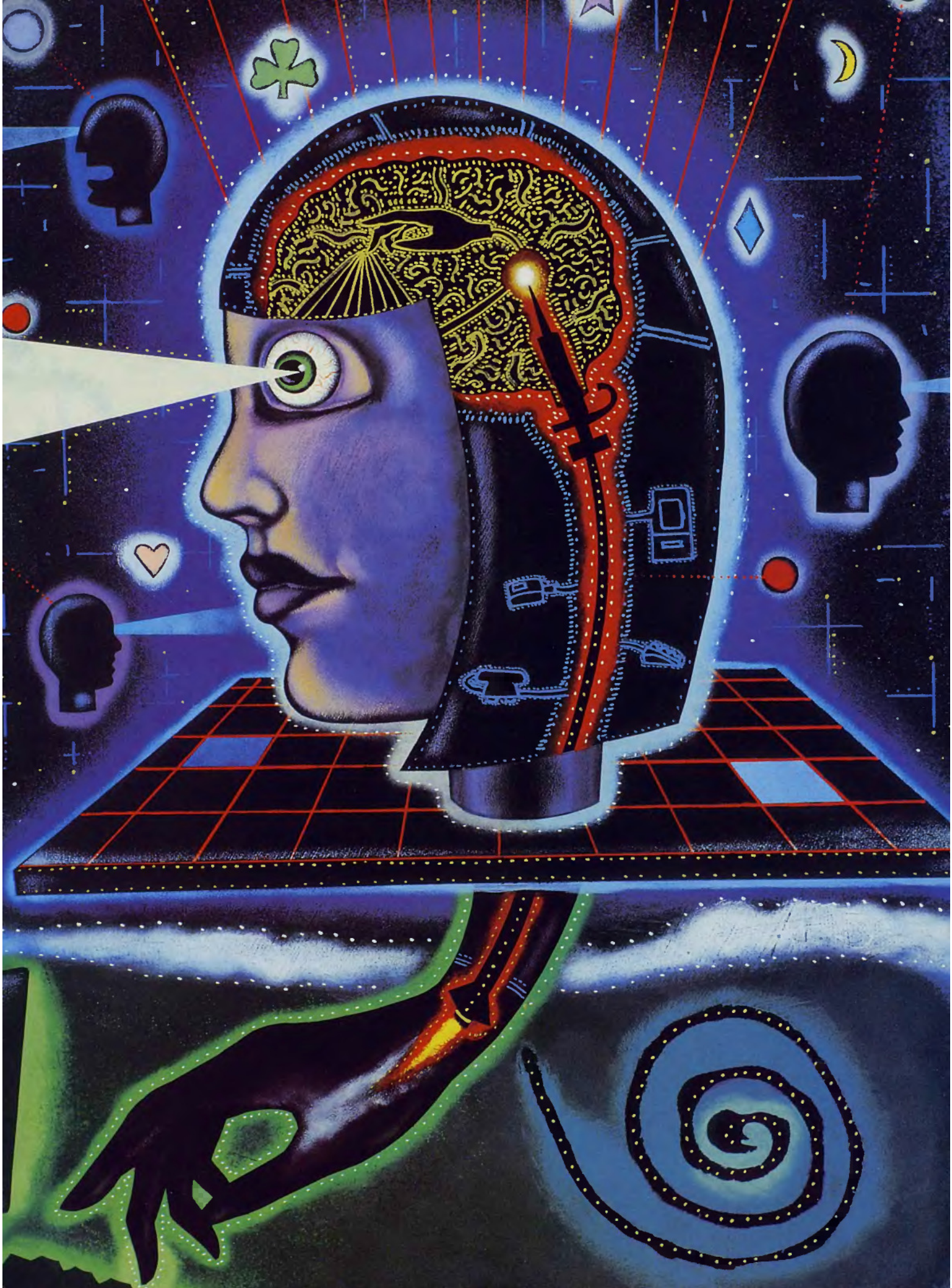
The Internet is not an on-line service or even a single computer network. It is a web of systems linked together by software and phone lines. Built over the bones of a Defense Department computer experiment, the Net now reaches some 20 million people in more than a hundred countries and continues to spread, bloblike, from major cities to the Third World to Smalltown, U.S.A. You could fit CompuServe, America Online, Prodigy, the Empire State Building, the Grand Canyon, Willard Scott and a year's supply of Jolt Cola inside the Internet and still have plenty of room left under your seat and in the overhead luggage compartment.

Why has the Net become such a teeming digital terrarium?

Can you say "addictive," boys and girls? I knew you could.

Can you say "complimentary samples for the kiddies"?

At any medium-size university, Internet access is high-grade, universal and free. College students start using it the way I did, to e-mail ex–high school classmates, long-distance lovers and buddies in far-flung foreign exchange programs. Using the university supercomputer to say "Put a shrimp



on the barbie for me at U. Melbourne, you lucky bastard" certainly beats the hell out of paying for phone calls to Australia. And people who never, ever write letters—people whose very literacy was once in doubt—become prolific Internet correspondents. Why? Because netting is the ultimate procrastination. You're right there at your computer. A few simple keystrokes will keep that pesky take-home midterm at bay. ("Why don't I just e-mail Ted to remind him that my team wiped the floor with his team last night?")

•

It didn't take me long to exhaust e-mail, though. I knew only so many people with computer accounts, and I was in constant communication with all of them. I had a choice: Get back to work, or see what else the Net might have to offer. Opting for the latter, I stumbled into Unix one night and accidentally punched up the Internet gateway. It looked curious, so I opened it and logged on, at which point my computer did its best impression of Heather ("They're here") O'Rourke in *Poltergeist*.

My screen began to scroll up and up and up for minutes, spewing thousands of news-group headings, including a Church of the Subgenius bulletin board, five or six Barney the dinosaur vigilante hate groups, a pirate radio forum and the Alok Vijayvargia fan club. The index was breathtaking. It read like some whacked-out librarian had taken a few hits of crystal meth, decided that computer languages, television, fan clubs and sex—in that order—were the definitive human pursuits and overhauled the Dewey decimal system accordingly.

I picked one doorway at random and found myself in the middle of a raging news-group debate on the questionable legality and ethics of Internet chain letters. I backed out, ran to another data door and opened it. Same thing, different subject. I checked out another, and another. When I looked up, it was 4:30 A.M. I was euphoric. I walked home through the predawn mist, through the sodium light, through the sprinklers. They were on. I didn't care. I couldn't sleep. All that I could think about were artillery aficionados butting heads with tree-hugging homosexual Quakers, my newfound ability to surf from a gourmet vegetarian round-robin to e-zines and volume upon volume of Chia Pet trivia. (I would later discover that everything on the Home Shopping Network has been fetishized in some nook of the news-group universe.)

I sit, rapt, as one manic netter crafts a chilling QVC psychodrama: Lorena Bobbitt, having lashed Billy Idol to the kitchen sink with Topsy Tail hair tools, brandishes a Flowbie and threatens to dismember him for whorishly appropriating the term cyberpunk.

I love Usenet. It is the sluice and the slush pile into which all media flow. This is the place where a lifetime of cable television, blockbuster movies, video games and advertorials, having fermented during endless Western Civ lectures and brain-rot summer vacations, finally bursts forth.

Elvis has been spotted a few thousand times on Usenet. Jesus shows up occasionally. But that's not surprising, considering half the people on the Net think they are Jesus. The place has a messianic streak a mile wide.

Case in point: alt.religion.kibology is a news group revolving around the slavish worship of Internet legend James "Kibo" Parry and the study of his personal quirks. For reasons unknown, Kibo has amassed a huge following of Net acolytes who simply must know the answers to questions like: What is Kibo's hat size? Who is his favorite Monkee? What is his favorite episode of *Davey and Goliath*? Queries often end with a polite kowtow: "Kibo is God."

In the future, everyone will have his own news group.

For a pop culture scavenger, Usenet is the mother lode. There is a strong temptation to live on it. It offers channel-surfing to the nth degree, remote-control narcosis taken to a higher level. TV plods along from week to week. Reruns happen only once a day. But Usenet goes as fast as you can absorb it. It stones you with an accelerating sense of information overload.

To chill out from Usenet flamefests, I usually hit Internet Relay Chat, the Net's real-time ham radio analogue. It has news-talk channels, sex channels (euphemistically known as "hot tubs") and conference channels where people have meetings and get actual work done. IRC is a notch more interactive than Usenet—five simultaneous conversations are feasible—but it's surprisingly mellow compared with the manic rants on Usenet. Even so, some people spend all night on IRC. IRC addicts tend to lean harder on the Net than do Usenet grazers.

But they're both lightweights next to MUD junkies. MUDs, Multi-User Dungeons, are the hardest stuff on the Net. They go beyond IRC's warren of chat rooms into a more intense idiom: virtual space. That is, you have to walk through room B in order to get from room A to room C. When you log on to a MUD, you're confronted with architecture: rooms, tunnels, floors, corners to turn, doors to open, inanimate objects to trip over or step around. Four people in different countries can meet in a MUD room, exit through four different MUD doors and go their separate ways, only to bump into one another some time later in another part of the MUD.

For the dungeon programmer, the tradeoff is this: grades and sleep in return for a custom-built world in which he is an omniscient, omnipotent god, a Mr. Roarke to the MUD player's Fantasy Island tourist. A MUD of one's own is a source of intellectual joy and pride. It's also a control trip. Not surprisingly, plenty of college and grad students blow off homework to tinker with their MUDs, to make them bigger, more detailed, more complex, more perfect. On a compelling MUD, netters will build crawlways, catwalks and condos and generally swarm around talking and fighting and screwing and killing one another. At which point the MUD god can sit back, grin from ear to megalomaniacal ear and have Tattoo fetch him a frozen cocktail.

Pretty soon, the MUD some comp-sci student started as a diversion is taking up a good chunk of the university computer's brainpower and telephone bandwidth. In some cases, the cortex of a MUD grows so labyrinthine that it overwhelms its computer site like a vine, blossoming beautifully as it strangles its host. For this reason MUDs have been banned in Australia and at a growing number of small liberal arts colleges.

But more MUDs pop up every day, based on MUD gods' programming talent and a faith that if you build it, they will come, and that if it's a really good MUD, they'll stay. I met a character in Cyberion City who had built a house there—a house, as in floor plan and interior decoration. The living room, I recall, showcased a rare Jim Morrison photo, an extensive set of Miró prints and a framed Woodstock ticket stub.

I complimented my host on his interior-design flair. We chatted. He'd just finished building the virtual pad. He had construction plans for a *Wild Palms* theme park in the backyard but didn't have enough of the MUD's internal currency and was still saving up. We talked music, work, politics.

See, once you stash away the fact that it's all a Fig Newton of your imagination—once you accept the premise of MUD—it's all over. You're yammering away with the fantasy personalities of strangers as if they're block captains of the local homeowner's association. Your neighbors are people with names like Digital Blade and Doktor Nuke, and it all seems completely normal.

(continued on page 168)

"By God, if I, Leo Morris, am not the king of the marriage counselors, I don't know who is."

Some Like It Hot

the incendiary charms of female firefighters

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY

Traci Jai Isaacs (above) tames a surging flame. From top to bottom in the column at right, meet Amy Jorgensen, a crack firefighter for the U.S. Forest Service who hops helicopters into infernos in Grand Teton Park and hikes out when things cool; Tara Mahon, the first woman in her fire company; Donna Lee Pruett, who likes the rush of battling blazes; Heather Ashli, fighter of brush fires in central Florida; and Tracy Trautman, a volunteer firefighter who was once showered with debris from an exploding gas station.

THESE women really do like it hot. They like it so much, in fact, that they helicopter into mountain blazes, rappel down burning buildings and crash through flaming floors. They do it for the adventure, the camaraderie and the pure thrill of saving lives. Off the job, they bungee jump, scuba dive, rock climb, hunt sharks or hone karate moves. They are the kind of women you wouldn't mind sharing a foxhole with or having at your back in a tough bar. They are the best possible outcome of dialing 911.

Donna Lee Pruett, a firefighter and emergency medical technician in central Florida, set out to be a paramedic before being bit by the fire bug.

"It was such a high to do this. I thought, Forget the paramedic stuff. I just want to be a firefighter," says Donna. "You're in there with this fire. It's just like *Backdraft*. It is a living, moving, breathing thing. It walks right up the wall in front of you and onto the ceiling. It's awesome."

Ah. Young women and fire.

Make no mistake, these are the femmes facing fatalities, women who taste smoke, tote heavy gear and take every risk. "It gets hot," says Pruett. "And if you're not careful and you stand up in a room that's burning, you can singe your ears."

(text concluded on page 168)

Traci Jai Isaacs (left) loves the hurly-burly of firefighting. "It makes you feel very alive when there's all that chaos. I love the feeling of being in the center of the action." Amy Jorgensen (below and right) stays in shape by exercising her 125-pound Samoyed. The dog's name is Fjales. That's Danish for "to have fun."

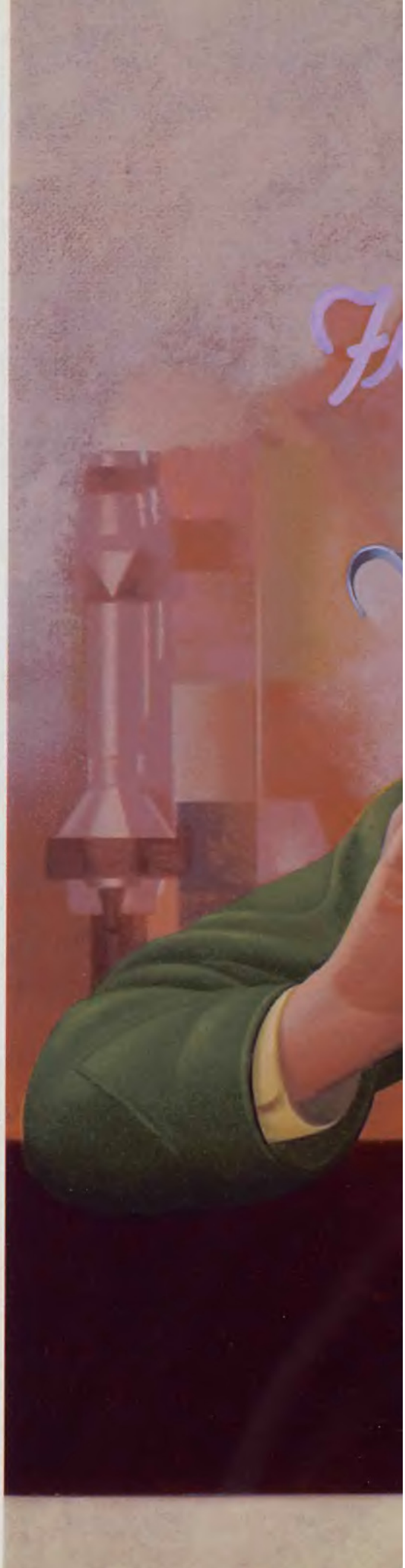
Tara Mahon (above), a volunteer firefighter in New Jersey, chills out on the beach. "There's a stereatype of female firefighters—they have ta be 300 pounds and brutelike," she says. "I'm hoping this layout will change that image." Donna Lee Pruett (below) is poised at the pole, the universal symbol af a firefighter's readiness. On the job, Donna aften has to lug gear equal ta her 104 paunds. To keep up with the men in her company, "I have ta use more technique, more leverage," she says. Heather Ashli's truck-stopping stance (right) epitamizes her ga-for-it, seize-the-day ethas. During her hours away from the firehouse, she enjoys bungee jumping and karate. Mercurial about her life plans, she dreams of saving dolphins, and once turned a three-week European vacation inta a three-manth romp.

The guys at Tracy Trautman's fire company in rural Pennsylvania have promised her that these two pages will have a place of honor at the firehouse. When Tracy isn't unspooling hoses at fire scenes, she's tapping beers and mixing margaritas at the company's in-station bar.

DRUGSTORE MARINE

article by **DAVID HACKWORTH**

ollie north is a fake and a dupe. just ask the dope dealers and dictators who conned him



LET ME TRY to describe Oliver North in a few fast bursts. He's a jackass. He is so preposterous that there is a temptation to laugh at him. He's smarmy, a flatterer, a brownnoser. He's also a twisted impostor, a drugstore Marine with an apparent compulsion to bullshit just about all the time. But while he tries to fool people with his fantasies, he is also very easy to fool. He boasts that he was a can-do guy when he was in the White House, but the record spells no-can-do. North did terrible damage to the U.S. until he was caught. One thread runs through his performance—getting conned. The Iranians conned him, the contras conned him, the crooked arms dealers conned him and even Manuel Antonio Noriega conned him.

North is also one of the most dangerous men in America today.

I've talked with him only once, by telephone on Michael Jackson's radio talk show on KABC in Los Angeles. I had done my homework and wasn't surprised when North put on his usual act. By the time I debated him I had talked with dozens of Marines and soldiers who knew him, as well as with former National Security Council staff colleagues. I had seen him on countless TV shows, had read about him in several books and hundreds of newspaper and magazine articles. "Does Oliver North Tell the Truth?" was the title of a June 1993 investigation in *Reader's Digest*. The writer, Rachel Wildavsky, presents a watertight case, providing names and dates and plenty of reasons why the answer to the headline is no. My own sources confirmed or amplified what Wildavsky reports: North "could not be believed—even under oath." One of his former colleagues is quoted as saying North "had trouble distinguishing between what was true and what he wished to be true."

In almost 50 years of being around soldiers, I have bumped into my fair share of bullshitters, but Ollie would have to take the

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

FRESH
NANAS
SP

first-place ribbon. His record shows that he is totally untrustworthy.

During the radio show I asked him to clarify a few of the contradictory stories he has told about himself. North bobbed and weaved and said that if we could get together he would explain everything. I don't want to go near the guy, and he can't make facts disappear by trying to flatter me. At the end of the show he said, "I'm under posttraumatic stress disorder from this interview." The fact is that North is the sort of guy who cringes at the truth.

His relationship with Ronald Reagan, for example, was close, according to Ollie. Part of his line is that he persuaded Reagan to invade Grenada in 1983 and that he and Reagan watched the live broadcast of American students returning from Grenada and kissing the tarmac. According to Ollie, Reagan emotionally embraced him. Evidence says that North was never alone with Reagan and that he did not even see the president on the day the students came home. Reagan himself has accused North of making various "false statements."

North was convicted on three different counts: for helping deceive Congress about the Reagan administration's trading arms to Iran for release of hostages, for destroying documents and for illegally accepting a home security system that was paid for by a government contractor (Richard Secord), whom North had brought into his operations. Now he claims he was "exonerated," which is another lie. An appeals court threw out the convictions on a legal technicality.

During the radio show he called his house in Virginia a "plain old farm." Some plain old farm. It cost more than $1 million and comprises nearly 200 acres and a large stone house in one of the plushest areas of Virginia. He ignored my mention of its worth and said, "We have succeeded with a business that I started." True, he did start a business, Guardian Technologies, which manufactures bulletproof vests, but the major sources of his wealth are well known. Within a year of his appearance before Congress, North started what has become a successful fundraising effort (more than $23 million so far) of which he has been the chief beneficiary. The money he received has also funded his campaign to be the Republican candidate in Virginia's Senate race this year.

If you think he did a lot of damage as a light colonel with a record of contempt for the law, imagine the trouble he could get us into as a senator and later as President North. Then he wouldn't merely disregard our Constitution—he could burn it.

He probably would not be our first psychopathic president, but he would be the most dangerous.

North has a magic mouth. He's part natural politician and part huckster. He could sell camel shit back to the camels. He has the aura of a savior and he instinctively plays to his audiences. He wants to be looked upon as a military hero, the hairy-chested underdog who can save our country, a kind of leader stud who will follow the example of other warriors who continued to serve and defend our country after they took off their uniforms. North is a perversion of that great tradition.

He was not faithful to the Marine Corps, nor to his country, nor to his God. When he became a Marine he took an oath to "support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic" and to "bear true faith and allegiance" to the Constitution "so help me God." He then proceeded to lie under oath to the Congress and generally treated the Constitution and other laws as obstacles.

What is scary is that North's propaganda has worked on a whole bunch of people whom he has successfully exploited. The perception of many of his devoted flock is that only a strong leader can stop America from being flushed down the toilet.

Like Ross Perot, North is a lightning rod for many people who are dissatisfied with America. But North is a lightning rod that is not grounded, and that kind can start fires. He calls himself a conservative and talks about traditional values, but in fact he has flouted most of them. He should instead call himself a chameleon.

•

The fact that North invokes a warhero image offends me and disgraces all the brave warriors who serve our country with honor, not deception. North is the sort of guy who could give war stories a bad name.

I've spent a lot of my life defending America with either rifle or pen, and I view Ollie as I would a defective weapons system that will blow up when things get hot.

Besides shredding evidence, North shredded the trust that soldiers hold close to God, country and their fellow men. Trust is the glue that causes units to be cohesive and to accomplish the impossible.

Part of North's spiel is that he was a warrior who followed the orders of his masters—the lowly, good Marine who was the fall guy for the White House ratbags.

Nazi generals used the just-following-orders plea when they explained their mass murders. The Uniform Code of Military Justice protects American soldiers from obeying unlawful orders.

There is no sign that Oliver North has changed his mind about our Constitution. If he were elected I have no doubt he would do a constitutional bypass, in the interest of efficiency, on the document that efficiently guarantees our freedom.

North exaggerates his experiences in a way that makes real warriors gag. Lines in his standard speech include references to Marines who "died facedown in the mud" and remarks such as "this old Marine is prepared for the mission ahead." Sanctimonious shit.

North offended many Marines when he showed up for the congressional hearings with his uniform and medals. It was as if he had donned a costume designed to prove he was a hero, and to win sympathy. To the civilian eye, that splattering of fruit salad seemed to confirm the myth he had already spun about himself with the Washington press corps: that he was a leatherneck who had plenty of experience leading men in combat where people get the medals that count.

His Silver Star is no big deal by the standards of the Vietnam war. In Vietnam a total of 21,630 Silver Stars were awarded to Army personnel. Marines received more than 2500. I have nine altogether (five from Korea and four from Vietnam) and gave back a tenth because the action that I was cited for never happened. All too often in Vietnam, officers got medals just for showing up. North also won the Bronze Star. There were 720,000 awarded by the Army during the Vietnam war. No one can count the stunning acts of heroism that took place in Vietnam—heroism that was obscured by the excesses of the medal count. Many Vietnam veterans got medals, but most don't try to exploit them or make more of them than they are worth.

Retired Major General John Singlaub, a man well-known for his physical and moral courage, said, "To people all over the world Ollie North was a hero. But I knew better. There was a wide gap between the media image of Ollie North—the honest, loyal Marine—and the sordid reality of his true character and performance."

•

Let's keep things in perspective. In 1968 and 1969 North spent 12 months in Vietnam. During the first nine months he skippered a rifle platoon on

(continued on page 156)

"It's a book."

TRUNK SHOW

fly south with us
to guadeloupe for a
preview of the latest looks
in men's swimwear

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

TALK ABOUT perks. As winter temperatures hit subzero levels in Chicago and New York, we headed to the golden beaches of Guadeloupe and Club Med Caravelle to shoot the summer's most exciting men's swimwear. Full cut and extending just below mid-thigh, these new styles—which can do double duty as shorts—are a bit longer than last year's volleyball looks yet much shorter than the below-the-knee, hip-hop variations of seasons past. Many trunks also combine lace-up fronts, two-toned panels and other retro-surfer details with functional innovations such as Velcro flys and welt-stitching. An oversized dive watch, which works with both swimwear and sportswear, and a multipocketed fisherman's vest (for toting sunblock, a minidisc player or other toys to the beach) will round out your summer shoreside wardrobe quite nicely.

Great-looking swimsuits that can double as shorts: At left, a pair of mid-thigh-length plaid swim trunks with an elastic drawstring waist, by Polo Ralph Lauren, about $40. (Her one-piece suit is from Michael Kors by Trula.) At right, nylon retro-surfer swim trunks with a shoelace front closure and Velcro fly, by Jimmy Z, about $25. (Her plaid bikini is by Mossima.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Two takes on the latest looks in men's swimsuit comfort: The form-fitting cotton and linen retro-surfer swim trunks at left have a lace-up front, by Emporio Armani swimwear, about $130. Or if you're looking for something a little less confining to hit the beach in, try the full-cut watch-plaid cotton swim trunks, above, with an elastic drawstring waist, from Nautica by David Chu, about $40. (Both of the women's suits are from Michael Kors by Trulo.)

Left: This guy's angel-patterned swim trunks are perfect for a closer relationship with the heavenly body in the black Speedo swimsuit. The trunks come with a front shoelace closure, a Velcro fly and a grommet on the pocket, by Billabong, about $35.

Above: It's a wetting party, Club Med style, and his date has a grip on things—including this pair of trunks, by Rusty, $40, that he's wearing with sunglasses, fram Kata Eyewear by Blake Kuwahara, $275. (Her suit is from Michael Kars by Trulo.)

MAKEUP/HAIR STYLING BY ALEXIS VOGEL

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 165.

BEAT

hepsters, cats and chicks: the road to enlightenment can be a rocky one

fiction by **T. Coraghessan Boyle**

YEAH. I WAS Beat. We were all Beat. Hell, I'm Beat now—is, was and always will be. I mean, how do you stop? But this isn't about me—I'm nobody, really, just window dressing on the whole mother of bop freight-train-hopping holy higher-than-Tokay Beat trip into the heart of the American night. No, what I wanted to tell you about is Jack. And Neal and Allen and Bill and all the rest too, and how it all went down, because I was there, I was on the scene, and there was nobody Beater than me.

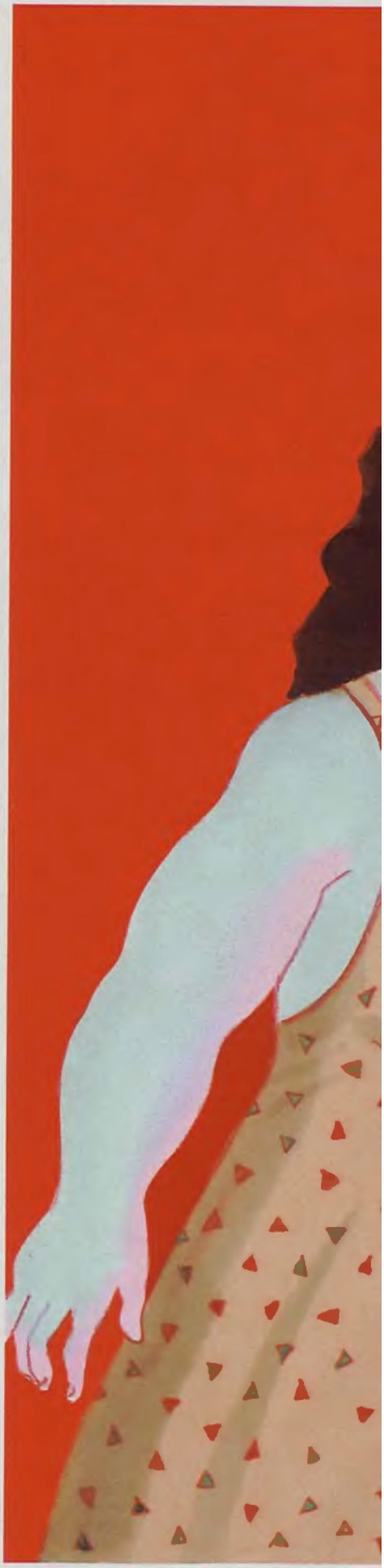
•

Picture this: 17 years old, hair an unholy mess and a little loden-green beret perched on top to keep it in place, 83 cents in my pocket and a finger-greased copy of *The Subterraneans* in my rucksack along with a Charlie Parker disc with enough pops, scratches and white noise worked into the grooves to fill out the soundtrack of an sf flick, hitched all the way from Oxnard, California, and there I am on Jack's front porch in Northport on Long Island, December 23, 1958. It's cold. Bleak. The town full of paint-peeling old monster houses, gray and worn and just plain old, like the whole horse-blindered tired-out East Coast locked in its gloom from October to April with no time off for good behavior. I'm wearing three sweaters under my Levi's jacket and still I'm holding onto my ribs and I can feel the snot crusting round my nostrils and these mittens I bummed from an old lady at the Omaha bus station are stiff with it, and I knock, wondering if there's an officially cool way to knock, a hipster's way, a kind of secret *Dharma Bums* code knock I don't know about.

Knock-knock-knock. Knocka-ta-knockata, knock-knock-knock.

My first surprise was in store: It wasn't Jack, the gone hep satori-seeking poet god of the rails and two-lane blacktop, who answered the door but a big blocky old lady with a face like the bottom of a hiking boot. She was wearing a dress the size of something you'd drape over a car to keep the dust off it, and it was composed of a thousand little red and green triangles with gold trumpets and silver angels squeezed inside of them. She gave me the kind of look that could peel the tread off a recapped tire, the door held just ajar. I shuddered: She looked like somebody's mother.

My own mother was 3000 miles away and so square she was cubed; my dog, the one I'd had since childhood, was dead, flattened out by a big rig the week earlier; and I had flunked English, history, calculus,



art, phys ed, music and lunch. I wanted adventure, the life of the road, free-wheeling chicks in berets and tea and bongos and long benzedrine-inflected bullshit sessions that ran into morning. I wanted Jack and everything he stood for, and here was this old lady. "Uh," I stammered, fighting to control my voice, which was just then deepening from the adolescent squeak I'd had to live with since consciousness had hit, "does, uh, Jack Kerouac live here, I mean, by any chance?"

"Go back where you came from," the old lady said. "My Jacky don't have time for no more of this nonsense." And that was it: She shut the door in my face.

My Jacky!

It came to me then: This was none other than Jack's mother, the bop-nurturing freewheeling wild Madonna herself, the woman who'd raised up the guru and given him form, mother of us all. And she'd locked me out. I'd come 3000 miles, her Jacky was my Jack, and I was cold through to the bone, stone broke, scared, heartsick and just about a lungful of O_2 away from throwing myself down in the slush and sobbing until somebody came and shot me. I knocked again.

"Hey, Ma," I heard from somewhere inside the house, and it was like the rutting call of some dangerous beast, a muted angry threatening bop-benny-and-jug-wine roar, the voice of the man himself. "What the hell is this? I'm trying to concentrate in here."

And then the old lady: "It ain't nothing, Jacky."

Knock-knock. Knockata-knockata, knock-knock-knock. I paradiddled that door, knocked it and socked it, beat on it like it was the bald flat-topped dome of my uptight pencil-pushing drudge of a bourgeois father himself, or maybe Mr. Detwinder, the principal at Oxnard High. I knocked till my knuckles bled, a virtuoso of knocking, so caught up in the rhythm and energy of it that it took me a minute to realize that the door was open and Jack himself was standing there in the doorway. He looked the way Belmondo tried to look in *Breathless*, loose and cool in a rumpled T-shirt and jeans, with a smoke in one hand, a bottle of muscatel in the other.

I stopped knocking. My mouth fell open and the snot froze in my nostrils. "Jack Kerouac?" I said.

He let a grin slide down one side of his mouth and back up the other. "Nobody else," he said.

The wind shot down my collar, I caught a glimpse of colored lights blinking on and off in the room behind him, and suddenly it was all gushing out of me like something I'd been chewing over and digesting all my life: "I hitched all the way from Oxnard and my name's Wallace Pinto but you can call me Buzz and I just wanted to say, I just wanted to tell you——"

"Yeah, yeah, I know," he said, waving a hand in dismissal, and he seemed unsteady on his muscatel-impaired feet, the smoke curling up to snatch at his cracked-blue squinting eyes, the words slow on his lips, heavy, weighted and freighted with the deep everlasting bardic wisdom of the road, the cathouse and the seaman's bar, "but I tell you, kid, you keep drumming on the door like that, you're liable to end up in the hospital"—a pause—"or maybe a jazz combo." I just stood there in a trance until I felt his hand—his *Dharma Bum Subterranean On the Road* bopmaster's gone Mexican-chick-digging hand—take hold of my shoulder and tug me forward, over the threshold and into the house. "You ever been introduced to a true and veritable set of tight-skinned bongos?" he asked, throwing an arm over my shoulder as the door slammed behind us.

•

Two hours later we were sitting in the front room by this totally gone Christmas tree bedecked with cherubim and little Christs and the like, indulging in a poor boy and a joint or two of Miss Green, my Charlie Parker record whizzing and popping on the record player and a whole big pile of red and green construction paper strips growing at our feet. We were making a chain to drape over the Beatest tree you ever saw and the music was a cool breeze fluttering full of Yardbird breath and the smell of ambrosia and manna crept in from the kitchen where *Mémère*, the Beat Madonna herself, was cooking up some first-rate mouth-watering Canuck-style two-days-before-Christmas show. I had not eaten since New Jersey, the morning before, and that was only some pretty piss-poor diner hash fries and a runny solitary egg, and I was cutting up strips of colored paper and pasting them in little circles as Jack's chain grew and my head spun from the wine and the weed.

That big old lady in the Christmas dress just kind of vanished and the food appeared, and we ate, Jack and I, side by side. We left our Beat plates on the sofa, threw our chain on the tree and were just pawing through the coats in the front hallway for another poor boy of sweet Tokay wine when there was a knock at the door. This knock wasn't like my knock. Not at all. This was a delicate knock, understated and minimal, but with a whole deep continent of passion and expectation implicit in it—in short, a feminine knock. "Well," Jack said, his face lit with the Beatest joy at discovering the slim vessel of a pint bottle in the inside pocket of his seaman's peacoat, "aren't you going to answer it?"

"Me?" I said, grinning my Beatest grin. I was in, I was part of it all, I was Jack's confidant and compatriot, and we were in the front hallway of his pad in Northport, Long Island, a fine hot steaming mother-of-Jack-prepared meal in our gone Beat guts, and he was asking me to answer the door—me, 17 years old and nobody. "You mean it?" and my grin widened till I could feel the creeping seeping East Coast chill all the way back to my suburban-dentist-filled molars.

Jack, uncapping, tipping back, passing the bottle: "That's a chick-knock, Buzz."

Me: "I love chicks."

Jack: "A gone lovely spring flower of a beret-wearing flipped long-legged coltish retroussé-nosed run-away-from-home-to-big-Jack-Kerouac chick-knock."

Me: "I am crazy for gone lovely spring flower of a beret-wearing flipped long-legged and coltish retroussé-nosed run-away-from-home-to-big-Jack-Kerouac chicks."

Jack: "Then answer it."

I pulled open the door and there she was, all the above and more, 16 years old with big ungulate eyes and Mary Travers hair. She gave me a gaping open-mouthed look, taking in my loden-green beret, the frizzed wildness of my hair sticking out from under it, my Beat Levi's jacket and jeans and my tea-reddened joyous hitching-all-the-way-from-Oxnard eyes. "I was looking for Jack," she said, and her voice was cracked and scratchy and low. She dropped her gaze.

I looked to Jack, who stood behind me, out of her line of vision, and asked a question with my eyebrows. Jack gave me his hooded smoldering dust-jacket-from-hell look, then stepped forward, took the poor boy from me and loomed over the now-eye-lifting chick and chucked her chin with a gone Beat curling index finger. "Coochie-coochie-coo," he said.

•

Her name was Ricky Keen (Richarda Kinkowski, actually, but that's how she introduced herself), she'd hitchhiked all the way down from Plattsburgh and she was as full of hero worship and

(continued on page 149)

"Captain, we can't go on meeting like this."

JULIA PADDLED left, I pushed right and our double kayak jolted to a halt. We were impaled on a submerged log. Our boat was staying dry inside, but somehow I did not expect the same for our undershorts.

Roaring all around us was the Bebedero River, brimming with the runoff of several hundred square miles of western Costa Rica. These surging waters are home to poisonous snakes, and even if my wife and I survived the swim to the brush-entangled shore, we would have no specific idea where we were, except shivering in a Six Flags Over Scorpions theme park and unable to speak Spanish. My companion hissed, "I would rather sit here and starve than swim."

This was not sea kayaking at its finest. Typically, the sport consists of an inconspicuous poke along a marine wilderness, or an unobtrusive perusal of houseboats on an urban lake. Encounters with killer whales or topless sunbathers, as sporadic as they are sublime, are unusual in a conveyance that favors subtlety over confrontation.

But once in a while, even sea kayakers like a small adrenaline boost, though preferably not one provided by a shattered hull and deadly snakes.

•

Sea kayaking is not white-water kayaking; it has nothing to do with dredging river bottoms with one's head. It is about staying upright and dry and carrying sufficient provisions that you may eat and drink like Louis XIV in obscure wildernesses that backpackers get to only after ten dinners of freeze-dried Nike.

In nearly *(continued on page 164)*

if you're chasing whales in puget sound or paddling wild waters in central america, a kayak smooths the edges of roughing it

Down to the Sea in Kayaks

article by Art Thiel

PAINTING BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

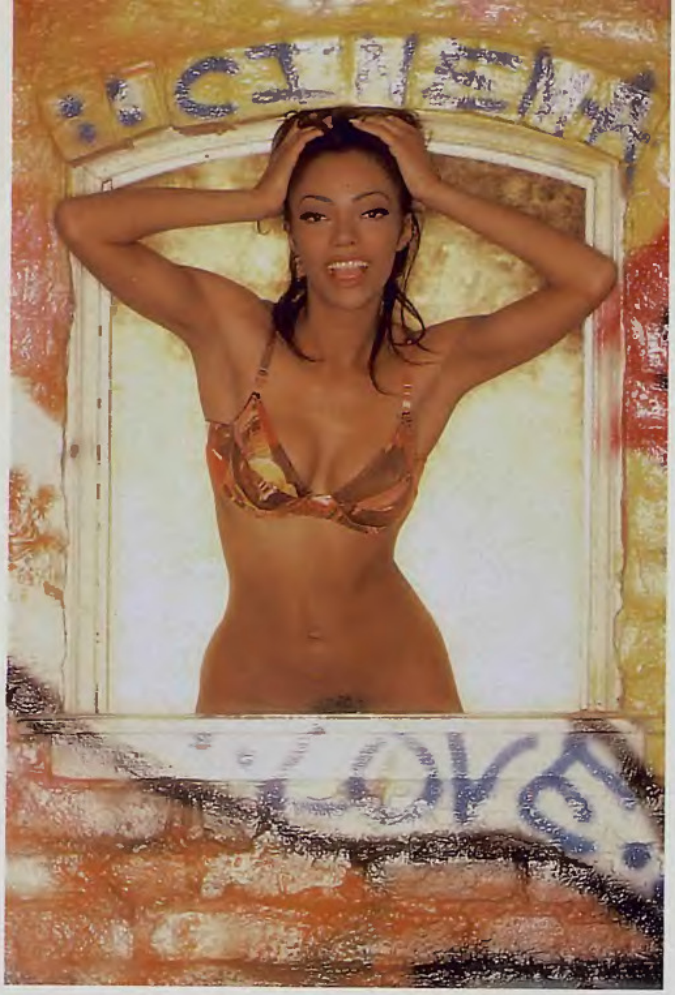
My Girl

being tempting comes naturally to the daughter of a motown original

WHEN MOTHER NATURE paid an unexpected visit, Elan Carter's life became a ball of confusion. January's earthquake in Los Angeles shook Elan out of bed, then tossed her against a painting on the wall. The painting is still crooked, and Miss June is thinking of moving to solid ground. "Maybe living in a house on stilts is asking for trouble," she says. Not that Elan has lost her élan. She's still as poised and self-assured as a second-generation celeb ought to be. It's just that she's not yet finished making Daddy proud of her. Her dad is Otis Williams, a founding member of the Temptations. Despite her own success in the music business, Elan's not as famous as she would like to

Miss June made her mark in music videos, but her bloodlines go back to Sixties-era Motown: Her dad is the Temptations' Otis Williams. At a recent gig, Temps Ron Tyson, Otis, Melvin Franklin and Ollie Woodson (left to right, above) called Elan to the stage. The fabulous foursome crooned a crowd-pleasing rendition of *My Girl*.

STOP
ARRIFLEX
16SR



ELAN
CARTER

Elon hopes to land more roles in films but still enjoys making videos. She's not exactly awed by the famous musicians she meets on her video shoots. "As a kid, hanging around backstage at Temptations concerts, I met Diana Ross, Michael Jackson, Smokey Robinson—everyone. On my 21st birthday, the Temptations sang *Happy Birthday* and gave me my first bottle of Dom Pérignon," she recalls. "I drank it right down, too!" Three years later she's still bubbly: "It's hard to predict what's going to happen next, so I live for the moment. I try hard to enjoy every day." Asked to pick a future, Elon laughs. "Acting or broadcasting—I'm studying both. I could host a TV music show. Who knows?" Whatever tomorrow brings, Miss June hopes it will be at least as exciting as today.

Elan calls herself a sinner, but that's a joke. She seldom drinks, doesn't smoke, and the only props in her bedroom are candles. "I love candlelight," she says. "I like having candles all around my bed." The quake toppled Elan's candles but didn't break her strong spirit.

be. But look out—this month's centerfold is Elan's wake-up call to the world.

There was irony in the earthquake: "I always worry about my dad when he's onstage. I'm so proud of him. He's 52 and he's still going strong. But every so often I think, I sure hope he doesn't have a heart attack. So who was almost the first to go? Me. When the earthquake hit, it felt like the whole world was shaking and I thought, God's coming and I'm not ready! I'm just 24 and I'm a sinner—I can't die now."

Good news for the video biz: The stilts under her house held. Elan—who has appeared with acts as diverse as the Jacksons, Duran Duran, Terence Trent D'Arby, Bobby Brown, Richard Marx and Tone-Loc—can now resume her career. She has already modeled all over the world, from Europe to Mexico to Jamaica to the Bahamas. Her acting debut came in a recent gangster film, *Lookin' Italian*, in which she gets shot a lot. Says Elan (looking fine but not at all Italian), "They always kill the black people in those movies." She says it with the laugh of a survivor. For Elan Carter (who's been known to double the speed limit in her favorite toy, a plum-colored Porsche), the world is a place where daddy's little girl is starting to make a name for herself.

—RALPH MARINO

MISS JUNE
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Elan Carter

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: ELAN CARTER

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 124

BIRTH DATE: 7-3-69 BIRTHPLACE: Nutley, New Jersey

AMBITIONS: To be a successful actress and venture into broadcasting.

TURN-ONS: gourmet foods, bubble baths, men with cute butts.

TURNOFFS: People who are unreliable, earthquakes, penny pinchers.

MY GUY: He's sensitive, honest, polite, intelligent, classy - and I hope I get to meet him soon!

MOST EXCITING DAY: I wake up each morning expecting this to be it.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Lenny Kravitz, Prince, Sade, Chaka Khan.

ELAN AT HOME I love to light candles, play Sade and be seductive.

Five-year-old Model

Young at heart

Look who's posing

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Mrs. Martin went to see her gynecologist before her fourth marriage. After the examination, the physician seemed confused. "You're a virgin. How is that possible?"

"My first husband was a psychiatrist," she explained. "He analyzed it all the time. My second husband was an English lit professor. He wrote about it all the time. My third husband was a contractor and always said he would get around to it. But now I'm marrying a lawyer," she said with a smile, "so I know I'll get screwed."

A Russian and an American died and went to hell. Satan told them that they each had the choice of spending eternity in American hell or Russian hell. "What's the difference?" they both asked.

"In American hell," the Devil explained, "you must eat one shovel of shit per day. In Russian hell, you must eat two shovels of shit per day."

With that, the American opted for American hell, but the Russian headed for Russian hell. Many years later, the two met by chance. "My friend," the American said, "you made a poor choice. I eat my shovel of shit in the morning and do whatever I want for the rest of the day."

"No, my friend, it is you who made a poor choice," the Russian said. "Half of the time in Russian hell there's no shovel, and the other half of the time there's no shit."

Every night the woman's husband would stagger home drunk and every night she would meet him at the door with a tongue-lashing.

One day, her best friend told her she was going about it the wrong way. "Next time he comes home drunk," she advised, "have a sandwich ready for him and treat him nice."

With no better plan in mind, she was willing to give it a try. That night when her husband came home, blitzed as usual, she greeted him with, "I'm so happy to see you, baby. Why don't we go into the kitchen, have a bite to eat, talk awhile and then go to bed?"

"Why not?" he slurred. "I'm going to catch hell when I go home anyway."

Harvey, I swear you love baseball more than you love me!" the furious wife hollered at her couch-bound husband.

"Well, I guess so, honey," he absently admitted. "But," he added cheerfully, "I love you more than football."

On the first night of their hunting trip together, a CPA, a lawyer and an engineer sat around the campfire talking and drinking until well into the night.

The CPA suddenly said, "Watch this," threw his whiskey glass into the air, pulled out his gun and shot it before it fell to the ground.

The lawyer, not to be outdone, downed his brandy, threw the snifter into the air, pulled out his rifle and shot it before it hit the ground.

The engineer slowly raised his shotgun, shot the CPA, shot the lawyer, took a swig from his can of beer and muttered, "It doesn't get any better than this."

A lifer was telling his cellmate the news about one of their prison buddies. It seems he had married the warden's daughter. "No shit!" the con exclaimed. "I'll bet that really pissed off the old man."

"Sure as hell did," the lifer reported. "They eloped."

In the early days of Great Lakes shipping, Sam and Izzy were transporting their wares by sailboat across Lake Michigan when a violent storm swamped their ship. After clinging to the wreckage for hours, Izzy yelled out, "Sam! Sam! I see a sail!"

"Sale, schmale," Sam replied dejectedly. "We lost all our samples."

Mrs. Murphy slid into the confessional and admitted that she had committed adultery. "Oh, not you, Mrs. Murphy," the priest said, sighing.

"I'm afraid so, father."

"It must have been against your will, then."

"No, it was against the china cabinet," she said, "and it would have done your heart good to have heard the dishes rattle."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"My wife has red hair, too, but the resemblance ends there."

on draft day in the nba, a few young men hold all the power (hint: we're not talking about the rookies)

THE INSIDE GAME

article by jeff coplon

THE TELEPHONE is an extension of David Falk's arm, the circuit breaker bridging hand and ear. He sits on a beige couch in a softly lighted hotel suite in exurban Detroit, a power center unto himself, at the junction where gossip and commerce meet.

"There are people who work the telephones," observes Len Elmore, a rival sports agent. "There are people who massage the telephones. And then there's David Falk."

Today we will see what his phone mettle is made of. It is barely noon, seven hours before the National Basketball Association's 1993 draft, and Falk has already placed several dozen calls.

He hates to leave messages. If necessary, he will wait on hold for minutes at a time—not that he often has to. He knows that few people in the rich, small world of the NBA will keep him waiting for long, especially on draft day, the agents' playoffs, when the grapevine throbs with each rumored maneuver.

Falk is bald, slope-shouldered and tall enough not to look like a 12-year-old when back-patting Michael Jordan, Patrick Ewing or any of his other jumbo clients. He's dressed casually in an open-neck knit shirt, slacks, textured white socks and tasseled loafers. But make no mistake: He is wound for work. His dark eyes make *(continued on page 128)*

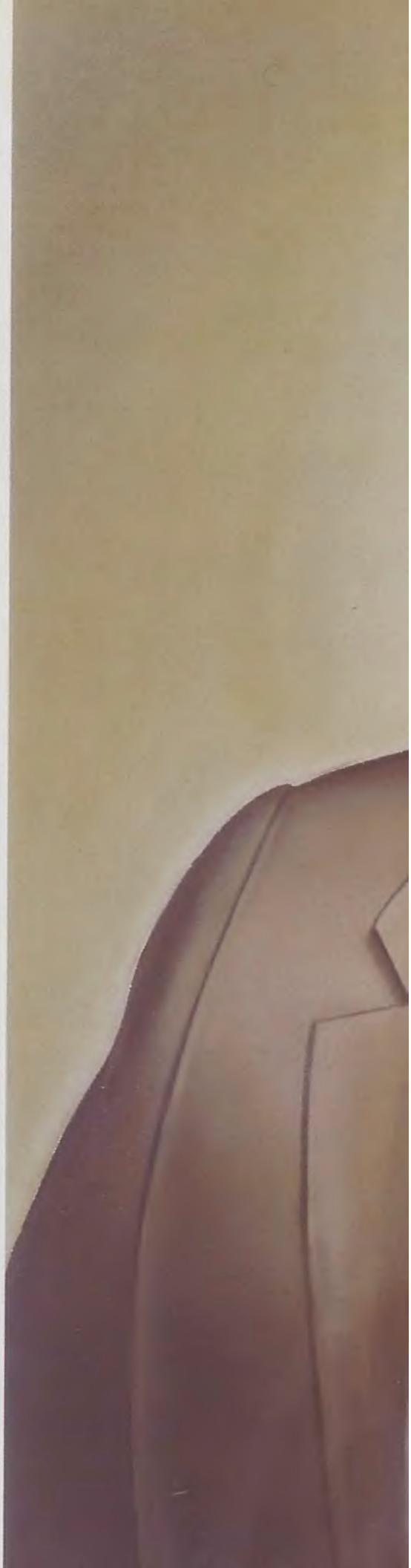


ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

FRED WARD

If you enjoyed Jack Kerouac's book "On the Road," you'll love Fred Ward's life. Before turning to acting full-time, he was a nomad and a laborer. Since then, he's made a habit of adapting challenging roles to his idiosyncratic style and has gained critical success. He has shaved his head to play writer Henry Miller in "Henry and June," brought his expressive boxer's face to Robert Altman's "The Player" and "Short Cuts" and memorably portrayed astronaut Gus Grissom in "The Right Stuff." This spring he appeared as the villain in "Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult." Next up is Alain Robbe-Grillet's French-language "Un Bruit Qui Rend Fou." "And for very little money," says Ward, not minding at all. We sent Contributing Editor David Rensin to meet with Ward at the actor's home in Venice, California.

1.

PLAYBOY: In *Short Cuts* you have a scene with Anne Archer in which you try to explain why you and your buddies didn't tell the police about a dead woman in the stream until after your fishing trip was over. Instead of trying to explain, should men say, "Sorry. We're just different"?

WARD: Sometimes it's impossible to explain the testosterone-driven elements of man—like why we go to war—to someone who's estrogen-driven. War is a plague on this earth, but our rites of passage have been here since the beginning. That sensibility has also been reflected in team sports, which are just feudal battles on a playing field. If you don't actually play, you can sit in front of the TV and cheer for a particular color or locality.

hollywood's vagabond mystic deconstructs the french, explains why he sinks his teeth into his work and defends the art of pissing in the wind

2.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe the joys of alfresco urination?

WARD: There's a liberating feeling to whipping it out and peeing into the wind. Anti-authoritarian, to say the least. It starts in boyhood with the competition to see how far and how high you can piss. Like dogs do.

3.

PLAYBOY: You've been a short-order cook, lumberjack, laborer, demolition man, janitor, produce picker, topside rigger, subway tunneler—and more. What do you say to someone who just got their degree in dramatic arts and complains that they can't find a job?

WARD: What kind of job? [*Laughs*] I didn't do these things to prepare for my art. They were for survival and, a lot of times, luck was involved. At one point I was doing theater in San Francisco and actually living in the theater. I was broke. I was boxing—working out in a gym—and this trainer got me into the union. He started putting all the guys in his stable into the union. So I started making money, stopped acting and saved, to get to Europe. I kept moving around. Three years later I started acting again, because acting drove me. But I was still restless. I studied acting in New York for only six months before I wanted to get a ship for Europe. I'd heard that in Brooklyn you could get into the Scandinavian maritime union and get a ship without having papers. Wound up in Florida, then New Orleans, then Houston. I eventually came to California, worked in a bowling alley as a short-order cook. I drifted, picked tomatoes and beans and lived in labor camps in Ventura County. I wound up in Big Sur. I just kept moving. I went to Ketchikan, Alaska, lived with the Indians in stilt houses, worked in a lumber mill. And I still knew I would get back into acting. Eventually I traveled to Yugoslavia on a freighter, then went to Valencia, Spain and then on to Tangier. I spent three months in Morocco. I wound up in Rome—and finally started acting.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's the toughest job you've ever had?

WARD: Timber faller. It's the most dangerous, aside from combat, that you can ever have. There are a lot of ways you can get killed. A tree can "barber chair"—come back on you. "Widowmakers," which are dead limbs, can fall out. You can't predict what a tree will do sometimes. You have to watch sawdust and make sure the tree's not rotting. If it is, it might split on you. It's dangerous, it's hot—it's hard work. You have a big chain saw that's rattling away and bouncing around, and you're slipping and sliding and standing on land that's sometimes nearly straight up and down. It can get crazy. On the other hand, I never wanted to work in an office under fluorescent lights.

5.

PLAYBOY: With all this wandering, do you remember the moment the acting bug bit?

WARD: I decided to act when I was in the Air Force. I was going with a stripper in San Antonio, hanging out with some bizarre fringe people—who considered themselves "show people"—including this 250-pound transvestite who designed costumes for strip joints, and a few gangsters. I was a young kid in the middle of this stuff, and it led to my decision. They weren't role models in a strict sense; more like the old freaks in the freak show. When I was younger I always felt like an outsider, and they said it was all right to be "the other." They had a nice little society, a little culture, and they dealt with life. So, as soon as I got out of the Air Force, I went right to New York. I figured that I could do anything I wanted. I had no one to answer to, nothing holding me back.

6.

PLAYBOY: To play Henry Miller in *Henry and June*, you reread Miller's works. What did you notice the second time that you hadn't the first?

WARD: The first time I read him was in 1964 when I was stranded in some motel in Houston with a copy of *Tropic of Cancer*. I most noticed the raw sexuality and the spontaneous humor. The second time I realized what a wonderful stylist he was. In some of his works there are just pages and pages of blab, and then a paragraph will jump out and grab you by the throat, one of the most unique and beautiful paragraphs you've ever read. Then he'll wing back into some other blab. But that was Miller—he just talked. Mailer said about him that he was actually just a guy who stood on the corner and spun yarns; constantly on the move, making sounds and taking people in. I spoke to a woman the other night who had spent time with *(continued on page 154)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

BY CHIP ROWE

THE AGE OF INNOCENTS

if you don't want to do the time, all you need to do is whine

IT BEGAN WITH the Twinkies Defense. Dan White admitted he had killed San Francisco supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone in 1978 but contended that those creamy golden logs had driven his blood sugar to insane levels. Although the jurors convicted White of manslaughter, they were polite enough to consider his excuse. That marked a change. No longer was this simple homicide: It was killing with a qualifier, murder with a note from Mom. Since then, the change has accelerated. Defense arguments these days start with extenuating circumstances before spiraling wildly out from there. We are at the point where the harshest verdict we can expect from juries swayed by this onslaught of emotional evidence is the sentence of a hug and the offer of 12 shoulders to cry on. While some of us are concerned that such victimhood has become the ambient excuse for irresponsible—and sometimes criminal—behavior, Hollywood sees a gold mine. It recognizes the Twinkie Defense as one of those moments around which commercial breaks are built. Who needs *L.A. Law* when we have Court TV, Tonya Harding and Michael Jackson? The trials of the moment have become the movies of the week. Don't touch that dial.

ILLUSTRATION BY ARNOLO ROTH

BOSPM
11-2-63

LET'S CALL IT:	THE PITCH:	PLOT TWIST:	TV MOMENT:
BLOOD BROTHERS: *at home with erik & lyle menendez*	Coldly efficient Beverly Hills trust-funders shoot their parents, Kitty and Jose, dead, go on spending spree with insurance money.	The boys reveal all to their theropist, who secretly tapes their confession.	Kitty signs her own deoth worront doys before the murders by tearing off Lyle's roccoon-like toupee.
WILLY, SHE HARDLY KNEW YE: *the william kennedy smith case*	Smug Cape Cod medicol student charged with forcing himself on barhopping single mom. He says she's vengeful because he called her by on ex-girlfriend's name.	He's a Kennedy.	Smith describes hand job on the beach, becoming first member of family to discuss publicly his middling sexuality. Senator Ted testifies about woking his nephews for midnight beer run.
BEAT IT: *growing up with michael jackson*	Is amusing and pigment-challenged King of Pop actually maniacal Pied Piper of Pop?	Indiano native takes o long vacation as his former housekeepers and his sister rat him out for the cash he makes in an hour.	Describes having his penis exomined and photographed by cops as "the most humiliating ordeol of my life." Seems to forget having a chimp for a best friend.
WHEN FOOLS FALL IN LOVE: *the legend of amy & joey*	Promiscuous teenoger is enamored with hairy Long Island mechonic with funny-sounding last name and snakeskin boots. She shoots his wife (Mory Jo Buttafuoco) in the head.	He's twice her age.	When Joey's attorney tells judge that Joey is a "devoted and loving husband," spectators in gallery laugh out loud.
THE MAN WHO WOULD BEAT KING: *confessions of a traffic cop*	Stocey Koon and two other officers pummel coptured drunk driver.	Curious onlooker on nearby balcony has a camcorder.	One defendant testifies that Rodney King "collided" with his baton in a "matador-and-a-bull situation."
HONKY BONK: *cruising with henry & damian*	Henry Keith Watson and Damian Williams beat truck driver Reginald Denny to a pulp during South Central riots.	Circling helicopter crew has a TV camera.	Denny enters courtroom and hugs the defendants' mothers, proving himself to be more of a man than any of those who beat him.
SHRED OF TRUTH: *the testimony of oliver north*	Decorated Marine working in White House basement with gorgeous secretary hos a brilliant idea: Sell arms to terrorists to fund ragtag Nicaraguon rebels.	The president loses his memory—again.	North boasts that he shredded documents while Justice Department officials waited in the next room.
LOVE HURTS: *the whacky saga of john & lorena bobbitt*	Demure Latin American beauty cuts off insensitive husband's penis. Was he a violent abuser or an innocent victim of a deronged manicurist?	She takes it with her. Little John reattached in dramatic nine-hour operation.	While fetching a late-night glass of water, Lorena spots a red-handled 12-inch kitchen knife and is overcome by an "irresistible impulse."

DEFENSE MANEUVER:	FUN FACT:	FUN QUOTE:	FINAL WORDS:
Shrill defense attorney shows jury her softer side by picking lint off Erik's sweater. Same attorney later pokes thumbtacks into genitals pictured in childhood photo of Erik to demonstrate Jose's abuse.	Parents' last meal was berries and ice cream. Previous inhabitants of Menendez house included Elton John and Prince.	"We killed our mom because she was unable to kill herself." (Lyle)	Two mistrials, two TV movies.
Establish that a woman's taking off her pantyhose means she wants it. Key prosecution witness admits she took $40,000 from *A Current Affair*.	Roman Catholic church across the street from court charged $100 a week for parking. Smith says alleged victim asked to see identification before they had sex.	"Well, Mr. Smith, what are you? Some kind of sex machine?" (Prosecutor Moira Lasch)	Acquitted. The blue dot dissolves.
Writes a $10 million check to the alleged victim.	Sleeps in a hyperbaric chamber.	"Get those boys out of here." (Panicked Jackson advisor after star returned to face charges accompanied by two young male fans.)	Possible criminal trial. Who will publish police photos first?
Both plead guilty.	Amy's lawyer is former vibrating-bed salesman. Amy says Joey doesn't wear underwear. Joey had sex with Amy in her bedroom, in a room above his body shop and at four roadside motels.	"If I believed Joey had an affair with Amy, I would cut his testicles off." (Mary Jo) "I was shown a world of elaborate spending . . . and cheap hotels." (Amy)	Amy does five to 15 years. Joey does six months. Television does three movies.
Get trial moved to white, capoloving Simi Valley. Play tape continually until it becomes goo in jurors' minds.	Since the trial, King has been arrested for allegedly beating his wife, driving his car into a seven-foot wall and soliciting a transvestite prostitute. However, no formal charges were filed in any of the cases.	"You can't push off the ground if your elbows are broken. You can't push off the ground if your knees are broken." (Stacey Koan)	Acquitted; civil unrest. King rejects $1.25 million settlement from City of Los Angeles.
Argue that Watson didn't intend to kill Denny, just injure him severely and leave him for dead.	Judge ruled Denny may sue city. Denny is seeking millions.	"She told me it was the devil who did it." (Williams describing his mother's tough-love reaction when he told her that he threw a rock at Denny)	Acquitted of all serious charges. No riots.
Wear uniform and glittery medals at hearings, flash goofy Alfred E. Neuman grin, crack jokes about picking and choosing which laws to obey but stop short of comparing yourself to Martin Luther King.	When North was injured in a 1964 car crash, he regained his strength by repeatedly jumping off his garage roof. North stood at attention to speak with President Reagan on the phone.	"That's why the government of the United States gave me a shredder." (North)	Conviction was overturned. Running for seat in Senate, where he would be exempt from many laws.
John's lawyer concedes that while John "may not be the most sensitive lover" and furthermore "may not understand foreplay," neither one is against the law.	Hillary Clinton joked that the reattachment would be covered under the president's health care plan because having a penis is a preexisting condition.	"There's a lot of things that didn't get out, you know, important facts." (John) "I lifted the sheets and I cut it." (Lorena)	Lorena not guilty by reason of insanity. Trying to sell her story to pay $300,000 in legal fees. John is now that rare celebrity for whom getting laid may be problematic.

INSIDE GAME *(continued from page 120)*

"The basketball agents talk like CPAs on steroids, yammering about income streams and current value."

relentless contact; his mouth is tightly set, even when he laughs.

"There are two worlds in the NBA—the media's world and the insider's world," Falk says. "It's good to feel you're on the inside."

He is even more inside than usual this year. He represents three surefire lottery picks, players expected to be chosen among the top 11: Calbert Cheaney, the college player of the year from Indiana; Bobby Hurley, the point guard from two-time national champion Duke; and Shawn Bradley, the seven-and-a-half-foot Mormon from BYU who looks like Opie Taylor writ large. "The first seven picks are locked up," Falk says.

The absolute assurance in his voice prompts a question: Can an agent manipulate the draft? "More than you think," Falk says with a mild air of conspiracy. "You can't pick a team, but you can shape the puzzle. The most direct way is to ask a team not to draft your player—and hope it'll understand that the risks are too great."

Agents enjoy tremendous leverage at that juncture because any draftee can sit out (perhaps to play in Europe) and then enter the next draft, leaving the team that first selected him in the cold. Three years ago, Falk suggested to Sacramento that Dikembe Mutombo, the urbane 7'2" center who speaks six languages, might not mesh well with Kings coach Dick Motta, a drill-sergeant type. As Falk tells it, Kings management switched gears and spent its third pick on Billy Owens instead. Denver then gobbled Mutombo at number four, and Sacramento still lacks a frontline center, the rarest commodity in the game.

"I don't view myself as the 800-pound gorilla," Falk says. "We didn't demand that they not draft Mutombo—we respectfully requested it. If there's a mutuality of interests, and you are fair and logical, people will listen."

This year there are no dread scenarios. Falk is certain that Hurley will go seventh to Sacramento and Cheaney sixth to Washington—fine fits for both. He believes that Bradley will be picked second, by Philadelphia, after the Orlando Magic takes Chris Webber at number one. But something is nagging Falk—"an instinct," he says, that Orlando might depart from the script.

At 12:30 P.M. Falk finally gets through to the Magic's "war room" and John Gabriel, the team's personnel director. Falk perches forward on the sofa, his eyes drilling the middle distance. There is late-breaking news. When Falk is at peak intensity, as for this call, you can almost hear him listening. "You'll go to three and get [Anfernee] Hardaway? Slow down, you're racing. You've decided that's the guy you want above everyone else? Holy shit!"

Falk breaks the circuit, lays down the phone and leans back heavily on the couch. "That's wild," he says, drunk with insiderness.

Twelve hours later, after 3 million people tuned in to the draft on TNT, after Bradley wound up in Philadelphia as planned, after Cheaney and Hurley went precisely as projected, Falk rests easy in the hotel lounge. His tie droops from his collar; he's sipping his second Bailey's on the rocks. No other agent had more than one client in the top seven. "This is our championship tonight," he says, "and we had the best year of anyone in the country."

Falk's clients are happy. Their families are relieved—especially Chris Hurley, Bobby's mother, who is sailing weightless through the lounge with an empty bottle of Dom Pérignon, like the mother of the bride after a smooth reception.

As a friend of the Hurley family leaves the table, he deferentially suggests that Falk seek a five-year deal for Bobby for $2.5 million per—12 percent more than the seventh pick got in 1992. "'Two-point-five for five'—just keep that little slogan," the man says.

Falk nods and smiles, but he already knows that he will not get a $12.5 million guarantee for Hurley.

He will get more.

•

As the tide of NBA money swells, the league's player agents glide along the crest of its wave. No longer mere hagglers in fancy suits, they are the caretakers of multinational symbols like "Air" and "Shaq," the basketball überstars who define the edge of cool itself for millions of hot-to-buy teenagers. "The line between sports and Hollywood entertainment," observes Tom Carmody, vice president of Reebok's sports division, "is as broad and gray as it ever has been."

The new-era basketball agents talk like CPAs on steroids, yammering about income streams and current value. They have to talk that way, because they wangle contracts that were once reserved for cinema idols or the chief executive of Shell Oil. Last October, agent Steve Endicott landed Larry Johnson, Charlotte's aching-back forward, a 12-year deal for $84 million. Days later, Bill Strickland, a top-tier NBA agent for the mammoth International Management Group, reeled in $74.4 million over 15 years for Golden State rookie Chris Webber, who has yet to prove he can make half his foul shots, much less lead a team to an NBA championship. The going annual rate for an NBA "super"—Larry Bird's $650,000 salary stunned the league in 1979—had entered hyperspace.

It got so wild that agent Harold MacDonald didn't just reject the New Jersey Nets' eight-year offer of $69 million for Derrick Coleman, a power forward whose daunting skills are matched by his dubious attitude. MacDonald mocked the offer by producing a custom T-shirt for his client. On Coleman's chest lay the number 69, circled in red and slashed with a diagonal line. On his back, a smirking I DON'T THINK so. No one around the NBA mistook this message as a campaign against oral sex.

For the agent, basketball fever can produce a tidy income. The National Basketball Players Association allows agents to commission up to four percent of a player's negotiated salary. Most charge three percent or less, though this figure can reach eight percent or more if the agent also manages the player's money and other affairs. Marketing fees—the skim for landing a shoe deal, for example—are unregulated and range from 15 percent to 25 percent. An NBA player who might make $2 million on the court and half a million off it would pay his agent about $200,000 a year. A Michael Jordan, who is reported to rake in close to $40 million in product endorsements even after his retirement, could support Falk Associates Management Enterprises (or, as Falk calls it, FAME) to the tune of $6 million annually.

In fairness, the top representatives work hard for their money. Bob Woolf, who before his death last year was the dean of player agents, summed up the omnibus nature of the job: "Not only do you try to get the best contract for your client, but you also deal with bills, trusts, wills, insurance programs, taxation, movies, autobiographies and TV appearances." Not to mention the three A.M. phone calls from Seattle when clients are stressed out about the latest trade rumor or shooting slump or siege of marital discord.

(continued on page 158)

MATURITY

WHEN I WAS IN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, ALL I WANTED WAS A GIRL WITH BIG TITS.
347 YDS
IN HIGH SCHOOL, I FINALLY DATED A GIRL WITH BIG TITS! BUT THERE WAS NO EMOTION. I WANTED ALL THAT ROMANCE STUFF LIKE IN THE MOVIES!
347 YDS
IN COLLEGE, I WENT WITH A REAL ROMANTIC GIRL. BUT SHE WAS WAY TOO EMOTIONAL. CRIED OVER EVERYTHING. GOT KINDA SCARY. I DECIDED I WANTED SOMEONE STABLE.
NKR
MY GIRLFRIEND AFTER COLLEGE WAS VERY STABLE. THAT GOT BORING AWFULLY FAST. I WANTED SOMEONE WITH AMBITIONS.
KEITH ROBINSON
THEN I LIVED WITH AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN. NEUROTIC LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! I FINALLY REALIZED WHAT I WANTED WAS A WOMAN WITH SELF-CONFIDENCE!
SO I FOUND A WOMAN WHO WAS SELF-CONFIDENT, AND I MARRIED HER!
AND?
AND WHEN WE GOT DIVORCED, SHE WAS SO CONFIDENT, SHE CLEANED ME OUT AND LEFT ME WITH NOTHING.
NOW ALL I WANT IS A GIRL WITH BIG TITS.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CRAIG

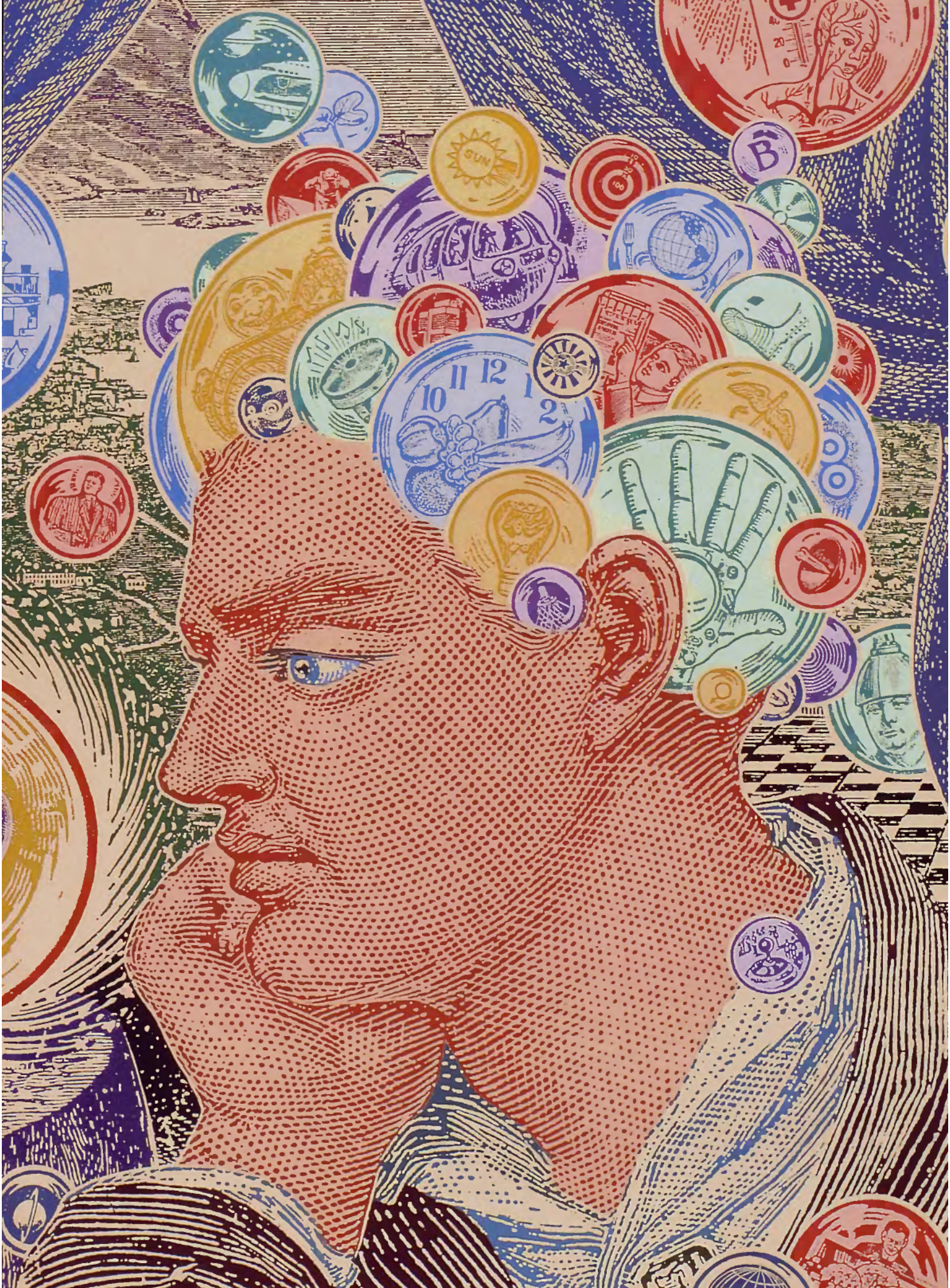
THE TOMORROW SHOW

HERE'S WHAT MASTERMINDS OF ENTERTAINMENT, FASHION, FOOD AND ELECTRONICS HAVE IN STORE FOR THE NEXT FEW DECADES

More than 40 years ago, Hugh Hefner pounded out the first issue of PLAYBOY on a manual typewriter with a memory capacity of one. (Hef used carbon paper.) Today, PLAYBOY is created on 30 networked Macintosh computers constantly transmitting 30-megabyte graphics files. In the next 40 years—or will it be ten?—what seems modern today will seem just as archaic as Hef's typewriter. To bring the future into focus, we've gone to more than two dozen serious future-thinkers in major industries—from aviation to theme parks—and asked them to predict the developments in their fields by the year 2034. Buckle your seat belt. It's quite a ride.

AT&T: Robert Kavner, executive vice president and chief executive of the multimedia products and services group: "Over the next 40 years changes in communications technology will be dramatic. Your personality traits, retained on small cards that slide into coffee-table-style computer terminals, will be able to travel over digital networks, allowing you to have experiences with people in other cities. Holograms and virtual reality will be a big part of those experiences. You can decide to make and star in a movie or play basketball, picking from teams of novices or NBA pros. You're there dribbling, going against zone defense. There's no ball in your hand, but you really feel it. You take your shot and the guy in, say, Portland will go up for the rebound. You may have a virtual conversation with the players after the game—even if they're not human. Right now, we have virtual reality gloves, but tomorrow you might just put your hand into a liquid to enjoy the fun."

Knight-Ridder Newspapers: Roger Fidler, corporate director of new media: "Printed newspapers won't exist in 40 years. Instead, the news will be delivered via a credit-card-style memory device to lightweight magazine-size tablets. Full-color *(continued on page 144)*


SUN
10 11 12 1 2

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

from the heartland
into our hearts,
jenny mccarthy is
the pmoy of the people

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

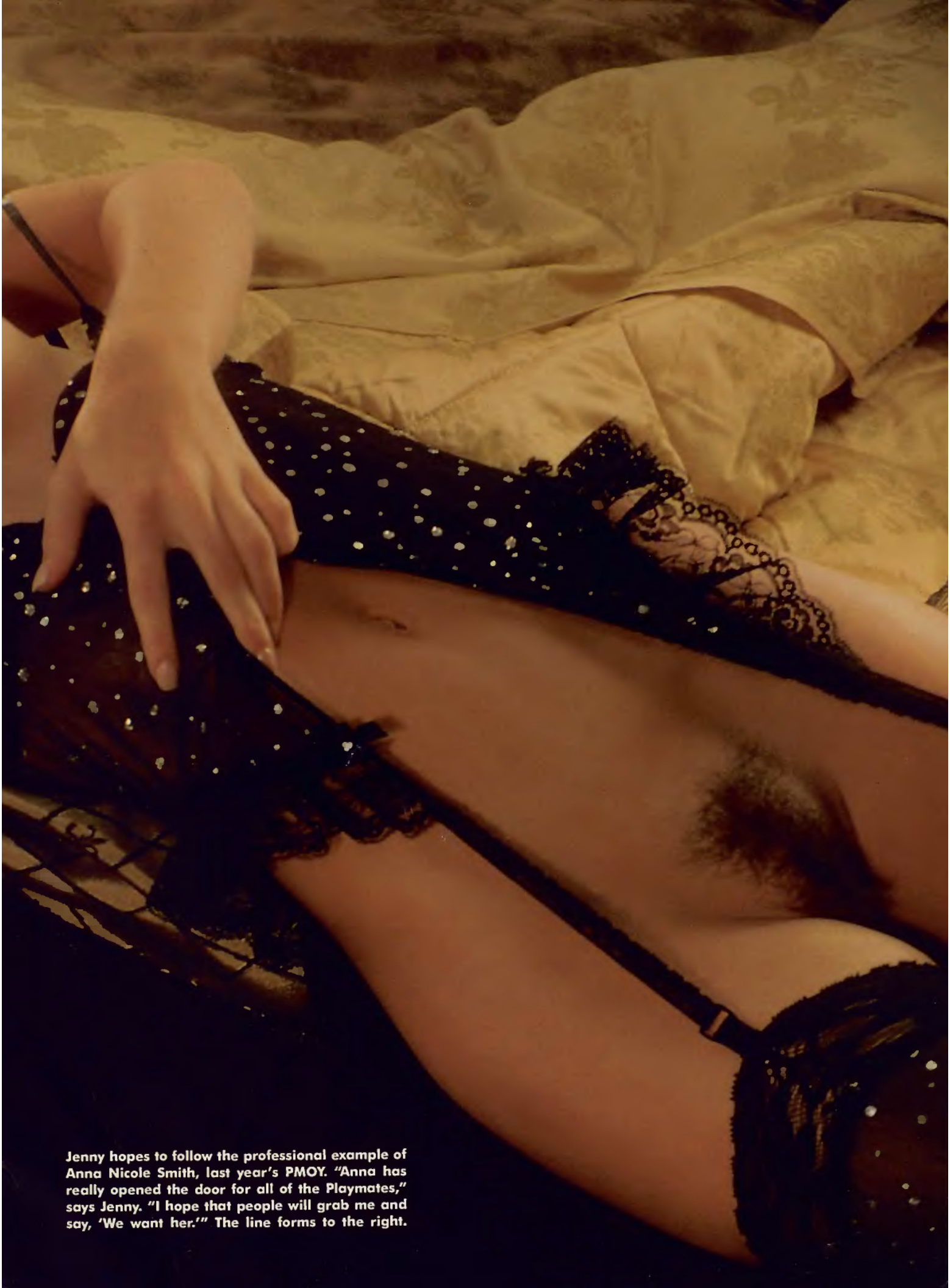
MADAME VANESSA, if you're reading this, Jenny McCarthy would like to thank you. Remember Jenny? You read her palm early last year, and this is what you predicted: "She told me I would hear news at the end of the year that would change my life," Jenny says. "She also said I would be moving, and that my career would be nothing but successful." Bing, bang, boom. During the last week of 1993, Miss October was given her life-altering news—she had been named Playmate of the Year. (Her reaction? "I was so happy, I thought I was going to blow up!") As for the second prediction: Last fall this 21-year-old Chicagoan loaded a U-Haul and drove to Los Angeles. There she is busy affirming prognostication number three. A popular hostess on *Hot Rocks*, the Playboy Channel's music-video show, Jenny also made her acting debut on the syndicated TV program *Silk Stalkings*, playing—what else?—a centerfold. "I'm such a workaholic—I want to do more, more, more," she says. "Coming from a blue-collar family, you learn to work hard." Jenny no longer needs a palm reader to predict her future. "Last year was a phenomenal one for me," she says, beaming. "But this year is going to be even better."

If you loved Jenny McCarthy before, toke another look now. "The October pictorial wos wholesome, very girl-next-door—which I om," she soys. "But this one shows the side of me that likes to be glamourous and sexy." Don't say you haven't been worned.

When the October PLAYBOY hit the stands, Chicago's South Side wos owosh in Jenny monio. One store sold 50 copies in o few hours. And o locol woman entered o Holloween costume contest os Miss October, complete with bunny eors, bunny tail ond o uniform from Jenny's Cotholic high school. "Everybody knew exactly who she wos," Jenny proudly reports.

"I feel like I was destined far this," Jenny says of her fledgling career as an actress. "Ever since I was little, I've loved being in frant of the camera. I used to jabber into a Mr. Micraphane, pretending I was a movie star." Critics are forgiven, however, if they dan't remember her cinematic debut, playing the distressed damsel in a law-budget thriller called *Revenge of the Pizza-Cutter Killer*. Jenny was 13 years ald; the director, with camcarder in hand, was her big sister.

"I love to soak in the bathtub," says the Ploymate of the Year. "I just stare at the wall and think and relax. This was a very relaxing photo shoot, though after seven hours rolling around in the tub, I was really getting pruned. I've never been so clean in my life."



Jenny hopes to follow the professional example of Anna Nicole Smith, last year's PMOY. "Anna has really opened the door for all of the Playmates," says Jenny. "I hope that people will grab me and say, 'We want her.'" The line forms to the right.

 (continued from page 130)

"In 40 years the wall TV may have arrived. It won't hang like a picture—the wall will be the TV."

screen displays will have the clarity and contrast of ink on paper, with the ability to provide not only written words and still pictures but also full-motion video clips, animated graphics and sound. On this portable electronic appliance, you'll store several publications as well as personal documents to read while you're sitting on a park bench, riding in a plane or lounging in bed. The tablet will even read the articles out loud in a pleasant male or female voice. You'll have subscriptions to some publications, which will be downloaded to your tablet every month. But you'll also be able to buy single copies at 21st century newsstands—computerized vending machines that are globally networked via fiber-optic cable or satellite."

Microsoft Corp.: Nathan Myhrvold, senior vice president of advanced technology: "Two decades ago it would have taken all the computers in the world to create the dinosaurs seen in *Jurassic Park*. Over the past 20 years the power of computers has increased 1 million times. I expect that rate to continue, which means computers will be a trillion times more powerful 40 years from now. Things will get pretty damn wild. PLAYBOY probably won't use humans to photograph the centerfolds. Computers will do it and no one will even notice the difference. The movie-making process will be totally changed as actors rent out their images for use in computer-made films. Because computing power will be enormously cheap, everything from light bulbs to floors and walls will be computerized."

IBM: M. Bernard Puckett, former senior vice president of corporate strategy and development: "In the future, we'll enjoy amazing new worlds of interactivity. Say that I want to see my 1½-year-old niece. I'll tell the TV interface and she'll appear in my house in an almost three-dimensional form. We'll also be able to see the premiere of *Batman X* in our homes and participate in the movie. Batman will turn to you and ask which action he should take. As a result, the ending of the movie at your house will be different from that at your neighbors'. Masses of people will be able to access enormous amounts of information any time, anywhere. You'll be able to see works of art or call up an expert to help with a woodworking project."

Nissan Design International: Jerry Hirshberg, vice president: "Advancements in fields such as medicine and computers will be applied to automaking. Vehicle guidance systems, for example, will be extensions of our own nervous systems. By monitoring your heartbeat, fatigue level, eye movement and body chemistry, the car will become a mechanical organism—an extension of yourself with the intelligence to fill in when you need it to.

"We'll also be using guided missile technology to move cars on smart highways. You'll be able to override the controls of your own vehicle to exit or transit certain areas, as sophisticated intravehicle communications and guidance systems prevent accidents and monitor the flow of traffic while you're en route to your destination."

Panasonic Technologies: Ronald Richard, executive vice president: "Sophisticated speech synthesis, recognition and translation capabilities will be built into new products within the next 25 to 30 years to aid in global understanding and enhance social interaction. You'll be able to tune in an Italian or Japanese television program and know what's being said through a translation chip built into your TV set.

"There will be a much greater realization that technology is a tool, not an end unto itself. The Third World will feel more connected, less resentful, as cheap communications and cheap solar power technology gives those countries ready access to information in the First World, much of which will be free."

Sony Electronics: Yuki Nozoe, senior vice president of marketing for the consumer products group: "Forty years from now the wall TV may finally have arrived. But it won't hang like a picture—the wall itself will be the TV. Push a button and the wall will turn into a television screen. Push another button and you will see through it like a window. Press again and it will turn into a painted wall that's part of your home."

Todd Rundgren, musician: "Music will be part of a mixed-media presentation. It's already happening. Classical music written strictly for its aficionados is less popular than pseudoclassical soundtrack music accompanying a big-eyed alien or dinosaur. The delivery of music will have a great impact on the content of personal collections. Because music will be downloaded directly to your home, you won't have to buy an entire album—just ten minutes of your favorite songs. And, since there will be no packaging, it will cost you only about a buck.

"To eliminate the technical complications of spinning disks, we'll store music on nonmechanical flash-memory cards about the size of credit cards."

Critics' Choice Video and Playboy Catalogs: Herb Laney, president: "Printed catalogs will no longer appear in your mailbox. Instead, you'll shop the world's catalogs on demand, using a combination interactive TV-personal computer-telephone-fax machine. Virtually any merchandise or service will be accessible for review in full color and motion, with written and audio descriptions. You'll be able to watch a movie such as *The Firm*, for example, and point your remote at Tom Cruise's suit to find out who makes it, how much it costs and where you can order one. If you want a copy of a catalog page or screen image, it will print out in full color on your fax machine. Merchandise will be delivered the same day it's ordered—or the next day at the latest. It will be the ultimate in impulse buying and instant gratification."

Lucasfilm Ltd.: Tomlinson Holman, corporate technical director and inventor of THX programs: "With the growth of home-based entertainment, the movie-theater experience will become more high-end. The kids, the popcorn and the trashy movies will all be aspects of home viewing. Theaters will have valets, day-care centers, juice and alcohol bars and state-of-the-art presentations of quality films. Screens of the future will be much sharper. Digital technology will eliminate the jumps and weaves of current images as well as the dirt and grain. I expect the experience will be video-based. Perhaps liquid crystal will be used for the display. We're also going to see better ways to clean, reconstruct and even invent dialogue. If we're missing a word in a sentence spoken by Sean Connery, an editor will use a device to create the word.

"I also predict that films will be delivered to theaters via satellite, where they will be downloaded, stored and displayed on demand."

Joe Boxer: Nicholas Graham, chief executive officer and founder: "When it comes to fashion, the only decision people will have to make is what to wear from the bedroom to the office, which will be located in another part of the house. Since you'll be totally networked with other businesses, you'll keep a suit of professional clothes next to the videophone. When you meet with clients electronically, you'll slip on the suit. After the meeting, you'll put your casual clothes back on. Methods of buying clothes will change, too. I

"Right—forget about the apple, wet your lips, lower your eyes, put your hands on your hips, arch your back, push your tits out and smile as if you mean it."

imagine crossing QVC or the Home Shopping Network with *Wild Palms*. A holographic runway would appear in front of your television, with a three-dimensional image of Armani narrating his fall collection as simulated models walk past you. By punching a button on your remote control, you'll be able to order the displayed fashions and, by changing channels, you could change designers: Donna Karan on channel six, Mark Jacobs on channel ten and so on."

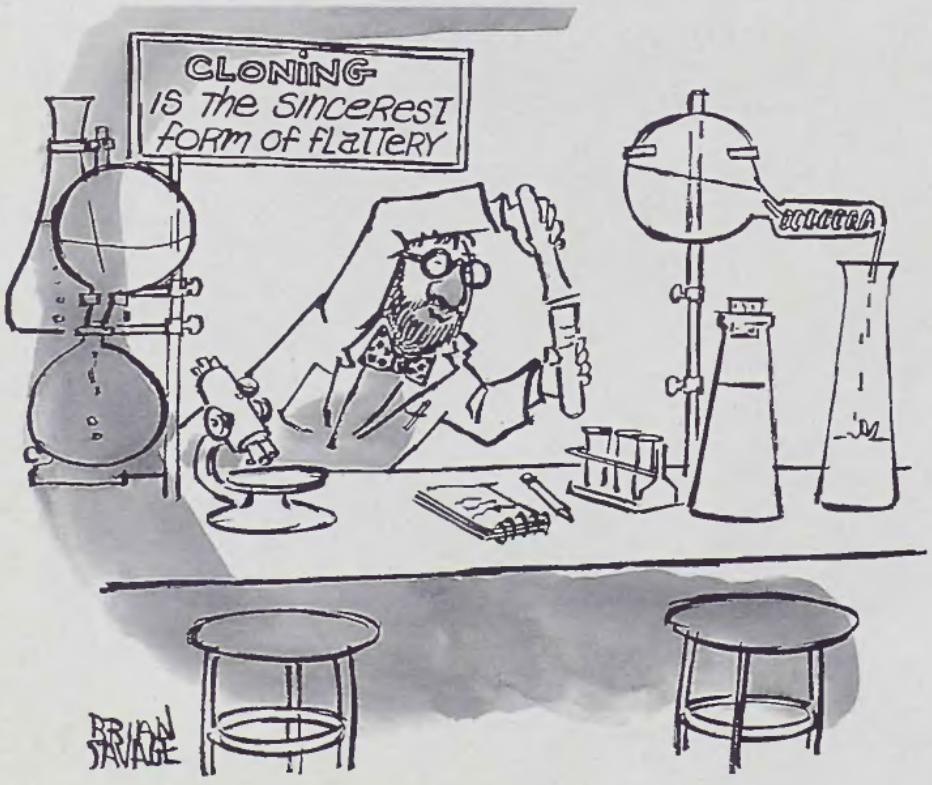
Nintendo of America: Peter Main, vice president of marketing: "If today's video games offer a temporary suspension of disbelief, then games of the future will magnify that experience tenfold. Right now, if you want to go scuba diving in the Mediterranean, you have to take a plane halfway around the world. But in the future, you'll simply call up that experience on a computer and monitor and it will seem so real, you'll need a towel to dry off. I can even imagine these games becoming part of some national health program as a way to keep people mentally fit."

H_2O Plus: Cindy Melk, founder: "Grooming products will become genderless, because people will find that differences in skin types are more person to person—not male to female. Since the only distinguishable products for men will be used for shaving, couples will share everything else. If scientists work hard, I can imagine that by the year 2034 there may be a "timeless" skin tablet that gets rid of wrinkles, cellulite and general skin nastiness, and a vitamin that will cause your hair to grow in the color you want. An instant sun-care pill, which creates a healthy-looking skin color without the damaging effects of sun exposure, would also be great."

Lettuce Entertain You Enterprises, Inc.: Richard Melman, president: "Restaurant service will move beyond being polite and attentive. We'll know more about customers prior to their visit, so we can customize their dining experience. When a customer calls for a reservation in the future, he might say: 'I've had a sore throat all day.' The staff will then have a special cocktail or meal waiting for him. "Certainly, computers will play a role in this, since we'll be able to store vast amounts of information about customers. Diners may even use keypads to communicate with the kitchen about their food requests.

"I also hope that within the next decades health care professionals will come up with a way of unclogging arteries quickly and painlessly with a pill. They may also come up with a pill to eliminate body fat, in which case I would probably open up a place that served nothing but cheeseburgers and fries."

Industrial Light and Magic: Jim Morris, vice president and general manager: "Given the wide range of emotions and nuances live actors can bring to a role, I'm not sure we would ever want to use technology to replace them. But what we will see is all sorts of unbelievable computer-generated characters—such as the dinosaurs in *Jurassic Park*—that interact with actors on three-dimensional computer-generated sets. Actors will be put into seemingly perilous situations or exotic locations that are actually created through computer animation.



"If, say, Harrison Ford starts another movie, and his previous director discovers that additional material is needed to clarify the story, the computer will fill in the gaps using scanned photos of the actor. I also think there eventually will be a data base of three-dimensional models and props. If you're working on a movie and need a plane for a particular shot, you'll be able to call it up on the computer, change its colors or flag and animate it for your scene. You'll even be able to duplicate the model, animating a whole sky full of aircraft if need be. As a result, films will become more epic."

Motorola, Inc.: Jim Page, director of marketing for advanced product technology: "Wireless communications in the future will be ubiquitous. Every aspect of our day-to-day living will be touched by new technology. You won't go outside to get the morning paper. It'll be delivered to a computer docked to your TV set, allowing you to call up only those stories you want to read on-screen. When you leave for the office, you'll remove the portable computer from the docking port where it's been collecting information and take it to your car so you can work while you're commuting. Once you're at work, you'll slip the computer out of its car holder and into a receptacle on the desktop. Offices will become places of transit, way stations of sorts, where information is collected and passed on."

Nike: Tinker Hatfield, creative director of special projects: "I envision a world in which anybody who makes shoes will be responsible for their re-use. In Germany, legislation is being introduced that requires car manufacturers to build automobiles that are easy to disassemble for recycling. I think the same concept will someday be applied to athletic shoes. They'll be made of silk with other environmentally safe fibers mixed in. All parts of the shoe will be biodegradable or recyclable and there will be no wasted weight or excessive bells and whistles."

Electronic Frontier Foundation: John Perry Barlow, co-founder: "Digital devices are being invisibly embedded in every element of our lives. As they converge with evolving communications systems, many of us will become 'jacked in' to a global web of communications. This virtual age could be the most socially transforming technological event since the capture of fire. We're developing the collective organization of human mentality. As we move into a virtual environment, an informational world, more of life will be stimulated by information, not by experience. Already, many of us get this from the computer screen all day, then go home and get more from TV at night. As virtualization becomes inclusive, you'll gradually lose the physical elements of your current world. Communications tools, such as AT&T's

Post cards we have recieved from ICEHOUSE admirers.

GREAT ICEHOUSES ACROSS AMERICA.

the Arctic Ice house (good for shelter)

the Texas Ice house (good for sweating)

the Northern Ice house (good for fishing)

the Plank Road Icehouse (good for drinking)

The best thing about our Plank Road ICEHOUSE is that it's *ice brewed so there's never any watered down taste.* Just more of what you want in a beer. Which makes it a whole lot smoother and easier to drink than any of those other ice places.

Thanks for reading our ad.

From the Plank Road Brewery, A tiny division of the Miller Brewing Co. Milwaukee, WI. Where we're dedicated to being dedicated.

P.S. We hope you enjoy ICEHOUSE, as long as you enjoy it responsibly. NO exceptions!

©1994, Ice Beer, Plank Road Brewery, Milwaukee, WI
Ice Brewed Ale: CA, OR, TX and WA

EO and Apple's Newton, will look crude. I think elements of those devices will be embedded—literally implanted—into your body. You will become a communications tool."

Calgene Fresh: Steve Benoit, former vice president: "Feeding people in the Third World is often as much a problem of delivering fresh crops as it is of growing them. To solve this, we're creating genetically altered fruits and vegetables that stay fresh and ripe longer. We're developing produce that will have a higher yield in a smaller amount of space, and we're genetically altering crops to resist insects. With farmers using less land and few or no chemical pesticides, both production and food costs will be lower. In essence, technology will allow us to improve the way we produce food and prolong the life of the products. The only reason people will refrigerate produce in the future will be that they like the way it tastes chilled."

Thomson Consumer Electronics: Joseph Clayton, executive vice president: "Entertainment and shopping options are going to be unlimited in the future. Your TV will turn into an agent, listing things it thinks you might want to watch. Direct broadcast satellites along with fiber-optic phone lines and over-the-air broadcasts will be just a few of the lanes on an information highway that will bring these shopping and entertainment options into your home. Of course, there will be electronic butlers to control lights, curtains, appliances and sprinkler systems. They may not be able to cut the grass, but who knows? Maybe we will figure that out, too."

Universal Studios Florida: Fred Lounsberry, executive vice president of marketing: "Given the capabilities of multimedia technology, you can put a CD into a computer and take a vacation walk through the streets of Paris or explore the finest museums from your armchair. Consequently, when people actually travel, they'll expect unbelievable experiences. So theme parks and the type of entertainment they provide will become much more important as a vacation option. People developing new entertainment options will have ways of integrating interactive media and motion simulators to entertain large numbers of people. With our *Back to the Future* ride, the cockpit gets hot when you pass by a molten lava bed and gets cold when you travel through the Ice Age. Our new *Jaws* ride delivers an equally realistic thrill. Certainly, rides in the future will continue in that direction, appealing more to multiple senses to give people an unforgettable experience. Virtual reality will play a key role, too. You will be able to put on a helmet and find yourself flying in the Gulf war or skiing in the Alps. Motion-based rides that are tied to virtual reality will enable you to control the story line of the ride by offering the option of turning right, left, up or down and thus altering the outcome of the experience."

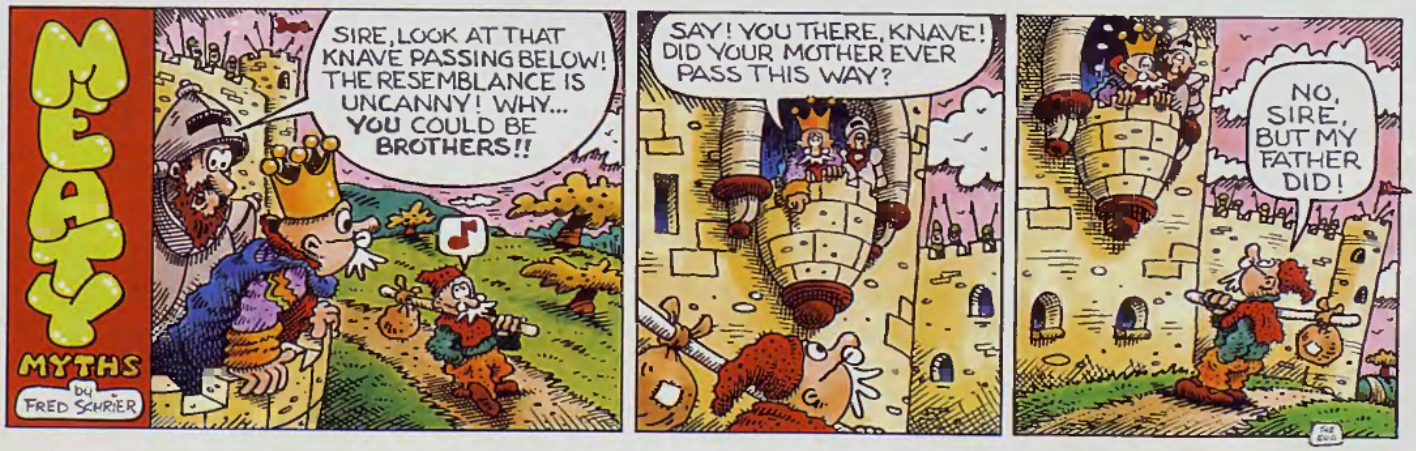
Chrysler Corp.: Tom Gale, vice president of product design: "Cars of tomorrow will be tighter and more efficient through the use of lightweight materials such as aluminum and composites. You'll also see a continuing move toward improved aerodynamics, road feel and sportiness—all the aspects that make a car fun to drive. Function will be a key consideration, too. Designs will have to have a purpose and give something back to the consumer. Finally, nostalgia will still be important. Tomorrow's cars will incorporate elements from the past. That's part of the fabric of automotive design and it always will be."

Phil Ramone, record producer: "In the future, composers and filmmakers in the midst of creative binges won't have to be down the street from the producer or director. They can be at home or halfway around the world and instantly share their work through the phone lines. The whole point of having a radical fiber-optic superhighway is for convenience. When all the parties involved are not necessarily in the same place, you'll still be able to create a great recording."

The Box (an interactive cable music channel): Les Garland, executive vice president: "Television of tomorrow will be voice-activated. You'll get home and the set will say 'Good evening, what kind of mood are you in tonight?' You'll respond that you might be in the mood for sports, news, music videos, whatever you want. The age of personal interactive television will happen."

Worldwatch Institute: Lester Brown, president: "To avoid worldwide catastrophe in the future, five things must be done: First, we need to slow population growth. World leaders need to speak out, calling for only two children per couple. In doing so, they must also fill the family-planning gap, making sure the supply of birth control meets the demand. We also need to reverse deforestation of the planet, with governments and businesses working together to set agricultural policies. Protecting the topsoil is also critical and can be accomplished through education and changes in planting, plowing and other farming methods. To stabilize the climate, we will need to move beyond current fossil fuels to environmentally friendly energy sources such as solar and wind power. And finally, we need to protect the ozone layer by continuing to phase out the use of chlorofluorocarbons. Over the past four years we've cut chlorofluorocarbon production in half. It's time to finish the job."

Virgin Atlantic Airways: Richard Branson, chairman: "Forty years from now, airlines will offer a multifaceted flying experience. Planes will be larger and flights shorter—some a matter of minutes—enabling passengers to fly nonstop around the world. Passengers will be able to shop, have their hair done, study a foreign language or gamble in their seats, which will be adjacent to a Jacuzzi or will conveniently convert into full-size beds. Special lighting, aromatherapy and acupuncture will eliminate jet lag. Entertainment centers, gourmet restaurants, on-line offices and communications centers will be on board. An in-flight personal trainer will design a seat-exercise regime that is based on the length of the flight and the needs of individual passengers. And, of course, planes will be fueled by recycled materials."


MEAT
MYTHS
by FRED SCHRIER
SIRE, LOOK AT THAT KNAVE PASSING BELOW! THE RESEMBLANCE IS UNCANNY! WHY... YOU COULD BE BROTHERS!!
SAY! YOU THERE, KNAVE! DID YOUR MOTHER EVER PASS THIS WAY?
NO, SIRE, BUT MY FATHER DID!

(continued from page 102)

"I wanted to put my arms around her and stroke her hair and feel the heat of her Beat little lost body."

inarticulate praise as I was. "Dean Moriarty," she said at the end of a long rambling speech that alluded to nearly every line Jack had written and half the Zoot Sims catalog, "he is the coolest. I mean, that's who I want to make babies with, absolutely."

There we were, standing in the front hallway listening to this crack-voiced ungulate-eyed long gone Beat-haired 16-year-old chick talk about making babies, with Charlie Parker riffing in the background and the Christmas lights winking on and off, and it was strange and poignant. All I could say was "Wow," over and over, but Jack knew just what to do. He threw one arm over my shoulder and the other over the chick's and he thrust his already bloating and booze-inflamed but quintessentially Beat face into ours and said, low and rumbly, "What we need, the three of us hepsters, cats and chicks alike, is a consciousness-raising all-night bull session at the indubitable pinnacle of all neighborhood bodhisattva centers and bar and grills, the Peroration Pub, or, as the fellahin know it, Ziggy's Clam House. What do you say?"

What did we say? We were speechless—stunned, amazed, moved almost to tears. The man himself, he who had practically invented the mug, the jug and the highball and lifted the art of getting sloshed to its Beat apotheosis, was asking us, the skinny underage bedraggled runaways, to go out on the town for a night of wild and prodigious Kerouackian drinking. All I could manage was a nod of assent. Ricky Keen said, "Yeah, sure, like wow," and then we were out in the frozen rain, the three of us, the streets all crusted with ugly East Coast ice, Ricky on one side of Jack, me on the other, Jack's arms uniting us. We tasted freedom on those frozen streets, passing the bottle, our minds elevated and feverish with the fat spike of Mary Jane that appeared magically between Jack's thumb and forefinger and the little strips of benzedrine-soaked felt he made us swallow like a sacrament. The wind sang a dirge. Ice clattered down out of the sky. We didn't care. We walked eight blocks, our Beat jackets open to the elements, and we didn't feel a thing.

Ziggy's Clam House loomed up out of the frozen black wastes of the Long Island night like a ziggurat, a holy temple of Beat enlightenment and deep soul truths, lit only by the thin neon braids of the beer signs in the windows. Ricky Keen giggled. My heart was pounding against my ribs. I'd never been in a bar before and I was afraid I'd make an ass of myself. But not to worry: We were with Jack, and Jack never hesitated. He hit the door of Ziggy's Clam House like a fullback bursting through the line, the door lurched back on its hinges and embedded itself in the wall, and even as I clutched reflexively at the 83 cents in my pocket Jack stormed the bar with a roar: "Set up the house, barkeep, and all you sleepy fellahin, the Beat Generation has arrived!"

I exchanged a glance with Ricky Keen. The place was as quiet as a mortuary, with some kind of tacky Hawaiian design painted on the walls and a couple of plastic palms so deep in dust they might have been snowed on. It was nearly as dark inside as out. The bartender, startled by Jack's joyous full-throated proclamation of Beat uplift and infectious Dionysian spirit, glanced up from the flickering blue trance of the TV like a man whose last stay of execution has just been denied. He was heavy in the jowls, favoring a dirty white dress shirt and little bow tie pinned like a dead insect to his collar. He winced when Jack brought his Beat fist down on the countertop and boomed, "Some of everything for everybody!"

Ricky Keen and I followed in Jack's wake, lit by our proximity to the centrifuge of Beatdom and the wine, marijuana and speed coursing through our gone adolescent veins. We blinked in the dim light and saw that everybody Jack was referring to comprised a group of three: a sad, mystical, powerfully made-up cocktail waitress in black tutu and fishnet stockings, and a pair of crewcut Teamster types in work shirts and chinos. The larger of the two, a man with a face like a side of beef, squinted up briefly from his cigarette and growled at Jack, "Pipe down, asshole. Can't you see we're trying to concentrate here?" Then the big rippled neck rotated and the head swung back round to refixate on the tube.

Up on the screen, which was perched between gallon jars of pickled eggs and Polish sausage, Red Skelton was mugging in a Santa Claus hat for all the dead vacant mindless living rooms of America, and I knew, with a deep sinking gulf of overwhelming up-Beat sadness, that my own triple-square parents, all the way out in Oxnard, were huddled round the console watching this same rubbery face go through its contortions and wondering where their pride and joy had got himself to. Ricky Keen might have been thinking along similar lines, so sad and stricken did she look at that moment, and I wanted to put my arms around her and stroke her hair and feel the heat of her Beat little lost body against my own. Only Jack seemed unaffected. "Beers all around," he insisted, tattooing the bar with his fist, and even before the bartender could heave himself up off his stool to comply, Jack was waking up Benny Goodman on the jukebox and we were pooling our change as the Teamsters sat stoically beside their fresh Jack-bought beers and the cocktail waitress regarded us out of a pair of black staved-in eyes. Of course, Jack was broke and my 83 cents didn't take us far, but fortunately Ricky Keen produced a wad of crumpled dollar bills from a little purse tucked away in her boot and the beer flowed like bitter honey.

It was sometime during our third or fourth round that the burlier of the two Teamster types erupted from his barstool with the words "communist" and "faggot" on his lips and flattened Jack, Ricky and me beneath a windmill of punches, kicks and elbow chops. We went down in a marijuana-weakened puddle, laughing like madmen, not even attempting to resist as the other Teamster, the bartender and even the waitress joined in. Half a purple-bruised minute later the three of us were out on the icy street in a jumble of limbs and my hand accidentally wandered to Ricky Keen's hard little half-formed breast and for the first time I wondered what was going to become of me, and more immediately, where I was going to spend the night.

But Jack, heroically Beat and muttering under his breath about squares and philistines, anticipated me. Staggering to his feet and reaching down a Tokay-cradling spontaneous-prose-generating railroad-callused hand first to Ricky and then to me, he said, "Fellow seekers and punching bags, the road to Enlightenment is a rocky one, but tonight, tonight you sleep with big Jack Kerouac."

•

I woke the next afternoon on the sofa in the living room of the pad Jack shared with his *mémère*. The sofa was grueling terrain, pocked and scoured by random dips and high hard draft-buffeted plateaus, but my stringy impervious 17-year-old form had become one with it in a way that approached bliss. It was, after all, a sofa, and not the cramped front seat of an A&P produce truck or road-hopping Dodge, and it had the rugged book-thumbing late-night-crashing bongo-thumping joint-rolling aura of Jack to recommend and sanctify it. So what if

my head was as big as a weather balloon and the rest of me felt like so many pounds and ounces of beef jerky? So what if I was nauseated from cheap wine and tea and benzedrine and my tongue was stuck like Velcro to the roof of my mouth and Ricky Keen was snoring on the floor instead of sharing the sofa with me? So what if Bing Crosby and Mario Lanza were blaring square Christmas carols from the radio in the kitchen and Jack's big hunkering soul of a mother maneuvered her shouldery bulk into the room every five seconds to give me a look of radiant hatred and motherly impatience? So what? I was at Jack's. Nirvana attained.

When finally I threw back the old fuzzy Canuck-knitted detergent-smelling fully Beat afghan some kind soul—Jack?—had draped over me in the dim hours of the early morning, I became aware that Ricky and I were not alone in the room. A stranger was fixed like a totem pole in the armchair across from me, a skinny rangy long-nosed Brahmin-looking character with a hundred-mile stare and a dull-brown Beat suit that might have come off the back of an insurance salesman from Hartford, Connecticut. He barely breathed, squinting glassy-eyed into some dark unfathomable vision like a man trying to see his way to the end of a tunnel, as lizardlike a human as I'd ever seen. And who could this be, I wondered, perched here rigid-backed in Jack's gone Beat pad on the day before Christmas and communing with a whole other reality? Ricky Keen snored lightly from her nest on the floor. I studied the man in the chair like he was a science project or something, until all at once it hit me: This was none other than Bill himself, the marksman, freighted all the way across the Beat heaving blue-cold Atlantic from Tangier to wish Jack and his Beat Madonna a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

"Bill!" I cried, leaping up from the sofa to pump his dead wooden hand. "This is, I mean, I can't tell you what an honor," and I went on in that gone worshipful vein for what must have been ten minutes, some vestige of the benzedrine come up on me suddenly. Ricky Keen snapped open her pure golden eyes like two pats of butter melting into a pile of pancakes and I knew I was hungry and transported and headachy and Bill never blinked an eye or uttered a word.

"Who's that?" Ricky Keen breathed in her scratchy cracked throat-cancery rasp that I'd begun to find incredibly sexy.

"Who's that?" I echoed in disbelief. "Why, it's Bill."

Ricky Keen stretched, yawned, readjusted her beret. "Who's Bill?"

"You mean you don't know who Bill is?" I yelped, and all the while Bill sat there like a corpse, his irises drying out and his lips clamped tight round the little nugget of his mouth.

Ricky Keen ignored the question. "Did we eat anything last night?" she rasped. "I'm so hungry I could puke."

At that moment I became aware of a sharp gland-stimulating gone wild smell wafting in from the kitchen on the very same Beat airwaves that carried the corny vocalizations of Bing and Mario: Somebody was making flapjacks!

Despite our deep soul brother- and sisterhood with Jack and his *mémère*, Ricky and I were nonetheless a little sketchy about just bursting into the kitchen and ingratiating our way into a plate of those flapjacks, so we paused to knock on the hinge-swinging slab of the kitchen door. There was no response. We heard Mario Lanza, the sizzle of grease in the pan and voices, talking or chanting. One of them seemed to be Jack's, so we knocked again and boldly pushed open the door.

If there was a climax to all that had come before, a Beat epiphany and holy epitomized moment, this was it: Jack was there at the kitchen table and his mother at the stove, yes, but there was a third person present, arrived among us like one of the bearded mystics out of the East. And who could it be with that mad calculating bug-eyed big-lipped look of Zen wisdom and froglike beauty? I knew it in an instant: It was Allen. Allen himself, the poet laureate of Beatdom, come all the way from Paris for this far-out moment with Jack and his mother in their humble little Beat kitchen on the cold north shore of Long Island. He was sitting at the table with Jack, spinning a dreidel and singing in a muddy moist sweet-wine-lubricated voice:

> Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
> I made it out of clay,
> When I want to spin it,
> Dreidel I will play.

Jack waved Ricky and me into the room and pushed us down into two empty chairs at the kitchen table. "Flipped," he murmured as the dreidel spun across the tabletop, and he poured each of us a water glass of sticky Mogen David blackberry wine and my throat seized at the taste of it. "Drink up, man, it's Christmas Eve!" Jack shouted, and thumped my back to jolt open the tubes.

That was when *Mémère* came into the picture. She was steaming about something, really livid, her shoulders all hunched up and her face stamped with red-hot broiling uncontainable rage. But she served up the flapjacks and we ate in Beat communion, fork-grabbing, syrup-pouring and butter-smearing while Allen rhapsodized about the inner path and Jack poured wine. In retrospect, I should have been maybe a hair more attuned to Jack's mother and her moods, but I shoved flapjacks into my face, reveled in Beatdom and ignored the piercing glances and rattling pans. Afterward we left our Beat plates where we dropped them and rushed into the living room to spin some sides and pound on the bongos while Allen danced a disheveled dance and blew into the wooden flute and Bill looked down the long tunnel of himself.

What can I say? The legends were gathered, we cut up the benzedrine inhalers and swallowed the little supercharged strips of felt inside, feasted on Miss Green and took a gone Beat hike to the liquor store for more wine and still more. By dark I was able to feel the wings of consciousness lift off my back and my memory of what came next is glorious but hazy. At some point—was it eight? nine?—I was aroused from my 17-year-old apprentice-Beat stupor by the sound of sniffling and choked-back sobs, and found myself looking up at the naked-but-for-a-seaman's-peacoat form of Ricky Keen. I seemed to be on the floor behind the couch, buried in a litter of doilies, antimacassars and sheets of crumpled newspaper, the lights from the Christmas tree riding up the walls and Ricky Keen standing over me with her bare legs, heaving out chesty sobs and using the ends of her long gone hair to dab at the puddles of her eyes. "What?" I said. "What is it?" She swayed back and forth, rocking on her naked feet, and I couldn't help admiring her knees and the way her bare young hitchhiking thighs sprouted upward from them to disappear in the folds of the coat.

"It's Jack," she sobbed, the sweet rasp of her voice catching in her throat, and then she was behind the couch and kneeling like a supplicant over the jean-clad poles of my outstretched legs.

"Jack?" I repeated stupidly.

A moment of silence, deep and committed. There were no corny carols seeping from the radio in the kitchen, no wild tooth-baring jazz or Indian sutras roaring from the record player, there was no Allen, no Jack, no *Mémère*. If I'd been capable of sitting up and thrusting my head over the back of the sofa I would have seen that the room was deserted but for Bill, still locked in his comatose reverie. Ricky Keen sat on my knees. "Jack won't have me," she said in a voice so tiny I was hardly aware she was speaking at all. And then, with a pout: "He's drunk."

Jack wouldn't have her. I mulled fuzzily over this information, making slow drawn-out turtle-like connections while Ricky Keen sat on my knees with her golden eyes and Mary Travers hair, and finally I said to myself, If Jack won't have her, then who will? I didn't have a whole lot of experience along these lines—my adventures with the opposite sex had

She Thinks He Spent Years Learning A Sensitive, Mature Approach To Sex. Try 60 Minutes.

Get All You Want From Sex.

Great lovers are made, not born. And now there's a better way to learn–a quick, private way to get the advanced sexual skills and confidence that many men never attain.

Whether you're an eager lover and curious about everything...an experienced lover wanting to keep his edge...or happily married and wondering "Is this all there is to sex?" *Sexual Positions For Lovers* is the answer.

Now you can learn how to get the most out of sex–and how to truly satisfy your partner. With *Sexual Positions*, sex just gets better and better.

New Excitement, Power, And Control.

Created by nationally known sex educators, this tape doesn't just tell you–it shows you step-by-step. Actual couples demonstrate a full range of proven erotic skills to add control, excitement and enjoyment to foreplay and intercourse.

Always shipped in plain packaging to assure privacy, *Sexual Positions For Lovers* is designed to be watched alone or together.

Like Having A Professional Trainer.

This tape is packed with almost 60 minutes of demonstrations and expert advice–skills and techniques proven to work with thousands of couples. You'll learn crucial differences in men's and women's sexual responses. Secrets for adding new excitement. And effective ways to encourage and guide your partner.

You Can Spend Years Trying To Learn This...Or 60 Minutes.

Order *Sexual Positions For Lovers* and give yourself the know-how to enjoy a richer, better sex life. Call **1-800-955-0888** today. You'll save $10 and your tape will be shipped immediately. It's like gaining the experience of a lifetime–without taking a lifetime to learn.

Sinclair
VIDEO LIBRARY

Our No-Risk Guarantee: If you're unhappy with any item you have ordered, simply return it for a prompt exchange or full refund. No questions asked.

Sexual Positions For Lovers

☐ ITEM #9383 (TAPE IS VHS ONLY)
REG. $39.95...SPECIALLY PRICED–SAVE $10.00 $29.95
POSTAGE & HANDLING $ 3.00
(NC ORDERS PLEASE ADD 6% SALES TAX.
CANADIAN ORDERS ADD US $5.00 SHIPPING)
TOTAL $_____

PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____
(I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER AGE 21)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLEASE INDICATE YOUR PAYMENT METHOD:

☐ CHECK OR MONEY ORDER ENCLOSED FOR $_____

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD EXP. DATE _____

CARD NO. _____

SIGNATURE _____

CALL TOLL FREE **1-800-955-0888** OR MAIL TO:
THE SINCLAIR INSTITUTE, DEPT. 8PB4, BOX 8865
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA 27515

been limited to lingering dumbstruck classroom gazes and the odd double-feature grope—but I was willing to learn. And eager, oh yes.

"It's such a drag being a virgin," she breathed, unbuttoning the coat, and I sat up and took hold of her—clamped my panting perspiring sex-crazed adolescent self to her, actually—and we kissed and throbbed and explored each other's anatomies in a drifting cloud of Beat bliss and gone holy rapture. I was lying there, much later, tingling with the quiet rush and thrill of it, Ricky breathing softly into the cradle of my right arm, when suddenly the front door flew back and the world's wildest heppest benny-crazed coast-to-coasting voice lit the room like a brushfire. I sat up. Groped for my pants. Cradled a startled Ricky head.

"Ho, ho, ho!" the voice boomed. "All you little boysies and girlsies been good? I been checkin' my list!"

I popped my head over the couch and there he was, cool and inexplicable. I couldn't believe my eyes: It was Neal. Neal escaped from San Quentin and dressed in a street-corner Santa outfit, a bag full of booze, drugs, cigarettes and canned hams slung over his back, his palms hammering invisible bongos in the air. "Come out, come out, wherever you are!" he cried, and broke down in a sea of giggles. "Gonna find out who's naughty and nice, yes indeed!"

At that moment Jack burst in from the kitchen, where he and Allen had been taking a little catnap over a jug of wine, and that was when the really wild times began, the back-thumping high-fiving jumping jiving tea-smoking scat-singing Beat revel of the ages. Ricky Keen came to life with a snort, wrapped the jacket round her and stepped out from behind the couch like a Beat princess. I reached for the wine, Jack howled like a dog and even Bill shifted his eyes round his head in a simulacrum of animacy. Neal couldn't stop talking and drinking and smoking, spinning round the room like a dervish, Allen shouted "Miles Davis!" and the record player came to life, and we were all dancing, even Bill, though he never left his chair.

That was the crowning moment of my life—I was Beat, finally and absolutely—and I wanted it to go on forever. And it could have, if it weren't for Jack's mother, that square-shouldered fuming old woman in the Christmas dress. She was nowhere to be seen through all of this, and I'd forgotten about her in the crazed explosion of the moment—it wasn't till Jack began to break down that she materialized again.

It was around 12 or so. Jack got a little weepy, sang an a cappella version of *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing* and tried to talk us all into going to the midnight Mass at St. Columbanus' Church. Allen said he had no objection, except that he was Jewish, Neal derided the whole thing as the height of corny bourgeois sentimentality, Bill was having trouble moving his lips and Ricky Keen said that she was Unitarian and didn't know if she could handle it. Jack, tears streaming down his face, turned toward me. "Buzz," he said, and he had this wheedling crazed biggest-thing-in-the-world sort of edge to his voice, "Buzz, you're a good Catholic, I know you are—what do you say?"

All eyes focused on me. Silence rang suddenly through the house. I was three sheets to the wind, sloppy drunk, 17 years old. Jack wanted to go to midnight Mass, and it was up to me to say yea or nay. I just stood there, wondering how I was going to break the news to Jack that I was an atheist and that I hated God, Jesus and my mother, who made me go to parochial school five days a week since I had learned to walk and religious instruction on Sundays to boot. My mouth moved, but nothing came out.

Jack was trembling. A tic started over his right eye. He clenched his fists. "Don't let me down, Buzz!" he roared. When he started toward me, Neal tried to stop him, but Jack flung him away as if he were nothing. "Midnight Mass, Buzz, midnight!" he boomed, and he was standing right there in front of me, gone Beat crazy, and I could smell the booze on his stinking Beat breath. He dropped his voice then. "You'll rot in hell, Buzz," he hissed, "you'll rot." Allen reached for his arm, but Jack shook him off. I took a step back.

That was when *Mémère* appeared.

She swept into the room like something out of a Japanese monster flick, huge in her nightdress, big old Jack-mothery toes sticking out beneath it like sausages, and she went straight to the fireplace and snatched up a poker. "Out!" she screamed, the eyes sunk back in her head, "get out of my house, you queers and convicts and drug addicts, and you"—she turned on me and Ricky—"you so-called fans and adulators, you're even worse. Go back where you came from and leave my Jacky in peace." She made as if to swing the poker at me and I reflexively ducked out of the way, but she brought it down across the lamp on the table instead. There was a flash, the lamp exploded, and she drew back and whipped the poker like a lariat over her head. "Out!" she shrieked, and the whole group, even Bill, edged toward the door.

Jack did nothing to stop her. He gave us his brooding lumberjack Beat posing-on-the-fire-escape look, but there was something else to it, something new, and as I backpedaled out the door and into the grimy raw East Coast night, I saw what it was—the look of a mama's boy, pouty and spoiled. "Go home to your mothers, all of you," *Mémère* yelled, shaking the poker at us as we stood there drop-jawed on the dead brown ice-covered pelt of the lawn. "For God's sake," she sobbed, "it's Christmas!" And then the door slammed shut.

I was in shock. I looked at Bill, Allen, Neal, and they were as stunned as I was. And poor Ricky—all she had on was Jack's peacoat and I could see her tiny bare perfect-toed Beat chick feet freezing to the ground like twin ice sculptures. I reached up to adjust my beret and realized it wasn't there, and it was like I'd had the wind knocked out of me. "Jack!" I cried out suddenly, and my creaking adolescent voice turned it into a forlorn bleat. "Jack!" I cried, "Jack," but the night closed round us and there was no answer.

•

What happened from there is a long story. But to make it short, I took *Mémère*'s advice and went home to my mother, and by the time I got there Ricky had already missed her period. My mother didn't like it but the two of us moved into my boyhood room with the lame college pennants and dinosaur posters and whatnot on the walls for about a month, which is all we could stand, and then Ricky took her gone gorgeous Beat Madonna-of-the-streets little body off to an ultra-Beat one-room pad on the other end of town and I got a job as a brakeman on the Southern Pacific and she let me crash with her and that was that. We smoked tea and burned candles and incense and drank jug wine and made it till we damn near rubbed the skin off each other. The first four boys we named Jack, Neal, Allen and Bill, though we never saw any of their namesakes again except Allen, at one of his poetry readings, but he made like he didn't know us. The first of the girls we named Gabrielle, for Jack's mother, and after that we seemed to kind of just lose track and named them for the month they were born, regardless of sex, and we wound up with two Junes—June the male and June the female—but it was no big thing.

Yeah, I was Beat, Beater than any of them—or just as Beat, anyway. Looking back on it now, though, I mean after all these years and what with the mortgage payments and Ricky's detox and the kids with their college tuition and the way the woodworking shop above the garage burned down and how stinking close-fisted petit bourgeois before-the-revolution pigheaded cheap the railroad disability is, I wonder if I'm not so much Beat anymore, as just plain beat. But then, I couldn't even begin to find the words to describe it to you.

INTIMATE Treasures®

ORDER CATALOGS BY PHONE!
MON. - FRI. 9-5 PACIFIC TIME
415-896-0944

Each catalog with a blue star has pledged rush First Class Service!

FAX
24 hours a day!
7 days a week!
415-896-0933

Something For Everyone
Biggest distributor of videos and photo-sets in Canada. Lingerie, panties, corsets, raised skirts, sneaky peeks, tickling, oil, & rubs. We have made over 200 personalized videos. Credit toward purchase.
Premier Productions
505 $10.00

Quality Time ★
Scandalous fashions, leather lingerie, victorian corsets, fabulous dresses. The most exciting collection of exotic fashions and accessories available today. Superb quality by Dream Dresser.® Catalog price refunded with first purchase.
773 $10.00

Sun & Fun Productions ★
Pretty, slender models with full breasts enjoy teasing you while stripping naked for the camera. Plenty eye contact. Clear, sharp camerawork & extremely attractive models. Wall to wall soft sensual skin.
186 $3.00
Special Offer - Catalog + 30 Girl 1 hr. Video Sampler
493 $19.95

Perfect 10
Perfect 10 gals are gorgeous & hot. Get the best topless, nude & bikini contests. See gals from some of America's hottest centerfold publications. Save big $$$, buy direct from producer. Catalog
336 $2.00
VHS Preview Video & Catalog
Preview 28 videos
337 $9.95

Soft Bodies 100% Natural
California's sexiest lingerie models will tease and please you in these sensual videos and photos from "Soft Bodies . . . 100% Natoral!" Hot and sexy girls in stimulating strip-down photo sessions, wet and wild weekends plus much more in one exciting full color catalog .
380 $2.00

Exotic Lingerie ★
Finest quality, most extensive and exciting selection of lingerie in a glossy live-modeled catalog. No minimum order. Prompt delivery. Exceptional customer service. $10.00 gift certificate included with catalog. Reg. sizes S-M-L (70 pgs.)
861 $10.00
Queen sizes 38-40-42-44-46 (20 pgs.)
862 $10.00

Pure Panties
Panties, panties and nothing but panties. Beautiful girls who love to tease, wearing pretty panties. The best in TEASE VIDEOS. Catalog and sample photo.
516 $3.00

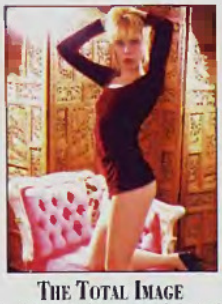
Flirt!
"Wear the clothes that do the talking". Dedicated to make you look your best, Flirt offers the hottest styles in dresses, sportswear, stagewear & swimwear. Choose from nightclub, rock & roll, & leather fashions plus entertainer wear. Over 70 styles in full color. Flirt "from mild to wild" - *for the little flirt in all of us!*
860 $3.00

The Black Mystique
World's largest selection of Black video erotica. Offering Single girl half hour videos in sizzling action. Each VHS cassette takes you on a journey into deep erotic fantasy with the most beautiful black video stars and centerfold models as they tease and please.
784 $3.50
Black Mystique Sampler: Kamali
785 $39.95

The Better Sex Collection
We're all born with a desire to love, yet many of us haven't been taught the advanced skills for good, healthy sex. Even in the best relationship, lovemaking can lose its excitement too soon. The need for fun sex education; inspired the Better Sex Video Series, plus this collection of sex-positive products and free tips.
383 $3.00

Indigo Resources
Over 200 videos of beautiful & sexy girls with awesome bodies performing in wild bikini & wet t contests! Hot striptease & lingerie shows! Glamour & erotic nude modeling! Raised skirt, 1st time amateurs & more! Catalog
169 $3.00
2 Hour preview video
170 $24.95

The Xandria Collection ★
Indulge your **fantasies** with our exclusive catalog! Uncover a sinful selection of adult products, books, videos & **much more!** Get quality, integrity, & exceptional service. Guaranteed with you in mind–100% SATISFACTION. Must be 21 yrs.
$4 redeemable with order.
156 $4.00



The Total Image
Specializing in fast service of photos & videos. Get our latest list of available products. Choose from approximately 2000 photos of sexy young amateur models. Our catalog features some of the hottest models. Select slides, photos, videos & more. Reasonable prices & fast service are number one with us. Catalog
454 $3.00

Midwest Girls
Over 40 gorgeous amateur models perform sexy strip tease in hot lingerie, then pose in the nude for YOU! Over 120 titles, photo sets, slides. Catalog
913 $3.00
90 min. VHS video + FREE catalog. 9 models strip and pose for the first time. No sales in Missouri.
914 $39.95

CCI's Book of Lingerie & Nude Models
Featores 45 gorgeous models in a variety of nude & lingerie poses. Purchase their very personal amateur videos & photo-graphs. Catalog contains 56 color pages & displays over 450 color photographs. Only
438 $10.00
Sample 2 Hr. Video
Featuring CCI's 45 models.
439 $19.95

Order by Mail

Send to INTIMATE TREASURES®, P. O. BOX 77902, Dept. **1PB060194** San Francisco, CA 94107-0902.
Circle catalogs and products desired. Include check, money order or credit card # for total + $2.50 processing charge.

156	$ 4.00	336	$ 2.00	383	$ 3.00	454	$ 3.00	516	$ 3.00	785	$ 39.95	862	$ 10.00
169	$ 3.00	337	$ 9.95	438	$ 10.00	493	$ 19.95	773	$ 10.00	860	$ 3.00	913	$ 3.00
170	$ 24.95	380	$ 2.00	439	$ 19.95	505	$ 10.00	784	$ 3.50	861	$ 10.00	914	$ 39.95
186	$ 3.00												

PRINT CLEARLY

Name _____ (first) (last)
Address _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Prov. _____ Zip Code _____
Phone ( ) – X _____
Authorized Signature - I am over 21 years old

Credit Card:
Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Exp. ___/___ (Mo. / Yr.)
Account Number

Total cost of items ordered $_____
Processing Charge + $ 2.50
TOTAL ENCLOSED $_____

Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐

Make check or money order payable to Intimate Treasures.® U.S. and Canadian orders only. U.S. funds only. 1st time check orders held 14 days. Sorry no C.O.D.'s Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

FRED WARD *(continued from page 123)*

"Then she goes to this tent show because she reads in a tabloid that Jesus is going to come down in a UFO."

Miller when he was in Pacific Palisades. She was 16 years old at the time. She said that whatever a person's age or education, Miller spoke to them directly, eye to eye. He opened up, listened. The wonderful thing about Miller was his huge appetite for people, for life. A true humanist. He walked this thin line between poverty and falling off the other side. But he did it because of his love of freedom. He could try to embrace what was important to him in life—and that's rare in a person, especially at 40 years old, when he made a major break from his life. He forced himself to go into the wilderness.

7.

PLAYBOY: You had to be bald to play Henry Miller. What did you learn about baldness that would make you want to keep your hair, or would make you impatient for it to fall out?

WARD: [*Laughs*] The first thing I realized is that there are a lot of bald men running around Paris—and, I guess, the whole world. It was like buying a certain car and then realizing lots of other people have the same automobile. But when I saw all these bald guys, I accepted them. However, I prefer to have hair. It's vanity, I'm sure. I just feel better with it. [*Laughs*] Besides, there was this blue five o'clock shadow on my head. It looked bizarre, like maybe I had a disease. The camera would pick up the shadow even under layers of makeup. Sometimes, for that reason, I'd have my head shaved twice a day. Otherwise, I wore a hat all the time. Thank God it was winter.

8.

PLAYBOY: You're considered a thoughtful, intellectual actor. So what lured you to *Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult*? Was it an opportunity for a mental vacation?

WARD: The absurdity of it. I'd never seen the other two, but I read the script and laughed out loud five or six times at the stupid fun. But it's no vacation. It's taxing work. Very exact. When you go on the set they throw lines at you that they're thinking up right then or did the night before. It's a challenge. If anything, I think they cast me because I would play the role from my own particular truth as the character, instead of as a comedic actor.

9.

PLAYBOY: You, more than any actor, have explored the seriocomic use of dentures, notably in *Miami Blues*. Did that experience encourage a more rigorous regimen of dental hygiene?

WARD: Definitely. Of course, my stepfather had false teeth because his had been knocked out in World War Two. So I was aware of what a big pain in the ass they could be.

10.

PLAYBOY: How do you work?

WARD: By mixing the intellect—figuring what points I want to make—with the physical. At one time in my career I did a lot of theater, and the physical approach helped me define a reality for myself night after night. It means trusting your body because your emotions are neurologically connected. A gesture can lead you into areas where you want to go. When I was in Italy I did a lot of mask and mime theater. You put a mask over your face, and it's all about moving the mask—making the audience think the expression changes—if the energy in your body is in the right place. The guy I trained with always talked about the energy coming from the stomach region—the same area Buddhists talk about. When it worked, when the mask moved, you could feel it.

11.

PLAYBOY: When you lived in Italy, you also dubbed spaghetti Westerns. Can you read lips in another language?

WARD: [*Laughs*] I lip-synched in English over Italian, Spanish, Croatian, French—whatever—while trying to hit certain labials. That's how I survived. There's a loop. You have their dialogue and you listen to the tone of voice. You also have a script the director has written that, one hopes, fits the story. Some people are brilliant at this. One dubbing director would spontaneously pop something off and just knock you down laughing. Once there was this tough guy going into a smoky bar, drunks and six-guns all over the place. He walked up to the bar and said, "Seen my mother?"

12.

PLAYBOY: Despite your wandering ways, you raised a son. How has that changed your life?

WARD: It opens a well of love that's surprising because it's so primal. That's something you don't question, it's beyond discussion. You can try to intellectualize or explain it away, but it doesn't do any good. It's in the marrow of your bones, like some beast that moves into your house. I suspect the energy was there before, but used in a different way. For me it felt like a faucet opening. Suddenly there were no doubts, no questions, no insecurities. There was no little fight like that which goes on sometimes in love between adults—the compromising. The primal force has given me a sense of completion, a fait accompli. It now seems it was necessary, a genetic reason for perpetuating existence.

13.

PLAYBOY: You box for sport. In what ways is boxing responsible for your face? What are your strengths and vulnerabilities in the ring?

WARD: Well, my nose was broken four times. I've had eye muscle problems—I just had another surgery on it—that were complicated by boxing and by a motorcycle accident. Right now I don't spar because of the eye. And I broke my thumb. When I was young I was never a great boxer, but I stood in there. I had a good left jab and a hard right, if I could get it off. I was pretty good defensively, but I would never claim to have been a great fighter. Had I started younger, I might have fought professionally. It's exciting and terrifying at the same time. The bell rings and there you are. It's fast. It's total attention. It's ecstatic, too. You're sort of in combat. You have to be wide-awake. Everything sort of falls away but those three minutes and what they pull out of you. You get to this place where, goddamn, you got the shit beat out of you, you didn't do too well, and you have to come back. Then you come back and you do well—you learn something and you apply it—and after you've done well, of course you've got to come back. So you get into this cycle.

14.

PLAYBOY: If someone other than Robert Altman had made *The Player*, would it have received half the attention it did?

WARD: I don't know if anyone could have made it as well as Altman. Altman is a wizard, both in his life and in his work. He's one of the few. He's full of magic. He has a view of life that is magical and humorous and dark all at the same time. He gives that to everyone, too. For an actor it's amazing. Actors come out of the woods and share dressing rooms with no toilets to work with the guy. But that's what it's all about; that's why you act—because you want that magic. You want that sorcerer. You want to be the sorcerer's apprentice. He loves doing that, and the love comes through. It comes through the work, it comes through everybody. If it hadn't been him, it wouldn't have been *The Player*.

15.

PLAYBOY: Many actors have films that were never released. Is there anything you want to warn us about?

WARD: There's a film that I love called *UFOria*, written and directed by John Binder, that didn't get much of a release.

It stayed on the shelf for about four years, then there was a film festival in Los Angeles where it got good reviews. Since then it's had a life in art houses, and now it's out on video. It's a great, crazy film. Cindy Williams plays a checkout girl in a supermarket in the desert. Harry Dean Stanton is a phony healer who has a tent show. I play a buddy of Harry Dean's, this drifter with a Cadillac who wants to be the next Waylon Jennings, breaking into rubber machines to pay for my gasoline down the road. I shoplift in Cindy's place. Cindy sees me and says, "You're not Waylon Jennings—he wouldn't do that." Then she goes to this tent show because she reads in a tabloid that Jesus is going to come down in a UFO and take everybody to heaven. There, she sees me having my leg healed. [*Laughs*] Subsequently we have a relationship; Harry Dean is moving stolen cars over the border. It's a crazy, wacky film. It's funny and it doesn't look down on its characters, these fringe human beings living in a desert community.

16.

PLAYBOY: You love France and own an apartment in Paris. Americans think that the French don't like us. Can you defend the French to a skeptical American?

WARD: I like them. I feel good in France. I feel balanced. But I like exile, so maybe that's part of it. I can accept them for what they are. Having lived in Europe, I know you have to leave your Americanism—a lot of it—here. Especially in Rome, which is a city on the edge of chaos. If you have expectations, you may as well be running into a wall. Italians are traditional. The thing about my life—and a lot of Americans' lives—is that I'm always breaking tradition. If you understand what their tradition is, you're all right. But the Parisians, especially, are tolerant and intolerant at the same time. They're intolerant because they sometimes have a cosmopolitan arrogance, and they've been overrun by people. The country's often been occupied. They see these tourists stomping through their parks and climbing over their café tables, not even attempting to speak their language. There are arrogant French. There are also arrogant Americans.

17.

PLAYBOY: You have joined the ranks of actors of a certain age who, because of their distinctive look, have been lured into doing fashion print ads. What's it like being appreciated for your looks? If we were to peek into your closet, would we find more Giorgio Armani or more Army-Navy?

WARD: It's flattering. Not that I would do it all the time. The money I would have been paid went to an AIDS benefit. Acting is harder work. [*Laughs*] I have a few Armani suits. The material's great. I have Army-Navy, too. I don't profess to be either.

18.

PLAYBOY: As astronaut Gus Grissom in *The Right Stuff*, you helped introduce "screw the pooch" to the language. Did Grissom get an unfair rap for sinking his space capsule in the Atlantic?

WARD: I don't think that Gus was at fault. I heard a recording of Gus' voice inside that capsule, and he was calm. I was in the Air Force—I know what those guys sound like. Gus said, "Ah, give me another minute here, let me, ah, do something"—that kind of droning monotone that pilots get. He may have hit something with his helmet, but it certainly wasn't said in a panic. I also heard that he'd hung a lemon on the Apollo 1 capsule some time before it caught on fire on the launch pad and killed him. They were afraid of electrical wires in a highly saturated oxygen atmosphere. He was a pretty astute engineer and he knew.

19.

PLAYBOY: What are the challenges and rewards of being a nomad?

WARD: My fantasies are kind of Rimbaudesque: to disappear for a while in a strange place, to see what happens. See what I become. I want to create my own theater, so to speak. It's just like this universe. What the fuck is there? What the fuck am I? Can I really enter somewhere that's unsafe, that's insecure? Can I slip around on ice and see if I can stand up? That's the exciting thing about traveling. I once spent about three months by myself in Morocco, wandering around. Ran into a friend of mine in Fez. I'd been at the edge of the Sahara for a while. He told me years later, "You were bizarre, very strange." When I look back I remember, yeah, sometimes the space of the desert does suck something out of you. Hitchhiking on a desert road gives you a rush. Getting rides in trucks. There's an elation, ecstasy sometimes. A falling in love with leaving somewhere and wondering what's going to unfold in front of you. A sense of movement. Kind of like the aborigines and their walkabouts. I just wander in cities, and in the wandering define myself. A while ago, I decided to spend a few weeks in Barcelona, and also the Basque part of Spain, and a bit in southern France. I sat in cafés, watching people. I talked with those who came up and talked to me. I wrote notes. There's a sort of vibration between loneliness and the wonderment of being there, in life. It's hard to explain. There's a monolog in your head, like some Beckett character who can't shut up.

20.

PLAYBOY: When you shop, do you gravitate toward JCPenney, Sears or Ward's?

WARD: I bought a battery at Sears and signed up for a credit card at the same time. I never did receive the credit card. But then I got a bill for like $8000, $9000. Then a letter from the head of the furniture department in a Sears in Canoga Park, thanking me for all my purchases. [*Laughs*] I guess someone ripped the card off and went to town. Good battery, though.

"I never thought these TV shopping networks would get my attention."

DRUGSTORE MARINE (continued from page 92)

"His dangerous fantasies took on the hallmarks of megalomania, perjury, double-dealing and gullibility."

a tough I Corps battlefield and was wounded twice. He was not short on guts or leadership ability and his men rated him as a gung ho and caring leader. For his last three months in Vietnam North was a staff officer, away from combat, with mostly administrative duties.

Between 1969 and 1974 he spent most of his time in offices and classrooms and on training assignments. In late 1974 he again took charge of troops when he became a company commander, as a captain, on Okinawa. Just 29 days into the assignment, North—described to me by a fellow officer who saw him at the time as an "emotional wreck"—surrendered his command.

He returned to the U.S., where he spent as much as three weeks at Bethesda Naval Hospital for some deep-shrinking by psychiatrists. The episode is shrouded in mystery. North himself is vague about it in *Under Fire*, his autobiography published in 1991. There have been published reports that parts of his medical records were expunged.

Meanwhile, there have been published reports (which North never legally challenged) that provide details about the apparent nervous breakdown. In one account he ran around naked, babbling incoherently and waving a .45 pistol.

I asked him about his emotional problems on the radio and he did not want to talk about them. Voters in Virginia should ask him about this and demand to see his Marine medical record. Watch him say it's secret because of national security. Hell, he may believe it himself.

North never afterward commanded troops. For the rest of his career he was a staff wienie—and by all accounts a good one, if sometimes overzealous. "You had to keep an eye on him or he would get everyone in trouble," an officer who worked with him told me.

He tirelessly shuffled papers, taught classes and for the last five years before Iran-contra exploded, worked as a presidential advisor on national security matters. In the White House his dangerous and destructive fantasies took on the hallmarks of megalomania, perjury, double-dealing and gullibility. He was still a serving Marine, but he wore civilian gear and his weapons during those five years were a word processor, a file cabinet and one mean shredder.

And now he is on a roll as the comeback colonel.

•

We are lucky to have survived his first effort at shaping policy. He was incompetent. No matter how slapstick some of his antics were—like taking the key-shaped cake and the pistols to Tehran—his incompetence caused grave harm to American national interests.

The record shows him to be an extraordinary sucker. He wants to please everyone and has this thing about being the ultimate insider. Real insiders can smell pretenders like Ollie. They let them inside only when they can use them. And, boy, was Ollie used.

According to one of his colleagues, North boasted that Ronald Reagan "loves my ass."

North certainly brought the power of the White House to his projects. And for some of the worst people in the world it was a lucky day when Ollie walked in. He was an answer to the prayers of sleazebags from Panama City to Beirut. It was as if they had one of their own in the White House.

The Iranians Ollie dealt with were basically the same people who had seized the U.S. embassy and taken hostages in 1979. Most of the world regarded them as criminals. During the war with Iraq the Iranians were having trouble getting arms. But, with Ollie's help, they managed to get tons of weaponry during 1985 and 1986. In return they prevailed upon their allies in Lebanon to turn loose some kidnapped U.S. civilians. North himself, in a message sent to John Poindexter (a message that he attempted but failed to destroy), lays out the

"Environmentalists are no different—they slip behind you and take a leak just like everybody else."

chain of organizations from Tehran right down to the hostage holders—a well-known Middle Eastern terrorist group called the Hezbollah.

It was the Hezbollah who carried out the bombing of the Beirut barracks in October 1983, in which 241 Marines and servicemen were killed. Two years later, despite the rhetorical denunciations of all terrorists by the Reagan White House, Ollie did business with them.

So Ollie did succeed in getting people out, right? Yes, except that when three hostages were released, the terrorists simply snatched three others to get ready to bargain for more arms.

"The net accomplishment of North's arms deals with the Iranians was to create a market for hostages," said Tom Blanton, executive director of the National Security Archive in Washington, D.C. The NSA, a nongovernmental library of declassified documents, is the greatest single public repository of hard facts about North and the whole Iran-contra scam. "The market featured prices—a.k.a. ransoms—running from $1 million in cash to as high as $8 million in missiles. That's an incentive for a revolving door."

Remember: The official line was that North and his colleagues worked only with moderates in Iran. The joke back in 1987 was that a moderate in Iran was anybody who was low on ammo. Voters in Virginia should ask him if the people who killed the Marines and sailors in Beirut were moderates.

North also dealt with other people who dwelt in the terrorist sewer. Back in 1987 he testified that terrorist Abu Nidal wanted him dead. It was, North said, Nidal's threats that made him install the security system. Nidal and his associates must have had a good laugh when they saw how North had fooled the American public. They knew about Ollie. Abu Nidal and Ollie bought weapons from the same Syrian arms dealer, Monzer al-Kassar. So did Abul Abbas, the man who carried out the seizure of the Achille Lauro and the murder of Leon Klinghoffer. The terrorist underworld wanted a patsy like Ollie alive and doing business.

It's a good bet that the contras did not get their money's worth out of the weapons Ollie got for them from Monzer al-Kassar. For all the money he raised for the contras, little of it did the grunts in the field any good. They were eating monkeys and suffering supply problems while the Miami leadership team with whom North worked bought expensive suits and lived comfortably.

North's involvement with Manuel Noriega would be funny if it had not damaged the U.S. so much. Ollie regularly kissed the Panamanian's ass in exchange for promises of help with the contras. An American who knew them both said, "To North, Noriega was like Brando up the river in *Apocalypse Now*. No rules."

Noriega's reputation—as a narco-trafficker, election fixer, double or triple intelligence agent and accomplice to murder—did not deter Ollie. When Noriega got some bad press in the summer of 1986 he went to Ollie and told him he wanted his image buffed up in Washington. In return, Noriega offered to blow up some Sandinista targets inside Nicaragua. North enthusiastically reported all this to Poindexter and, ever gullible, judged Noriega's offer "sincere." Thank God, North got caught just two months later. Voters in Virginia should ask North why he wanted to improve the image of someone like Noriega, who played such a crucial role in shipping cocaine to Americans.

North should not call himself a conservative, at least not in the way my family and friends in Virginia define the word. If he qualifies as the leader of any cause it is the neo-fruitcake movement. I hope the good people of Virginia realize he is the opposite of a patriot and make that clear with their ballots. My family first settled in Virginia in 1622 and my ancestors would spin in their graves if he were to represent the state. I hereby volunteer for his enemies list.

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.

How to use them without disappointment.

From *Sexual Secrets, A Couples Guide to Sexual Ecstasy*, available from the Xandria Collection

Today, people are interested in improving the quality of their lives and exploring their own sensuality with options from the Xandria Collection.

The most important aspect of satisfaction is trust. Trust us... thoughtful consideration goes into each product in the catalogue. Quality, value, and sensual appeal are all important elements, as are you, the customer.

What is The Xandria Collection?

It is a very special collection of sensual products. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed)!

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who has ever wished there could be something more to their sensual pleasure.

The Xandria Collection has a unique three-way guarantee. We've had the same, no worry guarantee for the past 18 years (since 1974).

First, we guarantee your privacy. Everything we ship is plainly packaged and securely wrapped, with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential and we never sell, give or trade any customer's name.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. If a product seems unsatisfactory, simply return it within 60 days for a replacement or refund.

Third, we guarantee the quality of our products for one year. If it malfunctions, simply return it to us for a replacement.

The Xandria Gold Collection... a tribute to closeness and communication. Celebrate the possibilities for pleasure we each have within us. If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then send for the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. It is priced at just $4.00, applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0694
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Gold Collection Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied toward my first purchase. ($4 U.S., $5 CAN., £3 U.K.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age *(signature required)*:

_____

Xandria, 874 Dubuque Ave., South San Francisco, CA 94080
Void where prohibited by law.

INSIDE GAME *(continued from page 128)*

"By reputation, Falk would level his own grandmother if she blocked an accelerated payment schedule."

NBA players are cocooned by celebrity and alienated by a work life of one-night stands. Their agents are their lines to the outside world, and no demand is too outlandish. One Woolf client phoned him in Boston from a hotel room in Hawaii and ordered him to call the hotel manager and complain about the hot water. Another refused to fly in to sign his contract unless the team bought a ticket for his dog as well. A third called from a motel in San Diego and commanded Woolf to wire him $10,000 within 30 minutes.

"He said he'd been kidnapped, handcuffed and chained to a bed," Woolf recounted. "He'd wriggled free just enough to reach the telephone, and he said the kidnappers were going to kill him if he didn't get them the money." Did Woolf wire the ten thousand? "No, I knew this had to be to pay for for drugs. So I told him I couldn't do it. The guy is still living."

While an agent's lot may at times be onerous, there are more than enough wanna-bes eager to join the ranks. The Players Association currently certifies 210 agents, who compete for only 324 active NBA players—and, most fiercely, the 54 potential clients drafted out of colleges each June. As in most businesses these days, the big fish starve the smaller ones: About two dozen high-powered lawyers corner most of the market. Falk's operation is especially select—"a boutique for superstars," in his phrase. He has no interest in what he calls drones, the marginal players who flesh out pro rosters. Ten of his 22 NBA clients rated among the top four picks over the past nine drafts—more than 25 percent of the players in that lucrative market niche.

Some newcomers crack the barrier with drop-dead résumés and reputations to match. Len Elmore, one of a handful of rising black agents, went directly from a ten-year pro basketball career to Harvard Law School, then did a stint in the Brooklyn district attorney's office. All around him he saw the personal and financial wreckage of former teammates and opponents, still-young men unprepared for "what happens when the cheering stops and you have to face the unknown and it's pitch black in front of you. What we hope to do is illuminate that pitch-black before they have to start walking." Elmore preaches self-reliance and community responsibility and views his role not simply as an agent, but as "a counsel in life."

But the big money has also drawn some bottom feeders—"slimebuckets" to Falk, "the sleaze factor" to Elmore. "The incentive is certainly there to bend the rules," Elmore says, "and some just break them." The Players Association has decertified a number of agents for mismanaging their clients' funds, and it may bar an agent for making prohibited inducements—whether financial incentives fronted to a college player, or kickbacks or "referral fees" to the player's coach or some friend or relative.

"I know with a great deal of certainty that at least three [first-round draft picks in 1993] received some incentive to sign with their agents," says Bill Strickland. "I got two separate phone calls for someone drafted this year, in which the person said, 'Pay me X dollars and I will facilitate the introduction.' I said, 'I don't do business like that.' And the guy said to me, 'Well, that's what the big white boys do.'"

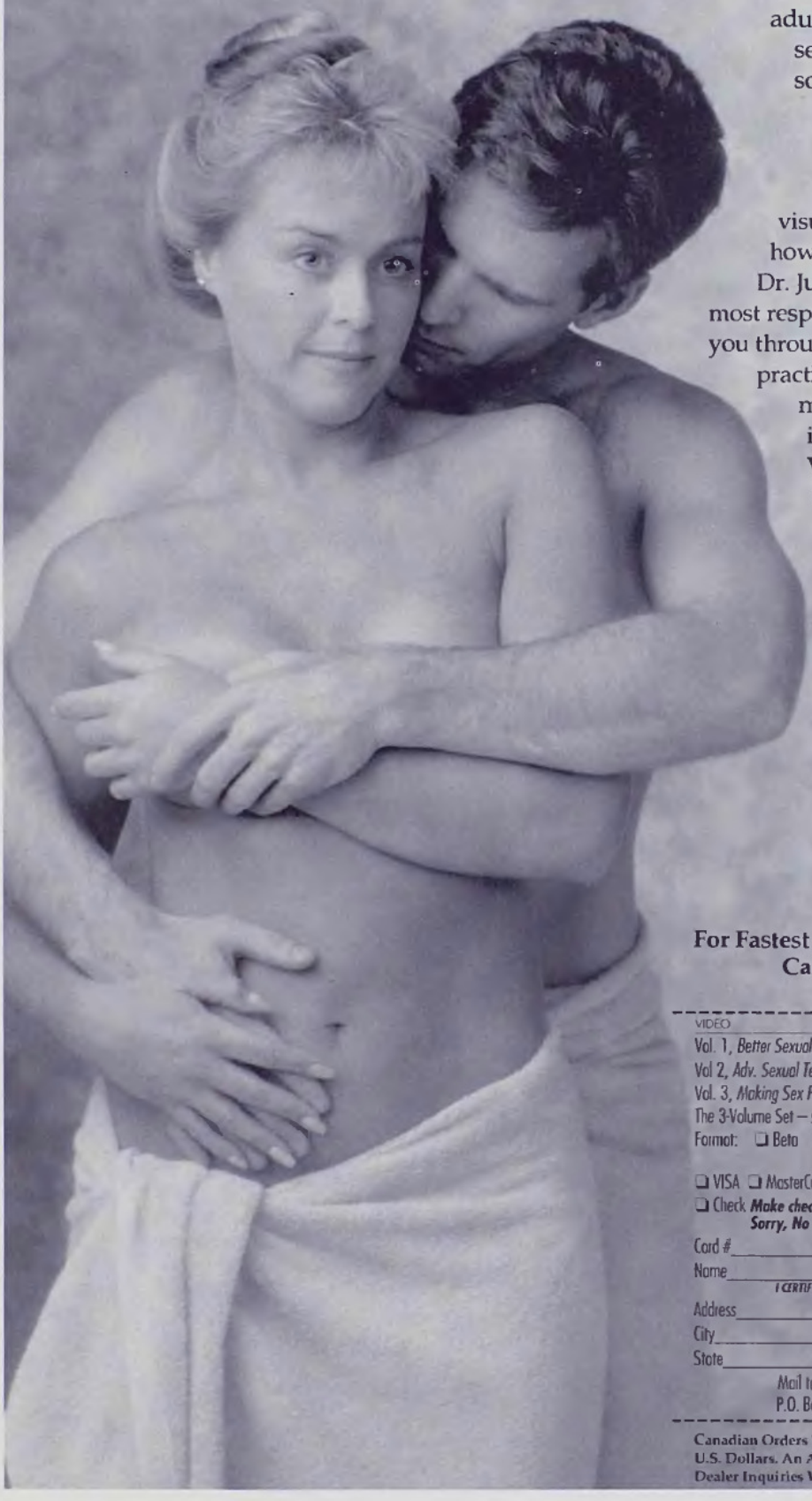
Terry Dehere, a rookie guard out of Seton Hall who ultimately signed with Elmore, confirms that more than one prospective agent had offered him a new car. "Whatever I chose—just go to the lot and pick it out. I'm not a top-ten pick. If this goes on with me, I can imagine what goes on in other cases."

It has gotten bad enough that Falk, for one, prefers to be known not as an agent but as an attorney. "That's what Michael calls me," he says, lightly dropping the biggest first name in his stable. Yet for all of Falk's undisputed loyalty toward his clients, for all of his carefully sculpted self-promotion, he has an image problem. By reputation he is a man whose name is an expletive to NBA front offices, a hard case who would level his own grandmother if she blocked an accelerated payment schedule.

Such sentiments hurt Falk, even as he attributes them to media hype or to the old stereotype of agents as cigar-chomping shysters. "It disappoints me when I'm portrayed as this tough, grizzly individual. I don't think I instill fear in owners like Harold Katz and Jim Thomas—these are all hundred-million-dollar

Sex Education For Me?

Know-how is still the best aphrodisiac.



There's No Such Thing As A "Born Lover"! Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover you can benefit from **The Better Sex Video Series.** It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-Selling Sex-Ed Video

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for more enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order the **Better Sex Video** today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

Shipped Unmarked For Your Privacy. All of our videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy. Each video is approximately 90 minutes.

THE Better Sex Video SERIES®

Sex. The More You Know About It, The Better It Gets.

For Fastest Service With Credit Card Orders, Call Toll-Free (800) 888-1900
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

VIDEO	QTY	PRICE EA.	TOTAL
Vol. 1, *Better Sexual Techniques*	_____	$29.95	_____
Vol 2, *Adv. Sexual Techniques*	_____	29.95	_____
Vol. 3, *Making Sex Fun*	_____	29.95	_____
The 3-Volume Set – save $20	_____	69.85	_____
Format: ❑ Beta ❑ VHS	Postage & Handling		$ 3.00
	TOTAL		$_____

❑ VISA ❑ MasterCard

❑ Check ***Make checks payable to The Townsend Institute. Sorry, No cash or COD's***

Card #_____ Exp._____

Name_____

I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE.

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Mail to: The Townsend Institute, Dept **ZPB41**
P.O. Box 8855, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please Make Checks Payable In U.S. Dollars. An Additional $5.00 Is Required For Shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome.

guys. They're not afraid of a young lawyer [Falk is 43] who represents people making $2 million or $3 million a year."

On the other hand, Falk models himself after Marlon Brando's Don Corleone: "If you're powerful, if you have the ultimate clout, you don't have to yell and scream. You could quietly say, 'Harold, I'd like an eight-year deal for $50 million, I'd like an out after the fourth year, I'd like some bonuses.' And the guy would say, 'OK, you're the Godfather, here it is'—and you'd walk out."

In truth, there are a few basketball people who would liken Falk to a less well-dressed John Gotti—a hit man who follows his own self-serving code. When Falk steered free-agent client Xavier McDaniel from the New York Knicks to the Boston Celtics after the 1992 season, a conspiracy theory swirled that the agent was trying to please Jordan and weaken the Knicks, then the leading threat to the Chicago Bulls' budding dynasty.

After McDaniel left the team, Knicks president David Checketts said, "What my dealings with David ultimately prove is that the only rule is that there are no rules. When he has leverage, he will do anything."

That summer of 1992 was a long and hot one for Falk, and the heat didn't break with autumn. It was his first year out on his own after 17 years with ProServ, the most renowned coven of agentry in the world. He wooed only one NBA rookie, Alonzo Mourning. Like Falk clients Patrick Ewing and Dikembe Mutombo, Mourning played at Georgetown for coach John Thompson, the agent's longstanding client and mentor. The Charlotte Hornets drafted Mourning with the second pick, but they weren't exactly treating Falk like the Godfather.

As training camp and exhibition games came and went, the talks deteriorated into Mourning sickness. Falk broke his own rule against negotiating in the media. He eventually received a six-year, $24 million deal—after the first four games of the regular season—but didn't do much to endear Mourning to the locals.

"My feeling," says Spencer Stolpen, the Hornets president, "was that David was appealing to too many masters. He was trying to impress John Thompson and he was trying to audition for Nike," which had signed Mourning to an independent marketing contract.

"When it comes to negotiating a contract," Stolpen goes on, "David becomes deaf and blind to anything other than what he has said or written. He has great selective memory, and often he becomes bigger than the player. In the Mourning situation, it was David Falk against the world."

Other NBA executives paint a different picture. Jerry Reynolds, former general manager of the Sacramento Kings, observes that teams are less likely to play hardball against "a proven all-star" like Falk, because there are "certain things you know you're not going to get away with, so you don't waste your time trying. With David you get guys signed sooner, with less animosity, and it fits the community better. I make it a point to bow to the East twice a day, just in case David is checking."

Even Charlotte's Stolpen bears no grudge, noting that there are "times when David Falk can be an ally to a general manager." A case in point came during the 1991–1992 season, when Rex Chapman was demoted from starter to sixth man. Falk, who had won a fat new contract for Chapman just months before, had an unhappy client making more than $2 million a year. He knew a trade was likely; why not make it sooner rather than later? He called Stolpen.

"Can I help move him?" Falk asked.

"If you can move him, move him," Stolpen said.

Falk knew that the Washington Bullets needed a shooting guard. "John Nash, the general manager, is a good friend of mine, and the Bullets were down on forward Tommy Hammonds," he relates. "A lot of times young players get stuck in a situation that just doesn't work out. It doesn't mean they're bad players. I have a great relationship with the owner, Abe Pollin—and we made the deal." In February 1992, Chapman was traded straight up for Hammonds and now is thriving as a starting guard with the Bullets.

"More than anything," Falk says, "I look at myself as a creative problem solver. That's what a negotiator is—someone who understands problems and can solve them." In the NBA, those solutions tend to be expensive. All hands—including other agents, whose profession is rife with gleeful character assassinations—agree that Falk is unexcelled in this department. "He's the model, he's flying high," Elmore says, conjuring the image of Air Falk.

Agents are not alchemists. None of them could extract a high-eight-figure contract if the industry were not so robust. Two fundamentals are at work here: the fabulous growth of the NBA, and the success of the league's salary cap, through which the owners guarantee that the players will be paid an aggregate 53 percent of the league's net revenues. While the average NBA salary more than quadrupled over ten years (from $275,000 in 1983 to $1.3 million in 1992), league revenues sextupled over roughly the same period, from $160 million to $975 million. In 1980 the value of the Dallas Mavericks' expansion

"On the other hand, the rooms on the sniper side are considerably less expensive."

franchise was $12 million; last year a Toronto group ponied up a $125 million entry fee for 1995.

The agents cleverly found a crack in the salary cap rules. They used the annual boost in the cap limit to increase the take for each year's crop of rookies. Then they used the rookie deals to leverage new, improved contracts for veterans. (A team may go over the cap to re-sign its own players.) The result: 21 of 27 team payrolls exceeded the $14 million cap in the 1992–1993 season, in one case by $11 million.

No one has played this game better than Falk. It may not have taken genius to get a then record $3.25 million per year for a demigod like Jordan in 1988, or a single-year balloon of $18.7 million for Ewing, in effect for 1995. But Falk also reels in lavish first contracts for less incandescent players. In 1990, a banner season, he wrung $12 million over five years for Orlando's Dennis Scott, and a surreal $37.5 million over ten years for Danny Ferry—a deal that put the slug-footed Ferry in a higher salary bracket than Charles Barkley or Hakeem Olajuwon. "We had all the leverage on the Ferry deal," Falk says. Then he adds, without doubt or embarrassment, "Besides, I think Danny Ferry is going to be a terrific player."

Most agents are slot guys. They're afraid to close a deal until the players drafted on either side of their client are inked, so they can safely secure something in the middle. But Falk prides himself on setting the market that others will strive to follow. Once he arrives at a client's value—based in part on his analysis of general market forces, in part on what other Falk clients have signed for—he will open with a number within five percent of where he plans to close: "I don't want to get into a ping-pong match." His players are usually signed promptly, in time for the start of training camp. More often than not, they wind up jumping at least one slot—that is, getting more money than the player drafted in front of them.

Citing a shallow 1993 draft talent pool, many teams presumed that the perennial surge in rookie salaries would flatten out. But Falk never believed it. "It's like asking if the latest model car is always better," he explains. "Not necessarily, but the prices always go up."

In mid-July, a FAME vice president named Mike Higgins closed a six-year deal for $18 million for sixth pick Calbert Cheaney. The first lottery pick to be signed, Cheaney's average annual guarantee was 40 percent higher than Tom Gugliotta's, who'd been chosen sixth in 1992—and slightly more than the figure settled on by 1990 number one pick Derrick Coleman. A few weeks later, Higgins and Falk would collaborate in clinching a six-year, $16.5 million deal for seventh pick Bobby Hurley.

But Falk's masterpiece would be the Shawn Bradley contract. Bradley was a unique case. With only one year of college basketball, followed by a two-year stint at a Mormon mission in Australia, Bradley was a player of whom much was expected but little was known. The skeptics warned that Bradley might prove too flimsy to dominate the sumo-inspired mayhem of NBA inside play.

Falk loved the controversy. Bradley will "revolutionize the game," the agent declared in his Washington office six days before the draft. "There's never been a big man who can run the floor, block shots, score, pass, handle the ball like he can. He's almost like the next-generation Kareem Abdul-Jabbar."

The doubters couldn't faze Falk. They were the same people, he says, who still maintain that the Houston Rockets were right to choose the seven-foot Olajuwon over the midsize Jordan in 1984: "That's why those people are never going to win, because they're too mired in traditional thinking." The joy of representing Shawn Bradley lies in the "chance to stretch the envelope. That's what really turns me on."

Once Philadelphia chose Bradley, Falk trained his full enthusiasm on team owner Harold Katz. "I'm a true believer. I think that's the secret to my success," Falk says. On occasion Falk's zeal has carried him too far, as when he advised Adrian Dantley to exercise an escape clause in his $1.2 million contract with Dallas in 1990. Not long after that, he disappeared from the NBA. But in the Bradley negotiations, Falk's fervor served him well.

Once again, the agent was up to his teeth in leverage. The 76ers had to sign Bradley, and fast, to shore up season ticket sales after a 26–56 season. The salary cap would be no problem, as Katz was eager to jettison seven of his veterans. Still, it took a leap of faith to strike an eight-year deal of $44.2 million—plus incentive bonuses—for a player who even Falk conceded was a long-term project. To top it off, the agent gained Katz' assent for an unprecedented wrinkle, a "floating out," which gives Bradley the option to renegotiate his salary after his fifth, sixth or seventh year in the league.

"The biggest gamble of my life," Katz pronounced after signing the contract on July 28, four weeks after the draft. Not only had Bradley jumped a slot by getting a higher per-year guarantee than Chris Webber (who was hemmed in by the salary cap), but he had surpassed the guaranteed dollars for the previous year's number one, the prodigal Shaquille O'Neal: $5.5 million per year for Bradley, $5.1 million for O'Neal. That had to be especially sweet to Falk, since O'Neal is the man many are anointing to replace Michael Jordan as the NBA's big dog.

•

When Jordan informed Falk that he was retiring last fall, two days before the

How To Talk To Women!

Do you get tongue-tied around attractive women? World famous author Eric Weber, is here to help with an amazing 90 minute cassette of his highly acclaimed New York City course. "HOW TO MEET NEW WOMEN." You will learn • How to "break the ice" with women. • How to make a woman feel loving • Why the most Beautiful Women are the easiest to meet • Conversation openers that don't sound corny • Places where women always outnumber men • And so much more! To order "HOW TO TALK TO WOMEN" send $19.95 plus $4.00 (1st Class Shipping).

WIN WITH WOMEN!

Most men think they'll have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary new book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men • And much, much more.

To order "HOW TO WIN THE WOMAN OF YOUR DREAMS" send $18.95 plus $4.00 (1st Class Shipping) to:

SYMPHONY PRESS, INC., Dept. **V6-94**
P.O. Box 7030, Brick, NJ 08723 . Canadians add 20%
MC/VISA/AMEX phone **1-800-631-2560**
Allow 1-3 weeks for delivery. Money-back guarantee.

☐ Order our classic **HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS** only $16.95 plus $4.00 (1st Class Shipping).

The Fitness Machine

AN OVERALL BODY WORKOUT SYSTEM

Strengthen and Build Chest, Back, Arms and Legs
• Tighten Abdominals • Trim Love Handles
Achieve Complete Definition!

One Day Delivery Available

This is the **most advanced exercise system** available: A **safe and effective** muscular workout that **guarantees results.** See **immediate improvement** as thousands have worldwide. Your new fitness machine includes the following:

- Knowledgeable customer service
- 2 year absolute warranty
- Comprehensive instruction manual
- A/C adaptor and battery capability
- 30 day trial period

Executive Briefcase Model $435
Deluxe Fitness Model $485

For credit card orders and information
Call in U.S. and Canada 24 hrs.

1-800-228-8663
or send check or money order to:
Executive Fitness Products
2221 Peachtree St., Suite 176
Atlanta, GA 30309
Worldwide FAX 1-404-250-1251

official press conference, the agent struggled to repress "an immediate selfish reaction," and tried "to be strong and independent. I feel it's a great decision for him. I told him it had been a hell of a ride."

In fact, the ride is far from over. In the year or so preceding Jordan's jolting announcement, he had signed long-term extensions on every major endorsement contract. No company is demanding a rebate. To hear Falk tell it, Jordan didn't really retire—he simply modified his approach, trading his jersey for business attire and his White Sox uniform. Like Arnold Palmer, Jordan could become an ageless elder salesman, no less beloved or telegenic for the fact that he no longer runs the hardcourt.

Still, change brings new contenders for the crown, on and off the court. Leonard Armato, for example, has only four NBA clients. But one of them happens to be Shaquille O'Neal, the 22-year-old force of nature who weighs 300 pounds, very little of it fat. Where Falk is intense, earnest, at times abrasive, Armato is intense, ironic, more smoothly insinuating. He is not the most popular man in agent-land. When Armato was working for L.A. Gear, the company signed a lucrative contract with Dale Brown, Shaquille's coach at Louisiana State. "That was the buy-in, no question," says Don Cronson, a veteran agent out of New York. "It gave him the access no one else had." (To which Armato replies: "Obviously there are jealousies, but I don't let it bother me. It's just part of life in the big leagues.")

Armato will tell you he is neither agent nor attorney but a business manager, Hollywood style. Appropriately enough, he is based in Los Angeles. He obtained a seven-figure annual guarantee for O'Neal from Nike's mortal enemy, Reebok, thereby escalating the war for the $20 billion retail athletic shoe business. And that was but a prelude.

To represent today's superstar, Armato says, an agent has to be "at the highest level of our profession, a marketing person with a worldwide vision for how things are going to evolve."

According to Armato's vision, O'Neal would not bow to various corporate strategies when pushing a product for Reebok or Pepsi or Spalding. Instead, he would be promoting Brand Shaquille, with its own distinct identity—what Armato calls "that Terminator–Bambi thing," an "incredible, powerful force and physicality with a gentleness beneath."

Moreover, there would be synergy among O'Neal's companies, with a tangible point of unity: the Shaq logo, four stylized block letters with a tiny silhouette—the Dunk Man—crashing a ball through a rim. "It's just like the Disney corporation," Armato explains, "when you see those Mickey Mouse ears."

By this prescription, Shaquille would be bigger than Wilt, bigger than Kareem. He would certainly be bigger than the NBA, to which Armato once referred as "a marketing partner on a level with Reebok." He would be as big, in fact, as Donald Duck—even big enough to break the "big man's barrier," a marketing axiom that Joe Consumer can't identify with Jurassic-size pitchmen.

O'Neal, Armato continues, tossing adjectives from half court, is "really a true, multimedia entertainment superstar. He is becoming an icon." In just his second year in the league, the young center has already released his own rap album (*Shaq Diesel*, on Jive Records) and appeared in a feature film (*Blue Chips*, starring Nick Nolte). O'Neal's music, in particular, lends him entrée into hip-hop culture that can't possibly be matched by the 31-year-old Jordan—a wedge, Reebok hopes, into the hearts and wallets of inner-city youth, who set the vogue for everyone else. Coming this summer to a suburban shopping mall near you: a Shaq line of Reebok hip-hop wear featuring oversized leather vests and baggy shorts.

All things considered, these are heady times indeed for the 41-year-old Armato. O'Neal's ascension—accelerated by Jordan's retirement—makes Armato the most conspicuous man in the business. "David Falk has as many contacts and is as astute as anyone," says Reebok's Carmody, "but Shaq's the man, so Leonard has the most juice."

Falk isn't quite squeezed dry, however. He's seen other players pushed forward as the Air Apparent—most notably David Robinson, San Antonio's brainy center—only to wither in the glare of the floodlights. He points out that the first-generation Shaq shoe, plagued by an unfashionable white sole and a $135 price tag, sold poorly. More to the point, he contends that Jordan remains the man, as yet irreplaceable by anyone on the NBA's horizon.

"There's no one who's going to fill Michael's shoes. I think his legend will grow," Falk says. Nike is reportedly preparing new lines of Jordan golfwear and casual clothing, and may sell its star harder in places like Japan, where there seem to be no hero saturation points. Nike is also about to reissue a complete line of collectible Air Jordan models, dating back to that first garish sneaker from 1985.

And there is more; with Falk, there is always something more. Sometime soon, he promises, Jordan will have "something much bigger than Shaquille's music thing." The coming breakthrough, says Falk, "will blow your socks off." The once and future king of NBA agents is now wound into full pitchman throttle. "You ain't seen nothing yet."

'Zines

(continued from page 16)

4827, Arcata, California 95521).

THE GOOD STUFF: The ultimate slacker hits the road and pursues his goal of washing dishes in all 50 states, a task that includes stints at a cannery in Alaska and a ski resort in Montana. The history of the drainpipe is clogged with lore: Malcolm X waited tables at a speakeasy with a dishwasher named Chicago Red, later known to the world as Redd Foxx, and the Yupik Eskimo word for dishwasher is *eruurivik*. Also, Jordan wryly tells of washing dishes at a retreat for priests, where he stumbled upon them watching a porn movie.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: A clean plate is like a clean soul—you can see yourself in it.

'ZINE: *The Last Prom*, by Ralph Coon ($3, 137 South San Fernando Blvd., No. 243, Burbank, California 91502).

THE GOOD STUFF: Call Coon the Pauline Kael of crash pictures. In the first issue he combines the blank generation's zeal for subversion and preoccupation with the mundane in chronicling the "actual carnage" films shown in driver's education classes. He tracks down and interviews Earl Deems, a retired ambulance-chaser who made 19 bloodfests in 14 years. In the most famous driver-death movie of all time, *The Last Prom*, a reckless teen plows into a tree and kills his date. "A good boy," explains the narrator, "but a bad driver."

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: Why settle for second-rate Hollywood gore?

'ZINE: *Murder Can Be Fun*, by John Marr ($2, P.O. Box 640111, San Francisco, California 94109).

THE GOOD STUFF: A look at twisted but ingenious murders and obscure pulp novels. Marr rates unnatural disasters with a tabloid-like eye for detail that is somehow both morbidly fascinating and polite. In *Waiting in Line to Die*, he retells the story of a teenager who was crushed to death at Disneyland's rotating exhibit, America Sings. Less relevant but equally compelling is Marr's conclusion that Austrian pervert Sylvestre Matuschka, arrested in 1931, blew up passenger trains so he could jerk off to the explosions.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: Just the medicine for sufferers of Menendez-brothers-trial withdrawal.

'ZINE: *Voices From Spirit Magazine*, by Rev. Speaker Gerald Polley and wife, Rev. Speaker Linda ($1, P.O. Box 5104, Ellsworth, Maine 04605).

THE GOOD STUFF: The Polleys interview spirits of famous dead folk. They also reprint letters from an angry reader who cannot reconcile the Polley's doctrines of love, understanding and homophobia. Read it for its unintended humor: Lou Costello says he's made 64 after-death movies (the complete list is $3). Lou's dream project: *Which Way Went the Party?* with Bud Abbott as Yeltsin, Costello as Gorbachev and Madonna as Raisa. Lou keeps good company—other interviews include Zeus, Catherine the Great and Nefertiti.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: An opportunity for skeptics to stare at Great Beyonders.

'ZINE: *Roller Sports Report*, by Fred Argoff ($3, 1204 Avenue U, No. 1290, Brooklyn, New York 11229).

THE GOOD STUFF: The former editor of the acclaimed *Watch the Closing Doors*, a defunct 'zine about subways, has turned to an equally electrifying subject: roller derby. Amid photocopied action shots, Argoff rails endlessly about how ESPN will air tunnel-boat racing, skateboarding, jumping rope, billiards and cheerleading, yet ignores derby. And in a regular column, official Dick Feltenberger notes that simple etiquette determines why a team's six female players start each game: Ladies first. Oh.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: Derby is allegorical—if you skate in a circle, you'll always meet the same people and they'll always be waiting to hurt you.

'ZINE: *Paranoia*, by the pseudonymous Al Hidell and Joan D'Arc ($3, P.O. Box 3570, Cranston, Rhode Island 02910).

THE GOOD STUFF: Lots of conspiracy-related info on JFK and fluoride. Also includes investigations into whether the Eagles were mellow slaves to Satan; a segment of *Hotel California* played backward apparently says, "Yes, Satan organized his own religion." Some of the stories make you chuckle (that whole Somalia thing was about oil, naturally); others are cheesily unnerving (the Oswald diaries included in the Warren Commission report and reprinted here do read like some basement CIA hack wrote them, just as conspiracy theorists claim).

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: It won't follow you around.

'ZINE: *Pills-a-Go-Go*, by Jim Hogshire ($2, 1202 E. Pike St., No. 849, Seattle, Washington 98122).

THE GOOD STUFF: Easy-to-swallow news and notes about medicinal drugs with long names and impressive side effects, glorified by a writer who foams at the mouth at the thought of pharmaceuticals. Hogshire unabashedly claims that "pills represent the pinnacle of Western culture" and revels in spilling the secrets of the FDA and drug companies. In one kookie first-person account, Hogshire guzzles eight ounces of dextromethorphan hydrobromide cough syrup. He says it made him hallucinate that he was a reptile—but stops short of recommending it.

WHY YOU'LL LIKE IT: It's not just for the addicted.

Condoms
Sample 30 FREE

For over 40 years Federal Pharmacal's catalog has offered the world's largest selection of condoms, including Trojans, Lifestyles, Protex, Prime, Contempo, Sagami, plus others at discount prices direct to you through the privacy of mail.

To introduce you to the finest quality condoms from Federal, we'll send you **30 FREE**, or take advantage of our SPECIAL or SUPER BONUS offers.

Condoms, when properly used, are highly effective against STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases).

CHECK ONE ONLY

❑ **30 FREE CONDOMS** (Send $3 handling)

❑ **SPECIAL OFFER** 6 glow in the dark condoms plus 20 FREE condoms. Send $5.

❑ **SUPER BONUS OFFER** 50 condoms plus 6 glow in the dark condoms plus 6 NEW Intensity condoms plus 20 FREE condoms. Send $10.

Send cash, check or money order to: Federal Pharmecal Inc.
28835-218 N. Herky Drive Dept. PB694 Lake Bluff, IL 60044

Name_____
Address _____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Void where prohibited.
Shipped in discreet packages © 1993 Federal Pharmacal Inc.

SINGERS!
REMOVE VOCALS FROM RECORDS AND CDs!

SING WITH THE WORLD'S BEST BANDS!
An Unlimited supply of Backgrounds from standard stereo recordings! Record with your voice or perform live with the backgrounds. Used in Professional Performance yet connects easily to a home component stereo. Phone for Free Brochure and Demo Record.
LT Sound, Dept. PB46, 7980 LT Parkway
Lithonia, GA 30058 (404) 482-4724
Manufactured and Sold Exclusively by LT Sound
24 HOUR PHONE DEMO LINE: (404)482-2485

VISION UNLIMITED ™
Your Number One Source of...
Contact Lenses for Less!
Up to 70% Savings and MORE on all Name Brand Contact Lenses.
For more information and orders, please call TOLL FREE.
1/800-2 VISION
(1/800-284-7466)
1009 E. 40th Street #301
Austin, Texas 78751
Clip and Save!
Clip and Save!

Sea Kayaks (continued from page 104)

"Orcas view people and their boats as curiosities—or nuisances at worst—but never as dinner."

20 years of sea kayaking in Puget Sound, Canada, Alaska, Europe and Central America, in a two-seat collapsible kayak or a single-seat fiberglass expedition boat, I have never accidentally flipped my craft. This fact would make me seem ridiculous to the Tsunami Rangers, a group of endorphin rocketeers in California who like to bang their kayaks against the rock gardens in the Pacific Coast surf. Their wardrobe is from a football locker room and their boats are shuttlecraft from a Romulan war bird. They go upside down a lot.

Even among the less adrenaline-stoked sea kayakers there runs a wild hair which suggests that surviving a dump in a fully loaded boat is a mandatory credential for a serious practitioner. So rip my stripes off. I still have the same camera I started with, and the only gear I've lost was left behind when I ran from a small black bear that went streamside for a drink at the same moment I did.

Saving stuff is important, because bringing stuff is a big part of the pleasure of long-distance kayaking. With more than 20 cubic feet of storage in the larger expedition models, kayaks permit the import of library, kitchen and wine cellar into the wilderness.

Water is the kayaker's Sherpa. It bears almost any burden without complaint, needs no food and doesn't demand to be paid extra when something goes wrong. It doesn't care if you bring cast-iron frying pans, multiple stoves, three bottles of special-occasion pinot noir and the stack of novels that had been sitting unread on the nightstand.

All that water demands is respect. Go where it wants, assume nothing, don't fight its moods. Not constrained by weight, limited only modestly by bulk and unhindered by keel or gasoline engine, the kayaker is privy to places untrodden except by hooves, flippers and small, webbed feet. The shoreside trails kayakers find tend to have been created and used exclusively by mammals of formidable size and fur.

Once a group of friends and I were reveling in a particularly magnificent campsite along the Stikine River, which slashes through the Coast Mountains of British Columbia. We were interrupted by the disturbing rumble and thrash of a beast in the bush. Before I had time to reach for my bookmark, a moose braked to a halt at the corner of our clearing on the rocky beach. Blinking at us through the long northern twilight, he thought better of confrontation; he was absent his antlers, either because he had shed them for spring or because of clashes with rivals.

With glaciered mountains on one side and the roiling Stikine on the other, the moose galumphed across the beach and pitched into the river with a raucous splash. His churning legs were silent but relentless, and we could hear the rhythmic rasp of heavy breathing. Blasting through a strong current on a diagonal line across the three-quarter-mile-wide river, he reached the shallows of the far shoreline, then galloped into the woods, leaving an audio memory to resonate a few moments more above the river's murmur.

Campsite encounters with the locals are not unique to kayakers. What distinguishes the experience are waterborne meetings. Between the north end of Vancouver Island and the British Columbia coast is an island nature festival called Blackfish Sound, named for the big kids on the block, the orcas. They are comonly called killer whales, principally by the seals and salmon that have seen what happens to their brethren when these guys move in. Orcas view people and their boats as curiosities—or nuisances at worst—but never as dinner.

Sizable pods of orcas populate the area because of its abundance of food. They don't seem to mind the heavy shipping traffic in the area, so why would a stealthy kayak bother them?

We had come almost to the end of a ten-day paddle among the islands. Orcas had been visible in the distance—misty plumes of blowhole exhaust followed by several feet of straight black dorsal fin butter-knifing through the water. At night, they passed within a couple

"I've heard a lot about you. My best friend is your gynecologist."

hundred yards of our shoreside campsite—invisible in the blackness, audible with each burst of breath.

Fighting a head wind two hours from our take-out point on Vancouver Island, we pulled our double Klepper up on the beach to rest for the final push. Around a rocky outcrop came four dorsal fins, bobbing and swaying about a hundred yards offshore. The little pod was staying on the surface, meandering south so slowly that the thought of paddling out to say hello chased the fatigue from our bodies.

We jumped into the boat and took pursuit. Moments later the dorsals sank from sight. We paddled hard for a couple minutes, our expectation growing that the whales would surface in the middle of Johnstone Strait, well beyond the range of our lumbering boat with its sagging pilots.

Then the water around the kayak seemed instantly to come to a boil, parting to expose four round black domes, shiny and wet, like hoods on cherry Fifties Cadillacs. The orcas surfaced so close that their exhalations showered us like a spring squall. Our shrieks combined the fear and exhilaration of being in the midst of such unpredictable critterdom. In the research literature about orcas, there is no record of an attack on a small craft. But we couldn't be sure we shared the same library with this crowd.

After a glance at us, the pod submerged as quickly as it had appeared. Stunned, we sat for a few moments, remembering how to breathe. I was fumbling for my camera when I heard the boiling sound again, this time behind me. All that was missing was the theme music from *Jaws*. I looked back to see six feet of dorsal fin looming like the conning tower of a submarine. The pod's bull was approaching. He pulled along the starboard side less than five feet away, his fin casting a shadow over the boat. I stared down to the water's surface. An eye the size of a cantaloupe stared back. His gleaming black skin was pitted and rutted with the sea's little brutalities. The dorsal was missing small chunks on its front and back edges. This fellow had been around. The look in his eye betrayed no shock at our presence. He could not think the same about what he saw in our eyes.

As he paralleled us, the bull appeared to be several feet longer than our kayak's 17 feet. His exhalation this time was even closer. Whale breath is potent, but we took no offense. He was so mammoth that his slightest tic could spin the boat or dump it. But as gently as he arrived, he submerged, a hiss of water closing over his back.

The other three orcas, a pair of adult females or young males and a smaller youngster, bobbed 30 feet off to port. The wind faded and the water's surface settled, while the afternoon sun was

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 20, 22, 94-99 and 173, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 20: **Electronic program guides:** By *Starsight Telecast, Inc.*, for information, write Starsight Telecast, Inc., 39650 Liberty St., Fremont, CA 94538 or call 510-657-9900. By *TV Guide On Screen*, for information, 303-267-6803. By *Prevue Express*, for information, write Prevue Networks, Inc., 7140 S. Lewis Ave., Tulsa, OK 74136-5422. **Compatible hardware:** By *Zenith*, for information, 708-391-8100. By *Philips*, for information, 615-475-8869. By *Pioneer*, for information, 800-421-1404. "Wild Things": **Personal digital assistant** by *Bell South*, for information, 800-746-6672. **Computer adapter** by *SIIG, Inc.*, for information, write SIIG, Inc., 6078 Stewart Ave., Fremont, CA 94538-3152 or call 510-657-8688. **Pocket band** by *Kawai*, for information, 310-631-1771. **Compuphone** by *Integrated Technology*, for information, 800-393-8889.

STYLE

Page 22: "The Savvy Weekender": **Duffel bag** by *Kipling*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **Shirt** from *J.O.E. by Joseph Aboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212 and 1335 Fifth Ave., Seattle, 206-223-1331. **Jeans** by *Edwin Jeans*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **T-shirt** by *A/X Armani Exchange*, at Armani Exchange stores nationwide. **Swim trunks** by *Speedo*, at Speedo Authentic Fitness and Macy's stores nationwide. **Sneakers** by *Superga*, at French Sole, 985 Lexington Ave., NYC, 212-737-2859. **Suit** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **Dress shirt** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. **Tie** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at I. Magnin, 135 Stockton St., San Francisco, 415-362-2100. "Wash-and-Wear Shirts": **Dress shirts:** By *Arrow*, at A&S, 899 Avenue of the Americas, NYC, 212-594-8500. By *Van Heusen*, at JCPenney stores nationwide. By *Duck Head*, at JCPenney and Sears stores nationwide. By *Thomson Perfect Shirt*, at A&S stores nationwide. By *Berkley Shirt Co.*, at Belk or Dillard's stores. "Hot Shopping—Aspen": *B. Jammin'*, 303-925-7275. *Pitkin County Dry Goods*, 303-925-1681. *Gracy's*, 303-925-5131. *The Revo Store*, 303-925-3282. *Blazing Trails Jeep Tours*, 800-282-7238. *Woody Creek Tavern*, 303-923-4585. "Clothes Line": **Soccer shorts** by *Umbro*, available at soccer specialty and select sporting good stores nationwide. **Jacket** by *Barbour*, for information, 800-338-3474. **Suits** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. "Gym Dandy Duds": **Gym shoes, gloves, pants and shirts** by *Nautilus*, for information, 800-599-5886. **T-shirt** by *Hind, Inc.*, for information, 800-426-4463. **Jacket** by *Pearl Izumi*, for information, 800-877-7080. **Biking bibs** by *Descente*.

TRUNK SHOW

Page 94: **His swim trunks** by *Polo Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide. **Her swimsuit** from *Michael Kors by Trulo*, available at Bloomingdale's nationwide. Page 95: **His swim trunks** by *Jimmy Z*, at Navy Bay Surplus Stores, Navy bases nationwide. **Her swimsuit** by *Mossimo*, available at fine specialty swimwear stores nationwide. Page 96: **His swimsuit** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani, 110 Fifth Ave. at 16th St., NYC, 212-727-3240 and 1 Grant Ave., San Francisco, 415-677-9400. **Her swimsuit** from *Michael Kors by Trulo*, available at Bloomingdale's nationwide. Page 97: **His swim trunks** from *Nautica by David Chu*, at the Nautica Store, 216 Columbus Ave., NYC, 212-496-0933 and 343 Newport Center Dr., Newport Beach, CA, 714-720-0630. **Her swimsuit** from *Michael Kors by Trulo*, available at Bloomingdale's nationwide. Page 98: **His swim trunks** by *Billabong*, at Huntington Surf & Sport, 300 Pacific Coast Highway, Huntington Beach, CA, 714-841-4000. **Her swimsuit** by *Speedo*, available at Boomingdale's nationwide. Page 99: **His swim trunks** by *Rusty*, at Ron Jon Surf Shop, 4151 N. Atlantic Ave., Cocoa Beach, FL, 407-799-8888 and Huntington Surf & Sport, 300 Pacific Coast Highway, Huntington Beach, CA, 714-841-4000. **Her swimsuit** from *Michael Kors by Trulo*, available at Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Sunglasses** from *Kata Eyewear by Blake Kuwahara*, at Morgenthal-Frederics, 685 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-838-3090 and Optical Shop of Aspen, 7580 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, 213-653-5238.

ON THE SCENE

Page 173: **Minidisc player** by *Sony*, for information, 800-222-SONY.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 CARLOS EGUIGUREN, GEORGE GEORGIOU, DAVID GOODMAN, RON MESAROS (2), BOB RICH (2), KURT SMITH, VERNON L. SMITH, LONI SPECTER, WILLIAMS VAZQUEZ, JOHN WHITMAN; P. 9 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 20 STEVE CONWAY; P. 22 © 1993 PETER KREDENSER; P. 24 BOB MARSHAK/FINE LINE ©1993 FINE LINE FEATURES; P. 26 © 1994 METRO-GOLDWYN MAYER INC.; P. 28 W. A. BRIDGES JR.; P. 33 GEORGIOU; P. 106 KIM MIZUNO; PP. 126-127 AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, GAMMA-LIAISON; P. 176 "SOCCER," RIZZOLI, DAVID WYLAND ASSOCIATES, JOHN MCDERMOTT.

Sea Kayaking 101

Sea kayaking—the aquatic version of backpacking—has much to recommend it. The boat itself, with covered deck, low profile, foot-controlled rudder and sealed bulkheads, is one of the safest craft afloat. What's more, you need only about a foot of water to operate in, so a sea kayak can get you practically anywhere. It's a great way to visit remote beaches and untamed areas. There is ample storage fore and aft, and because water does all the heavy lifting, you can have your wilderness adventure and still take along the comforts of home. Best of all, the basic skills require only a few hours to grasp.

WHAT YOU NEED

The boat: A beginner should opt for a single-seater. If you're renting, get the bump-forgiving polyethylene version. If you're buying, a fiberglass kayak resists abrasion better and will last longer.

The paddle: Go for the standard double-bladed wood or fiberglass version. Carbon fiber and other paddle materials are nothing more than fancy high-performance versions.

Other gear: A life jacket is mandatory, and you'll probably also want a spray skirt—a waterproof tube that seals tightly around your waist and the cockpit of the kayak—to make sure the inside of your boat, and your shorts, stay dry.

WHERE TO GO

The Sea of Cortez, Mexico: This area between the Baja peninsula and mainland Mexico features the best sea kayaking in the world. Espíritu Santo Island, off the southeast coast of the peninsula, is perfect for exploring: There are many bays and sandy coves and abundant wildlife (including a sea lion rookery) on its 25-mile shoreline. Baja Expeditions (619-581-3311) offers an eight-day circumnavigation, including one day of instruction. You'll spend your mornings exploring the region by boat; in the afternoons, hike and snorkel. The cost: $1095 per person, inclusive.

Inside Passage, British Columbia: Innumerable inlets and islands dot British Columbia's glacially carved coast. Sea kayaking off the northern end of Vancouver Island is likely to bring encounters with seals, eagles and, if you're lucky, killer whales. (Don't worry, humans aren't on their menu.) Northern Lights Expeditions (206-483-6396) guides an $850, six-day trip called the Mystery Tour, which features passages through the dramatic Pacific Northwest. In addition to rendezvousing with the local fauna, you'll paddle up to ancient pictographs on seaside cliffs and camp in former Kwakiutl Indian villages on islands. You bring your clothes and a sleeping bag, and Northern Lights provides the food and equipment.

Apostle Islands, Wisconsin: Situated in Lake Superior off Wisconsin's north shore, this 22-island group is the Midwest's premiere sea kayaking destination. The scenery includes sea caves and white sand spits, along with the heavily wooded islands. You might even meet some of the locals—Stockton Island has 22 resident black bears. Trek and Trail (715-779-3320) leads four-day tours for $299.

Mount Desert Island, Maine: This portion of Acadia National Park includes the 130-mile Maine Island Trail, an ocean kayaker's paradise. The jewel of the trail, the water surrounding craggy Mount Desert Island, is home to whales, porpoises, seals and a wide variety of birds, including bald eagles and ospreys. Coastal Kayaking Tours (800-526-8615) offers a five-day trip for $599. The company also rents its equipment to day-trippers.

The southern Gulf Coast, Florida: Warm water year-round and few tidal currents make this an ideal place to learn kayaking. The area also has a dazzling array of sea birds, from ospreys and pelicans to wading birds such as the great blue heron and the snowy egret. If you paddle politely, you might encounter the shy, endangered manatee or the more forthcoming dolphin. Gulf Coast Kayak Co. (813-283-1125) offers one-, two- and three-day trips with accommodations that vary from tents with mosquito netting to gracious local inns. Their three-day trip costs $395; boat rentals begin at $35 per day.

—MATTHEW CHILDS

angled low enough to illuminate the water to the sea bottom 20 feet below. There we could see what drew this pod—undersea rubbing rocks. When high tide covers the shoreline's large rock outcrops, orcas love to drag themselves along the rough surfaces. These were having a good scratch.

The pair of same-size orcas appeared below us, scudding along the floor, revealing in nearly full light their lengths and skins of the blackest black and whitest white. As they passed out of sight, we looked up to spot the baby. It was coming straight at our bow.

We wondered whether it was schooled sufficiently to distinguish a kayak from driftwood. A bump from even a junior orca would constitute a knockout. Just as it reached the bow, its dorsal dipped and it went below. In a second it had passed under the boat. We looked down to see the slow, rhythmic pulse of its tail flukes. Its last upward flick sent a surge of water straight up under my seat. I felt myself rise as the sea momentarily swelled, then settled without a ripple. The youngster was in full control, and we were merely along for the ride.

For several minutes the four whales swooped underwater and popped to the surface, apparently as unconcerned with our presence as we were thrilled with theirs. They seemed to know always where we were, never coming up underneath us, yet sometimes surfacing close enough to be touched with our six-foot paddles. Finally, their back-scratching complete, they drifted back out to the central channel and plunged for a deep dive. They vanished from sight but never from memory.

•

We're back on Costa Rica's Bebedero, still hung up on that log. Sea kayaks do well in oceans, lakes and broad, slow rivers, but this body of water was, at the moment, none of the above.

Overnight and unannounced, operators of a small dam upriver had released a portion of their reservoir to relieve pressure from recent rains. Our friend and trip leader, Terry Prichard, an experienced adventure-travel guide who has explored large swatches of Mexico and Central America by bicycle and kayak, had previously scouted the river and pronounced it class one—easy for open-cockpit kayaks. But now the river's unexpectedly high volume made it class two with stretches of class three. Unlike the music business, moving up the charts in sea kayaking is not desirable. Our river seemed to be climbing with a bullet. The words of another longtime kayak co-conspirator, Kirk Kirkland, ran through my head: "If you don't get wet, cold and dirty, how can you call it fun?"

Costa Rica is divided by a range of mountains up to 11,000 feet high, and

its Pacific side is more arid and less junglelike than the wet Caribbean side. Hardwood forests are broken up by cattle ranches and small villages. An endless variety of birds and plant life in an almost perfect year-round climate draws thousands of tourists annually. Like them, we sought to gawk upward, but each moment of pondering the lushness was followed by another swift turn in the river.

In the boat ahead, Roy Walters and Carolyn Driedger began waving their arms and pointing down to the water. They had just slipped their boat between two fallen trees. We knew something was there, but following only 20 feet behind in a four- to five-knot current with a less than agile boat left no chance to react. A rifle-like crack exploded between my legs, and the kayak came to a head-throwing stop.

We had passed over a submerged log, one end stuck into the river bottom, the other end pushing up the canvas floor of the kayak to a distressing two inches from my groin. The impact had shattered the floor panel and cracked two kayak ribs, all made of laminated wood built to withstand formidable blows. But, fortunately, the rubber-coated canvas skin had remained intact.

We failed to clear the log because my greatest asset—my outsized butt—had turned into a liability. Among sea kayaking's virtues are that it requires no great athletic talent, nor skill requiring long practice. Just about anyone can handle the double-bladed paddles from four to six hours a day. The chief physical limitation is butt fatigue. Unlike canoeing, there is little position-shifting in kayaking that can bring relief. So it is an ideal sport for the deskbound, most of whom have spent years unknowingly developing the sport's key resource.

But as part of a 6'7", 240-pound body, my resource forces the back end of our boat deeper into the water than most. What the preceding boat skidded over, our low-rider grabbed with the assurance of a riled Doberman.

After determining that we were in no immediate danger of sinking, I began to rock the boat. But the flexibility of the canvas skin had also served to envelop the stump, making a roll-off impossible.

"Now what?" Julia said in her every-time-we-go-down-a-rampaging-river-in-Central-America-this-happens tone. The shore was not distant, but the Bebedero serves as a sewage line to this part of the world. What didn't get us as bacteria might get us onshore as coral snakes or worse.

Fortunately, we were with experienced paddlers. Spotting our predicament, Roy and Carolyn worked the river's eddies and paddled back upstream behind us. Then they pulled along our port side. If we simply could lean our bodies onto their kayak, our lightened hull just might be lifted off by the rushing water.

The stern of the rescue boat began turning crossways to the current. The kayaks began separating. "Let go! Let go!" Roy shouted, and we threw ourselves back into our seats as he and Carolyn drifted sideways down the river. Now I began to think long-term. Did we have enough food in the boat to stay until the river dried up in the summer? We might, but the real shortage would be toilet paper.

The delirium of panic dissolved when I saw Roy and Carolyn working upstream for another try. In a few minutes they were beside us again. What they didn't know was that this time I would not let go. As separation began again, I ignored Roy's shouts and clamped both hands onto the rescue boat's gunwales. The current was pushing hard against its hull, pulling me out. I braced my knees against the sides of the cockpit and held on. As Julia shifted her weight to port, we began to slide off the log. Tipped nearly perpendicular to the water, our boat was finally released. I let go of the rescue boat and our kayak splashed down right side up.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" I said with the studied nonchalance of an actor in a beer commercial. Over her shoulder, Julia fired a burner of a glare. She took her paddle and scraped the top of the river, sending a spray over my face.

•

Two days later, after duct-taping the boat back together, we continued on to Costa Rica's Pacific beaches. On the south end of the Nicoya Peninsula, we came upon a primitive resort. The village had a single-lane dirt road, one small hotel and a handful of bungalows, a couple of open-air restaurants with chickens clucking in the yard, and a large bar whose main feature was a drain in the middle of the concrete floor. People had partied here before.

We pulled up onto the sandy, palm-lined beach at about noon. A well-tanned European, amiable as he was inebriated, wobbled over with greetings. He had emerged from the porch of his bungalow in the company of two pretty young women. We told him we were staying only a single night. His face clouded over.

"No, no," he said in Scandinavian-accented English. He had been there two weeks, he said, and might stay forever. He swept his arms back toward his residence.

"Cabana," he said. Pointing where we stood he proclaimed, "Beach." Then he wheeled and gestured up the beach 50 feet: "Bar." He squinted, looking at us quizzically. "What else you need?"

The answer was simple: a kayak that will get you there.

One of these studs is impotent.

Avoid any embarrassment. Reach for The Guide.

Not just another "how-to" book but the definitive diamond buying guide. Follow an industry insider as he uncovers unfair selling tactics and deceptions, demystifies the 4Cs and explains how the Fifth C might be the most important of all. Profit from money-saving tips and buy the rarest commodity – confidence – at a fraction of your total diamond investment.

THE ULTIMATE DIAMOND BUYING GUIDE
$16.95 plus $3.95 S&H – Not available in stores.
visa/MC/AX/Chacks – NY & MN residents add sales tax.
Order Today! 1 800-950-3629
Diamond Buying Guide Inc
PO Box 1152
Grand Rapids, MN 55745-1152

FIREFIGHTERS

Collector Trading Cards

Fifty of the hottest award-winning photographs by Robert Henshaw-Suder. The premier set includes models April Storms, Tylyn John, vintage and state-of-the-art fire equipment, and all 12 photos seen in the original 1989 firefighters calendar that sparked worldwide news.

Production is limited to 10,000 sets.
IF YOU LIKE IT HOT ORDER NOW!

Send $15.95 for trading cards, or $10.95 for uncut press sheets to:
Face the Fire, P.O. Box 111225
Pittsburgh, PA 15238
MC & Visa (800) 628-8795, USA only

Canadian Residents add $5.00. call 412-782-5801 Write for FREE BROCHURE

MAKES YOU ALMOST 2" TALLER

SIZES: 5-12
WIDTHS: B-EEE
FINE MEN'S SHOES

Looks just like ordinary shoes except hidden inside is a height increasing innermold. Choose from a wide selection of Elevators, including dress shoes, boots and casuals. Satisfaction guaranteed. Exceptionally comfortable. Call or write today for your FREE color catalog so you can look 2" taller in almost no time. TOLL FREE 1-800-343-3810
ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. PB46
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701

SOME LIKE IT HOT

(continued from page 84)

Tracy Trautman, who is a volunteer firefighter in rural Pennsylvania, once watched from a half block away when a gas station fire blew up like a bomb, dusting her with cinders. "It looked like the whole place just flew up into the air and came right back down," Tracy says. With four women and 18 men in her all-volunteer department, she feels right at home. "We're like a big family," says Tracy, who lists her occupations as barmaid and volunteer firefighter on official forms. "There's a bar set up right here in the firehouse to help raise money for new equipment."

Amy Jorgensen, from Washington, spent a year on a Hot Shot crew, an air-mobile squad that choppers into the heart of the worst blazes in Alaska, Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. These fires take days to beat. Hiking out after one 36-hour shift on a smoky, pine-dotted hillside, Amy tore ligaments and cartilage in her knee when an embankment gave way under the weight of her 60-pound pack.

For most people, it would have been easy to quit after such an accident. Not for Amy. That would be like keeping her off skis or her mountain bike. A natural athlete who juggled varsity volleyball, basketball and tennis in high school, she graduated to the flames. "It's all part of an attitude of adventure and fun. I'm constantly seeking new challenges," she says. Amy likes seeing her colleagues emerge from their firecoats black with soot. After the fire, the crew goes barhopping. "We work hard and we play hard," she says.

Traci Jai Isaacs, who comes from a family of firefighters "with the safest house on the block," started as a volunteer in a fire company at the age of 17 because she thought it would be interesting. That was seven years ago. "I've gone through floors," says Traci. "I've been on roofs that were wavy, and I've been punched in the face by a drug addict. I've worked on a hostage situation." In a burning-building exercise, the air got so hot it boiled the water sprayed from the hoses on the concrete floor.

The male firefighters can be another obstacle: "You must prove yourself over and over again," says Traci. "It doesn't matter how many years you've been there. It's still a boys' club."

Heather Ashli, another Florida firefighter, craves the excitement her job offers. "I live on the edge and I like to take chances. I have found my niche in life."

Heather says fire alarms give her a warm feeling. "Your adrenaline gets going. It's great," she says. A vegetarian who pumps iron, Heather finds her job's physical demands undaunting. For practice, she executes a rope rescue, which requires her to climb out of a four-story building in full gear using only a rope and an entrenching tool.

There is a word in the dictionary that defines these women and it's not one of the obvious ones, such as luminous or radiant. The word is annealed: strengthened by flame.

"OK, step over there with the other huddled masses yearning to breathe free."

INTERNET JUNKIE

(continued from page 80)

I don't know whether MUDs are inherently more addictive than the rest of the Net, or whether they just attract more addictive personalities. But I have known heroin addicts who are less dependent on smack than hard-core MUD junkies are on MUDs.

"You wanna see addiction at its finest? Log on to a MUD," types a member of Mudders Anonymous, an on-line support group. "Over the summer, this was my schedule:

"Wake up at 2 P.M. (Sometimes later. No later than 5 P.M. though.)

"Boil water.

"Hop on the MUD.

"Convert water into coffee.

"Play MUD for the rest of the day with occasional coffee break, possibly Cup-o-Noodles. Continue playing MUD. Go to sleep at 6 A.M.

"And the sad (happy!) thing is that there are many people like me on the MUD. Some keep slightly different schedules, but there's an array of Net addicts who play 12, 15, 20 hours a day."

MUD junkies are the worst. God, they're the walking dead.

This from someone who gets off the Usenet wire at 4:30 A.M.

It's a classic pot-and-kettle situation. Usenet news worms look down on IRC junkies, who look down on MUDheads, who look down on people who MUD more than they do.

Welcome to the wonderful world of Internet 12-step culture.

As it happens, there are three or four Internet addicts' support groups on the Net. And while it may be somewhat unhealthy to hash out your Net habit in an on-line forum, at least the people there know what you're talking about. It's also good to know that there's always someone who spends more time on-line. Even those addicts know people who Net harder than they do. Everyone in a support group has some zombie acquaintance he can point to and say, "See, I'm not so bad."

There is, of course, considerable pressure to top the last guy's story, which is why Net junkie news groups walk a fine line between confession and braggadocio. Frequently, they degenerate into all-out bragging sessions in all-caps mode.

This is what happens when you hold a wellness meeting in a crack house.

•

Actually, I'm on the fence about the whole Net addiction/disease debate.

On one hand, I'm not sure that a few hours a day on the Net is worth worrying about. I mean, a lot of the time I spend on the Net is time I don't spend watching television. No one can argue that the Net is more idiotic than the idiot

box, and look how much people tune in to that. Look at how involved they become in the latest twist of *Melrose Place*. At least Net is interactive. At least you can use it to communicate with people. Software millionaires use the Net. Certain businesses couldn't function without it. I'm hooked on Net in the same way that we're all hooked on telephones. So I get a little antsy when I can't pick up my e-mail. Big deal. I see an awful lot of cellular phones in restaurants these days, and that's pretty fucking compulsive, if you ask me.

On the other hand, Net can interfere with your life. It's not so much the fatigue or how it irrevocably bends your worldview. It's just the hours it absorbs. It's unbelievable how time flies when you're on the Net.

"Please tell me all the clocks are wrong and it isn't really 4:30 A.M. and I haven't been on for three days straight," types Tex in New York. He's asking for it.

"Sure," types Drow, a self-described "Insane Entity" in Colorado. "The clocks are wrong and it isn't really 4:30 A.M. and you haven't been on for three days straight. :) World time has been altered by space aliens using their graviton flux capacitance rays, so it is really 4:30 P.M. of March 3, 2034, and you have now been on for over 40 years straight. Your phone bill is something over $25 million, most of which will be covered by life insurance, since you died sometime last week. Oh, yeah, and the Cubs won the World Series last year, and you missed that, too. :) Better?"

Net is a black hole for time.

•

Sometimes, after a few hours of mass media flotsam and cyberpunk apocrypha piped directly to my brain, a kind of intellectual tinnitus sets in. This is the point when I sit back, my mind ringing with *Blade Runner* trivia, and ponder the ethics of nanotechnology experiments on household pets. I squint, rub my temples and groan with the agony of mental indigestion.

Aaarrghhhh, my brain hurts.

I rub my eyes until I see pink hearts, green clovers, yellow moons, purple stars and blue diamonds.

Time for a nice bowl of Lucky Charms, a few Nodoz and a little IRC.

Ah yes, the cereal thing. Netting, like any habitual pastime, has its own set of rituals and paraphernalia. One of them is snack food, perhaps because the Net itself mimics the empty calorie high of gas station candy and Circle K microwave fare. On alt.cyberpunk, a snack food debate raged for months, drawing dozens of netters into a bloody flame war between the Ding Dongs contingent and a band of militant ramen devotees.

Stimulants are another hot topic of conversation. Their effects are cataloged and celebrated with an attention to detail that veers between science and poetry. Net is one of the few places where an exact comparison of caffeine content in instant, drip and espresso coffees, Twinings English Breakfast tea and Mountain Dew is not considered comprehensive. Netters wired on Chinese bark extracts have to chip in their two cents. Prescription diehards lobby for vasopressin. ("No letdown, just instant wakey-wakey. Does dry out your nasal cavities, though. Bummer.") This kind of discussion continues till dawn. He who stays awake longest wins.

Of course, all this requires energy. It doesn't hurt to be under 25. This hood is pretty wrinkle-free. It's not a total playpen—there are plenty of academics and industry types on the Net, as well as a cadre of aging cyberhippies—but the high school and college posses definitely make their presence known, especially in virtual communities that consider themselves on the edge. On Mindvox, a hacker-heavy board in New York, the resident curmudgeon is a 22-year-old medical student named Galt (I'm a month older than he; I feel like Mrs. Robinson). Smarting from accusations of crustiness, Galt broadcast what he thought was a rhetorical question: "Do I really sound so old?" He got back a volley of replies from kids too young to buy alcohol. "Yes!" (Silly rabbit, Net is for kids).

Sometimes, late at night, long after the middle-age, mortgage-paying nine-to-fivers have dozed off, the Net takes on a special, mutagenic charge. This beautiful, sprawling, crackling, mammoth spiderweb thing is now in the hands of basement dwellers, insomniacs and teens with bedroom lights off and computers on, and it feels like the ground floor of rock and roll. Net may reek of hormones and artificial preservatives, but it's a place where young people can ponder a collective identity. It's a place where "we" actually means something.

A bloodshot sense of solidarity congeals out of the chaos. I keep scrolling down through endless kilobytes of youthful disenchantment and roily Net vernacular ("If you have a dumb li'l kid who is gonna set your freakin' house on fire, don't let him watch a show, man. All of us are getting punished because of some silly parent, man. I hope someone important reads this message, like an MTV rep or something. Without fire we would be nowhere. Fire kicks ass . . . fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire fire.")

For teens, there's a bonus: Parents don't understand Net so they fear it. What if Junior uses it to break into Citibank or, worse, download naked GIFs of the Swedish Bikini Team? And what about all those people on the Net? You don't know where they've been. (Mom wrinkles her nose. "Honey, I don't want you hanging out with all

50% OFF SALE!

CONDOMS BY MAIL

Imagine getting 100 condoms in a single package by mail! Adam & Eve, one of the most respected retailers in birth control products, offers you a large selection of men's contraceptives. Including TROJANS, LIFESTYLES, SKINLESS SKINS, plus PRIME with nonoxynol-9 spermicidal lubrication and TEXTURE PLUS, featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots." We also offer your choice of the best Japanese brands – the most finely engineered condoms in the world! Our famous condom sampler packages let you try top quality brands and choose for yourself. Or for fantastic savings why not try the new "Super 100" sampler of 100 leading condoms – 14 brands (a $50 value). Here is our guarantee: If you do not agree that Adam & Eve's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full, no questions asked.

Send check or money order to:
Adam & Eve Box 900, Dept. PB136
Carrboro, NC 27510

Please rush in plain package under your moneyback guarantee:

☐ #1232 21 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$6.00~~ $3.00
☐ #6623 38 Condom Sampler ..... ~~$9.95~~ $4.95
☐ #6403 Super 100 Sampler ..... ~~$19.95~~ $9.95

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State __ Zip ____

VISA or MasterCard orders
CALL 1-800-274-0333

those cyberpeople.")

"My mother has this notion that everyone on the Net is a child molester," writes a 16-year-old hacker named Cable. When his mother found out that Cable was planning to meet a group of other (mostly teenage) netters, she overreacted with typical maternal terror and banned him from the Net. To his credit, he managed to stay off-line a whole two weeks before sneaking back on while his parents were out of the house. "Finally," he says, "they let me back on under the agreement that I use it at a set time during the day, don't call or meet anyone on it and get good grades in school."

As long as Net freaks out parents, kids will spend countless hours on it. There's nothing like a good old-fashioned generation gap. In fact, creaky technophobes are infinitely preferable to the bane of Net life, the dreaded boomer cyberpunk wanna-bes who crash through the Net making idiots of themselves. Running into one of these people is like confronting the proverbial dad in plaid who snaps his fingers, flicks up his wide lapels and claims to be "with it." It's creepy.

I once consulted an executive about Internet. From his voluminous leather swivel chair, he dialed up America Online and was reading his e-mail when a phone call interrupted our meeting. He picked up the receiver, grinned and said, "Hey, you'll never guess what I'm doing right now. I'm surfing on the Internet." He looked at me. "This is really cyberpunk, isn't it?"

I blinked, mustering all my will to keep a straight face.

I let him down easy. "Sorry to break this to you, sir, but there aren't too many cyberpunks on America Online." I respect the guy. I couldn't let him go on like that.

Cyberpunk is the Net's acid test. It's like jazz: If you have to ask what it is, you'll never understand. And no real cyberpunk ever, ever claims to be one.

No cyberpunk point-and-clicked his way through cyberspace, either. In fact, few things frighten Net-heads more than all this talk of megacorporations and Uncle Sam "improving" the Internet. If you have the brainpower to learn a teeny bit of Unix, the Net ain't broke, much less in need of windows, mouse-driven menus and nifty animated screen icons. Having to use a "cleaner" Net sounds suspiciously like having to tidy up your room or else no car keys. Making the place idiot-proof just guarantees that more idiots will use it. Great. Now, that would cure my Net habit.

Not that I or any of my strung-out Net-addicted ilk will have any say in the whole digital superhighway project when it happens. So why not netsurf another hour? Tomorrow the all-night waffle house may be razed to make way for a multiplex.

I didn't realize how accustomed I was to the Net, how attached I was to the idea of its always being there, until the following quote flashed across my screen:

"We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it's no goo [sic], it's still ours. That's what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it."

John Steinbeck. *The Grapes of Wrath*. It was part of an electronic signature.

In one freaky second I realized that so many characters I've known exist only on the Net. There are real people behind them, sure, but only on the Net do spores of human personality develop into this particular stew of pirates, poets, clowns, superheroes, villains, armchair psychologists and armchair psychopaths. If all the Net's a stage, then a good number of its lead roles have been lifted from comics and sf pulp fiction.

Case in point: Murdering Thug, commandant of a forum on computer crime, letter bombs, anarchy and Thug's daily exploits. Of his detractors, Thug writes, "Fuck 'em. I'm glad they are offended that all-out anarchy is coming to cyberspace. I'm glad that I'm turning their pristine, lily-white academic and business on-line existence into uncertain chaos and maximizing the entropy of cyberspace."

Thug impressed me from word one. Here was a man who knew what to do with 2000 pounds of ammonium nitrate, fuel oil, a 64K-processor CM5 and a few blasting caps. Thug spoke his mind. Thug flamed his critics with exuberance. He even had a certain roguish élan I might have found attractive had it not been for the raging Net rumor that he was, in fact, a frumpy Long Island housewife with too much time on her hands. Never take an anonymous Net persona at its word.

Without Net, there would be no Murdering Thug. Characters like that are born, live and die in cyberspace. And even if the Net is no good, in a way it does belong to them.

But the Net is good. It is also goo.

It is goo because once you get used to it, once you establish a presence in your favorite corners of the Net, you can't really extricate yourself from it. Net changes the way you think, just with the knowledge that there's a world buzzing through phone wires, past the houses and office buildings of oblivious multitudes. Net is a reminder that there's more going on beneath the surface, and that just because something is invisible doesn't mean it's not real.

Sometimes (OK, often) it's difficult to tear myself away. For one thing, inertia is not on my side. Not only is it easier to just keep reading, but messages start piling up the minute I log off. The Net has no mercy in this regard. It will bury me under a mountain of information if I neglect it. For some netters, this fear of falling behind turns into a kind of paralysis. "I'm caught up. I'm afraid to hang up because I know I'll fall behind again," writes a netter stuck like a fly in amber. "I just keep telling myself: 'You can log off, you can log off, you can log off.'" In high traffic, the Net can become a digital Roach Motel—netters log on, but they don't log off. Posts drift through the gray matter like krill through a baleen whale, and you're trapped.

Log on. Make feeble attempt to feed 200 kilobytes of arcane bullshit through

"And do you, Linda, solemnly swear to hold on to your job for as long as you both shall need the money?"

a brain in stump-shredder/meat-grinder mode. Log off.

Log on.

I flash back to a childhood Saturday morning. Cartoons are on, naturally. Sylvester stands outside a door that separates him from a full-throttle 40-piece orchestra. He opens the door to a musical shock wave and then closes it. Silence. And then—this is the part I love—he opens and closes it again, three or four times, staring at the camera with an expression of snaggletoothed dementia.

Log off. Go to fridge and open it in hopes that something new and zany has spontaneously materialized.

It hasn't.

Go back to computer and log on in hopes that something new and zany has spontaneously materialized.

It has.

Take another sip of stale cola and read the latest. Mmmm. . . . Net.

•

Occasionally, a hardware problem or glitch in the system forces me off the Net for hours or even days. Withdrawal is not pretty. If a favorite bulletin board is down, it's not uncommon to find a whole pack of netaholics hovering outside on an IRC channel:

"I can't get into the system. What's happened?#--!*"

"System's down. We're locked out."

"What's wrong?"

"Is it serious?"

"When will they fix it?"

"This sux."

Meanwhile, I keep trying. The system doesn't want to cooperate, doesn't know me and couldn't care less about my pressing need to collect e-mail and catch up on the Computer Underground Digest. Nevertheless, I continue to dial frantically until the hedonistic-rat-pushing-button-for-cocaine-at-expense-of-food image kicks in and I finally give up in disgust. The malevolence of the universe is self-evident, and a bitter funk permeates my immediate surroundings until the system is back up, at which point birds burst into song and the world is once again a happy place.

This is merely minor-league withdrawal. The d.t.'s happen when Net access is lost entirely and indefinitely. It's a fate that strikes terror into any denizen of cyberspace—something that can't even be called worse than death because it is death, in a way. Net death. If, for some reason, you lose access to the Net—your account is canceled, you run out of dough, or you move to a telecom backwater—you die, as far as the Net's concerned. You just disappear. Fade out. From the Net exile's perspective, an entire world disappears. Gone, like in *The Day After*.

I had to confront the prospect of Net death when I graduated from college. My student computer account was terminated, stranding me in a Netless world that seemed hopelessly slow and boxy. Regular mail? Come on. Geographical limits? Yikes.

I began a nerve-racking quest for Net access in the telecom desert of Miami. I found it, but not before scrambling through a number of creative phone experiments and a string of accounts from Florida to Boston to California to New York. One thing was certain: Net death was not in the cards.

Looking back, I laugh at how I couldn't imagine getting off the carousel. I was really infatuated with it. I hadn't OD'd yet.

Net overdose is the trip into cyberspace that, for some reason, goes horribly wrong. It took me completely by surprise. Threeish in the morning, I was at my computer, happily snacking on a bowl of Count Chocula, when suddenly the Net stopped looking like a digital playground and started to seem like a kind of Sartrean hell. There were just too many voices, too many people. It wasn't a stadium-type Seurat canvas of indistinguishable pin-size blips. On the Net, those constituent blips are in your face expressing an opinion, and you can hear them all. Imagine being able to hear every sideline conversation at a rock concert or a basketball game. That crashing tide of voices is heavy in a way that the roar of an anonymous crowd never can be. You realize, like never before, what "a lot of people" means. It is a nightmare.

I once asked William Gibson, the science-fiction author who coined the term cyberspace, about his staunch refusal to use the Net, even for e-mail. He said that the thought of it gave him agoraphobia. "I feel like I'd be crushed to death," he said.

I didn't get it then. I was young, bouncing from news group to news group, still reeling with a sense of discovery. Now that I'm a hollow shell of a 22-year-old, strung out on Net, I know what he meant, how you can feel trampled by a disembodied crowd. Some nights I don't know why I bother with this whole Net existence. Sometimes Net death doesn't seem like such an awful option (to die, to sleep, perchance to dream. . . . Aaah, REM cycles). Anyway, I could always come back to life, like Jason in *Friday the 13th*.

God, it really is late, and my box of Trix is down to dust.

I think I'll draft a suicide note announcing my impending Net death >8-).

Maybe I'll become famous by helping netaholics Net-kill themselves.

The "Kevorkian virus" has a nice ring to it. Muhahahaha.

The Perfect Unexpected Birthday, Anniversary or Mother's Day Gift for the Wife
Panty of the Month.
Because lingerie is the gift that touches her when you can't
Enroll for 3, 6 or 12 months and she will receive one designer panty each month on her doorstep—perfumed, gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a personal note.
May is our Flower Blossom Edition and arrives with a packet of scented bubble bath that you can both enjoy!
This delighful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, USA Today and the Wall Street Journal.
24-hr. information hotline
1-515-469-6800
©1992 L.A. Williams

STOP SWEAT 6 WEEKS

Drionic® is an incredibly more effective way to combat excess sweat — without chemicals. Electronic Drionic keeps the heavy sweater dry for 6 week periods and is reusable. Thousands of units have been prescribed by doctors. Ten medical textbooks recommend Drionic as a choice method of control for the heavy sweater. © 1990 GEN MED CO

Send for free information.

GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. PB-68
1935 Armacost Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90025

50% Off Sale!
Condoms By Mail

DKT International offers you a full line of high quality condoms with direct-to-your-door delivery. Now save 50% off our deluxe Super 100 or 21-Condom collections. Experience for yourself the latest Japanese brands (thinnest in the world!) for the ultimate in sensitivity, textured condoms for maximum satisfaction for both partners, plus trusted American brands like Trojans, Lifestyles and many more. Every order comes in plain packaging for assured privacy. Free brochure describes the features and differences between the brands.

Send check or bank money order to: DKT Int'l, Dept. 5PB46
55 Enterprise Way, P.O. Box 8860, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Please send in plain package under your money-back guarantee:

☐ #6403 Super 100 Collection.....~~$19.95~~ $9.95
☐ #1232 21-Condom Sampler.....~~$6.00~~ $3.00

Name
Address
City State Zip

PLAYBOY'S

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

VIDEO CENTERFOLD

Jenny McCarthy

$19.95

Greet 21-year-old Jenny McCarthy, Playmate of the Year, a gorgeous full-bodied blonde who hails from Chicago. She has charmed audiences as the popular hostess of *Hot Rocks*, the Playboy Channel's music-video show, and made her dramatic debut on the syndicated TV program *Silk Stalkings*. Last October her girl-next-door pictorial captured millions of hearts. Get to know her glamourous, sexy side in a series of provocative vignettes. You'll see why she just loves to be in front of the camera. Approx. 50 min. Item number VC1728V (VHS) $19.95.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please add $3.00 additional per video. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Order Toll-Free
1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source Code: 49524)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 49524, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Also available at your local video and music stores.

©1994 Playboy.

THE SEXY MINI

Introduced less than two years ago as a digital alternative to the analog cassette, Sony's 2.5-inch recordable minidisc is gaining a following. In addition to the new pocket-size MD players from Sony (which are smaller in their second generation than the cassette Walkman is in its tenth), several electronics giants are introducing their own MD gear. Sharp, Sanyo, Aiwa and RCA, for example, all offer MD personal stereos. Kenwood has come out with a compact bookshelf stereo with a built-in minidisc player-recorder. You can also add a Sony MD unit to your existing home system or take your minidiscs on the road, listening to them on a three-disc changer by Sanyo or a four-disc one by Sony that also controls a trunk-based CD changer. How's that for covering all the bases?

Judging by how nicely it slips into the back pocket of these shorts, Sony's MZ-E2 MD Walkman is ideal for people on the go. A playback-only minidisc personal stereo that's about the size of a cassette tape, the MZ-E2 includes headphones with an attached remote control that lists the name of the recording and track titles as well as the time remaining on each song. The MZ-E2 comes with a rechargeable lithium battery that can run for up to two hours, $550. Also available from Sony is the MZ-R2, a slightly larger MD Walkman that records too, $750.

STEVE CONWAY

Where & How to Buy on page 165.

Nielsen Rating

From his Demi Moore parody to the latest installment of *Naked Gun* to annoying the Energizer Bunny, actor LESLIE NIELSEN is a household name. As you can see, he's thrilled.

Resting on Her Laurels

CHANTE MOORE has a five-octave voice and a way with a melody that everyone, including Jay Leno and Arsenio Hall, noticed after her debut album, *Precious*, came out. Then, she and Keith Washington sang a duet on the *House Party II* soundtrack. Moore is more.

A Sprite in White

GENA NOLIN is featured in the movie *Airheads* and in catalogs for J. Crew and Esprit. She was first runner-up in the 1993 Miss Hawaiian Tropic contest. To us, she's grace under lace.

From the Cool School

You won't get a new PAUL WESTERBERG album until next year, so rewind *14 Songs* for now. From his days fronting the Replacements up to the present, Westerberg's poetry has hit the right notes.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

A Troubadour Soars

Singer and songwriter **BETH NIELSEN CHAPMAN**'s most recent LP, *You Hold the Key*, is a combination of love ballads, pop songs and hymns. Chapman has written hits for Willie, Waylon, Tanya and Alabama. And now, she hopes, for Beth.

Beaucoup New

TINA NEW has been featured in movies, appeared in a Barbi Benton pay-per-view cable show and will soon adorn *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. It must be the gloves.

© WEINER M. FOLLENER

© JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA

Ripe Melons

BLIND MELON's self-titled debut went double-platinum, the kid in their video became a media star, they've toured the U.S. and Europe and they don't suck up to the critics. So what's next? A new album in 1995.

SUPERVISING THE SUN

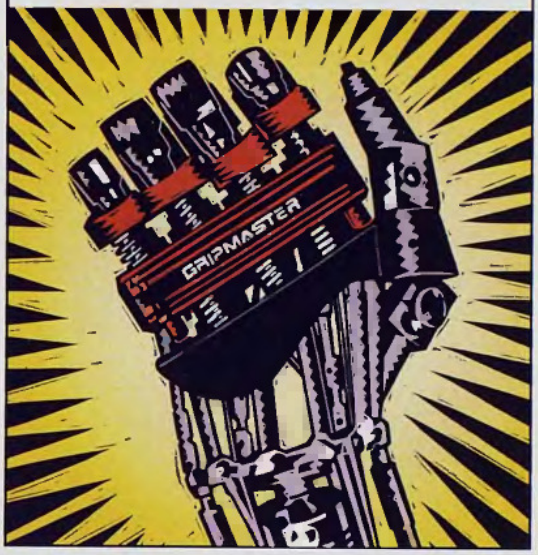
Sun worshipers take note: UV-B radiation can cook your eyes' retinal cells like plums in the desert. To help prevent that, Eye Communications in Upland, California has introduced a line of oversized sun goggles "that block out 100 percent of ultraviolet rays and about 75 percent to 85 percent of blue-violet radiation while permitting a maximum amount of the remaining visible light spectrum to reach the eye." These new wraparounds, named Supervisors, are available in a variety of lens colors, including smoke and mirrored metallic gold. A removable top shield comes in many colors, too. A Supervisor can be worn over prescription glasses, which makes it ideal for indoor use. Price: $22, postpaid. Call 800-247-5731 for details about the goggles.

BOOMER MARKET

Do you dig diners that serve Green River? Know the name of Sky King's plane? Still think Martin Denny LPs are the ultimate martini make-out music? Then you have to read *Baby Boomer Collectibles*, the pop culture magazine that covers memorabilia from the Forties through the Seventies. A year's subscription (12 issues) costs only $18.95, sent to P.O. Box 437, Waupaca, Wisconsin 54981. And because baby boomers' roots are firmly planted in pre-rip-off-era soil, the publishers will send you a free copy before you subscribe. Is that a Bullwinkle Pez dispenser in your pocket, or are you just glad to see us?

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF

Want strong hands in order to conquer your computer or climb a rock wall? Check out Gripmaster, a $14 hand exercise device with four spring-loaded power buttons that looks as if it were developed for the Bionic Man. Three tensions are available—mild, medium and crusher—and Gripmaster comes with an exercise program. It's sold in sports stores. Call 800-752-0164 for a location.



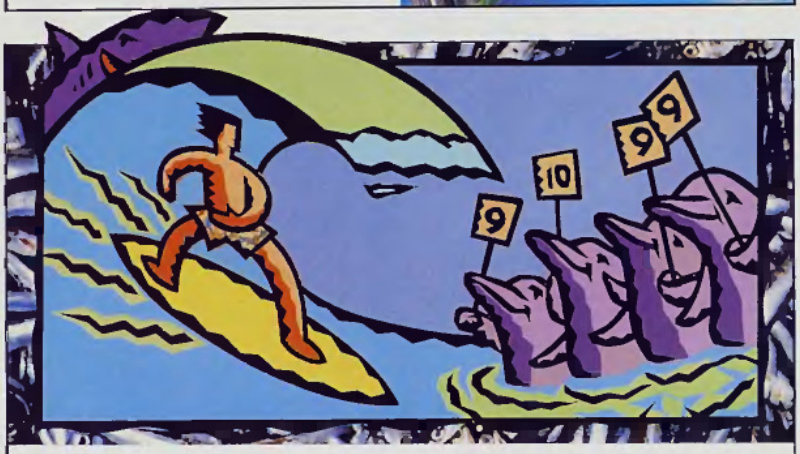
OUR WORLD CUP RUNNETH OVER

Soccer! The Game and the World Cup is a colorful, 170-page look at a sport with about 120 million registered professional and amateur players worldwide. The book not only celebrates the history of the game in pictures and words but also chronicles new tactics and strategies. Included are statistical information and a calendar of the World Cup's 1994 nine-city, 52-game Stateside schedule. Rizzoli is the publisher. The price: $24.95.

CHEAP SHOTS

First there was *Mr. Cheap's Boston*, then came *Mr. Cheap's New York*. Now their author, Mark Waldstein, "who appreciates the finer things in life even more when he can get them half off," has sniffed out bargain stores, entertainment, hotels and restaurants in the Windy City. Best of all, *Mr. Cheap's Chicago* is cheap—$11, postpaid, from Bob Adams Publishing in Holbrook, Massachusetts at 800-872-5627. To come: Atlanta, San Francisco, Seattle, Dallas and Washington, D.C.

DAN CLYNE



VAL FRANZ

SURF CITY, USA

The fifth official leg of the Coca-Cola/Association of Surfing Professionals World Championship Tour will come ashore in Huntington Beach, California. From July 26 to August 7, 60 of the world's best surfers (44 men and 16 women) will compete in this country for the first time in the U.S. Open of Surfing. Tickets are available for $7 per day ($15 for a three-day pass) by calling 310-286-3700. (Tickets get you admission to a new surf stadium.)

WALKING SHTICK

If you don't know a crutch-handle from a crèche, now there's *Canes* "from the 17th to the 20th centuries," by Jeffrey B. Snyder. It's a handsome 250-page coffee-table book of color photos chronicling the intriguing history of walking sticks in all shapes and sizes, from the simplest shaft to those holding spy cameras, weapons and such tradesmen's tools as saws. The price: $73, postpaid, from Schiffer Publishing, a company in Atglen, Pennsylvania that specializes in art books. Call 610-593-1777.

BILL COYE

FUN IN THE SUN

Anybody can screw around indoors, but to do it right in the great outdoors calls for some smarts. That's the opinion of Robert Rose and Buck Tilton, the authors of *Sex in the Outdoors*, an 86-page paperback available from ICS Books for $10, postpaid. Techniques for special places and outdoor sex etiquette are discussed along with what to do if you meet a large mammal or discover that you've snuggled up with a snake. Call 800-541-7323 to order.

JOHN SCHAFFLER

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Just in time for the 50th anniversary of the invasion of Normandy comes *Images of Patriotism*, a $15, 260-page catalog containing photos of about 3000 original World War One and World War Two posters. It is available from Miscellaneous Man, at P.O. Box 1776, New Freedom, Pennsylvania 17349. Prices start at $30 and go up to about $3400 for the classic *This is the Enemy* image shown here. Phone: 717-235-4766.

NEXT MONTH

DADDY'S GIRL

DATING HOOPS

LEGGY LABELS

TRACK SHOCKER

A DAY AT THE RACES—A SON TAKES HIS CRANKY DAD TO THE TRACK AND SUFFERS HIS NAZI OUTCRIES WHILE CROWDS STARE. IT COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE, COULD IT?—FICTION BY **ASA BABER**

MICHAEL MORIARTY QUIT TV'S *LAW AND ORDER* OVER CENSORSHIP THREATS BY THE NETWORK AND JANET RENO. NOW HE'S TAKING HIS BEEF ON THE ROAD. **WARREN KALBACKER** GETS AN EARFUL IN A MEMORABLE 20 QUESTIONS

WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT DATING WOMEN—THE ROAD TO ROMANCE IS FRAUGHT WITH SINKHOLES. A PRIMER FROM THE WOMEN WHO MAKE THE RULES (THEN CHANGE THEM AS SOON AS YOU CATCH ON)—BY **TRACEY PEPPER**

SIEGE AT THE CLINIC—ARE ANTI-ABORTION ACTIVISTS WHIPPING THEIR TROOPS INTO A HOMICIDAL FRENZY? THE TRIAL THAT CONVICTED THE KILLER OF DR. DAVID GUNN SHEDS DISTURBING LIGHT ON THE TACTICS THAT COST A MAN HIS LIFE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

IMPROVING YOURSELF THE INFOMERCIAL WAY—THE SECRET TO BEING RICH, THIN AND HAPPILY MARRIED IS ONLY AN 800 NUMBER AWAY. **JOE QUEENAN** WALKS US DOWN THE PRIMROSE PATH OF THE TV PITCH

BILL GATES—THE BILLIONAIRE GENIUS BEHIND MICROSOFT IS BUSY MAPPING OUR ELECTRONIC FUTURE. **DAVID RENSIN** FINDS OUT WHAT GATES HAS IN STORE, PLUS HOW HE HANDLES WEALTH, FAME AND HIS ENEMIES IN A RARE INTERVIEW

CLARISSA EXPLAINS IT ALL—IN HER BEST-SELLING BOOK, *WOMEN WHO RUN WITH THE WOLVES*, AUTHOR **CLARISSA PINKOLA ESTÉS** TOLD WOMEN WHAT THEY REALLY WANT. NOW SHE'S READY TO TELL MEN—AN EXCLUSIVE FROM **GENE STONE**

PRUDENCE IN HOLLYWOOD—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FIND DOUBLE DUTCH TREATS IN THE ARMS OF A BEAUTIFUL REDHEAD? A TANTALIZING PIECE OF EROTIC FICTION BY **RAY CISSNE**

PLUS: CIGAR BOX LABELS TO LEAVE YOU SMOKING; COLUMNIST **JON KRAKAUER** ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE PROSTATE; U.S. SOCCER STARS IN THE LATEST ATHLETIC WEAR; FANTASTIC SUMMER DRINKS; AND A BIG SURPRISE IN OUR SPECIAL FATHER'S DAY PICTORIAL. ONE HINT: DAD WILL BE SHOCKED

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1994 B&W T Co.

MENTHOL IS COOL

no doubt about it.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Bloomingdale's
Burdines
© 1991 Lancaster Group USA
Davidoff
Cool Water
EAU DE
TOILETTE
COOL WATER